Nov. 10, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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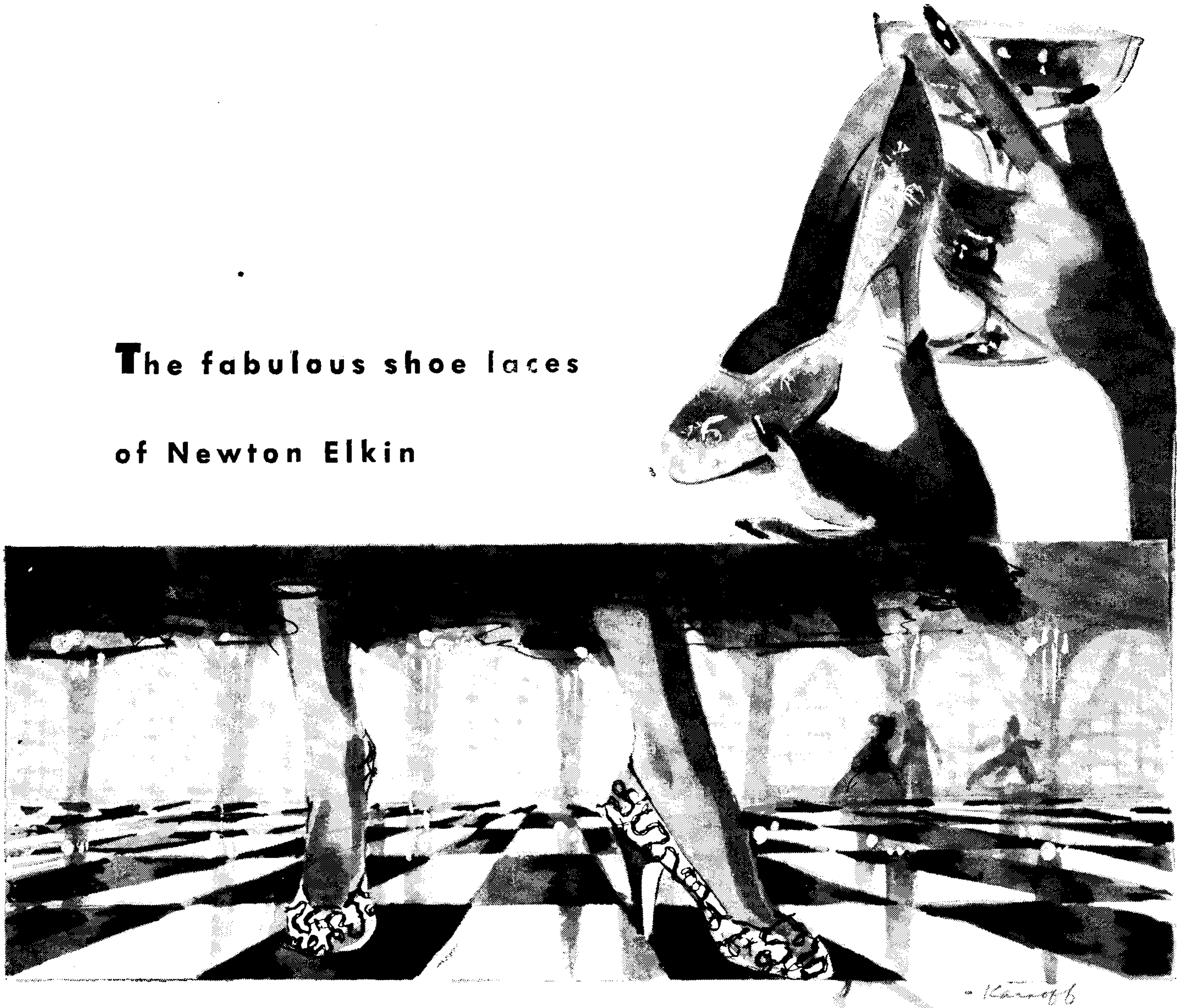

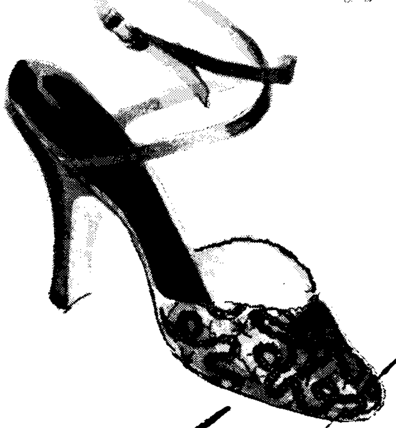

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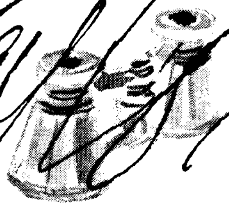

Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

OPENS TONIGHT

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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				8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Barefoot in Athens—Maxwell Anderson's latest play is essentially an essay on freedom of speech and the dignity of man, and it is a little too static and talkative to be altogether successful. Among those appearing in the Playwrights' Company's handsome production are Barry Jones, Lotte Lenya, George Mathews, and Philip Coolidge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Diamond Lil—Mae West in a limited return engagement of her famous old quilting bee. Produced by George Brandt and directed by Charles Freeman. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 10.)

Faithfully Yours—A comedy, to use the word loosely, that deals with psychoanalysis and is drearier than a bout with the collected works of Stekel. Robert Cummings and Ann Sothern head the cast. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are the whole cast of this sometimes charming but sometimes monotonous play about a marriage that goes on for thirty-five years. The Playwrights' Company produced it and José Ferrer is responsible for the direction. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Glad Tidings—Illegitimacy is the theme of this comedy by Edward Mabley, and though the author does his best, he isn't quite capable of sustaining things for three acts. Melvyn Douglas, Signe Hasso, and Haila Stoddard are entrusted with most of the variations of the central joke. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lace on Her Petticoat—Aimée Stuart's mild and talkative little comedy about the class struggle in Scotland in 1890 has its touching moments, but on the whole it is a good deal more naïve than dramatic. Herman Shumlin has directed a cast that includes Neva Patterson, Jeff Morrow, and Muriel Aked. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

Love and Let Love—Rather evanescent stuff, in which Ginger Rogers is quite glowing as a pair of sisters. Paul McGrath and Tom Helmore assist her ably. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Moon Is Blue—A glossy comedy by F. Hugh Herbert, in which Barry Nelson, Donald Cook, and Barbara Bel Geddes figure as an upstanding architect, an affable roué, and a talkative virgin, respectively. All are likable, and Mr. Herbert's lines are often bright. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Number—George Abbott directed this melodrama about the numbers racket, and while his gifted hand is occasionally visible, the show is by no means as exciting as it ought to be. With Murvyn Vye, Martha Scott, and Dane Clark. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—Young love and violent death are the principal ingredients of this comedy melodrama by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, which may be something of a disappointment to the admirers of both these great men. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay himself are among the actors. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—A revival of Shaw's fine play, and the first really worth-while event of the season. The Theatre Guild produced it, and Margaret Webster has directed a more than usually accomplished cast, in which are Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, Frederic Worlock, and Alexander Scourby. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Nov. 11.)

A Sleep of Prisoners—An allegory, often murky, in which Christopher Fry attempts to describe some modern dilemmas. Leonard White, Donald Harron, Stanley Baker, and Hugh Pryse constitute the entire cast in this interesting piece of work. (St. James' Episcopal Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. BU 8-1402. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:50. Matinées Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2:50. Closes Saturday, Nov. 17.)

Stalag 17—A rather old-fashioned melodrama, tricked out with some pretty rough jokes, that will clearly please its own particular public, though it may well distress the fastidious. José Ferrer is the director, and in the cast are John Ericson, Harvey Lembeck, Mike Kellin, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Run—**affairs of state:** June Havoc involved with love and politics in Washington, D.C. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

•

MUSICALS

The King and I—Rodgers and Hammerstein again, and again with a diverting book and tunes. The story has to do with the effect a strong-willed English teacher has upon a royal Siamese. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head a top-notch cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Music in the Air—This musical was first produced at the close of the Hoover administration, and while Jerome Kern's score is still a delight, the book seems a little labored and antique. Dennis King, Jane Pickens, Conrad Nagel, and Charles Winninger are among those principally employed in it. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seventeen—An orthodox but not unattractive musical version of the Tarkington classic, with a book by Sally Benson. The cast includes Ann Crowley, Kenneth Nelson, Frank Albertson, and Doris Dalton. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Phil Silvers is miraculously funny in this comedy about an ex-burlesque performer, now starring in television. Among his assistants are Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, and Walter Dare Wahl. Hy Kraft wrote the book, Johnny Mercer did the music and lyrics, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn—Shirley Booth gives a really superb comic performance in this gay and moving adaptation of Betty Smith's novel. George Abbott helped Miss Smith with the book, Arthur Schwartz and Dorothy Fields turned out the excellent songs, and Jo Mielziner designed the sets. Also in the cast are Johnny Johnston, Marcia Van Dyke, and Nathaniel Frey. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—A revue with Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and Elliott Reid. Like most revues, it has some good things in it and more that are not so good. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**call me madam:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador, surrounded by, among others, Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A comedy taken from one of Damon Runyon's stories. Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. The performance on Monday evening, Nov. 12, will be for the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

benefit of the *Herald Tribune* Fresh Air Fund. For tickets, call PE 6-4000, Ext. 615.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Melodious life on an island within small-boat distance of Bali Ha'i. Roger Rico is currently playing opposite Martha Wright. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

DINOSAUR WHARF—A play by Joel Wyman, with a cast including Lois Wheeler and Leo Penn. Produced and directed by Terese Hayden. Opens Thursday, Nov. 8. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

PAINT YOUR WAGON—A musical with James Barton and Olga San Juan. Alan Jay Lerner wrote the book and lyrics and Frederick Loewe the score, and Agnes de Mille did the dances. Presented by Cheryl Crawford and directed by Daniel Mann. Opens Monday, Nov. 12. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET COMPANY—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Dec. 16—Tuesday evening, Nov. 13: "Cakewalk," "Pas de Trois," "Miraculous Mandarin," and "Symphony in C.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 14: "Mother Goose Suite," "Till Eulenspiegel," "Concerto Barocco," and "Bourrée Fantasque.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 15: "The Duel," "Apollo, Leader of the Muses," "The Cage," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 16: "Serenade," "Age of Anxiety," "A la Françaix," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 17: "Serenade," "Mother Goose Suite," "A la Françaix," and "Firebird.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 17: "The Duel," "Orpheus," "Sylvia: Pas de Deux," and "Cakewalk." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

JOSÉ GRECO AND HIS SPANISH BALLET—Ballet, along with flamenco and other Spanish dances, by a company that includes Nila Amparo, Carola Goya, Teresa Maya, and La Quica. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 24.)

MARA—And her company, in a Cambodian ballet and other dances. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

VAUDEVILLE—Judy Garland, Smith and Dale, Giselle and François Szony, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées daily, except Mondays, at 2:40.)

BORSCHT CAPADES—If you understand Yiddish and happen to be amused by its rather special humor, you may be entertained by this fairly elaborate floor show. Otherwise, you will certainly be far happier somewhere else. Among the more acceptable performers are a lady simply known as Raasche, the Barry Sisters, Phil Foster, and Dave Barry. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Except Sundays, in the Trianon Room, the dance orchestras of Jules Lande and Nino de Moraes at dinner and supper. William Adler's violin in the rotunda at cocktail time.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—There's string music by Michael Kent's quartet in the Palm Court at cocktail time (silence on Sundays), and in the Madison Room (closed Sundays) during dinner. No dancing in either place.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—Most of the cast of the late Ritz-Carlton's Oval Room, including Emery Deutsch's gentle musicians, is around the restaurant here at dinner, except Sundays. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—A happy and elegant little kingdom, ruled with an indulgent hand by Ted Straeter, whose dance orchestra constructs a rapturous but vigorous background for his piano from nine-thirty on. Pancho weighs in now and then with his new rumba band. In the lush little Plush Room, piano music by George Feyer after eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Oh, everyone has seen an ice show. This one, too, has its ups and its downs. It also has puppets (yes, puppets) and pretty girls, but, luckily, none of the usual paralyzing pratfall humor. Tommy Reynolds' band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, the dances of Tony and Sally De Marco are the very best poetry of motion. On Tuesday, Nov. 13, Robert Maxwell, young man with a hot harp, will join up. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's orchestras play for the guests' exercises. Sundays there's only a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the Café Pierre, where Cora Reyes, singer and guitarist, also performs.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Carl Brisson a distinctly unmelancholy Dane, sings his hand-kissing songs, and the dance team of Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez cavort. This happens in the Persian Room where the bands of Dick La Salle and Mark Monte provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a period-piece seigneury devoted to the comfort of those who are fond of light wines and dancing, offers Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Dinner and supper dance music in the Grill by Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which by now must feel that it owns the place. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, bless its sumptuous heart, there are songs by Margaret Phelan, who isn't quite sure whether she's trying to be a big bad wolf or Mother's angel child. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play all evening. Closed Sundays.

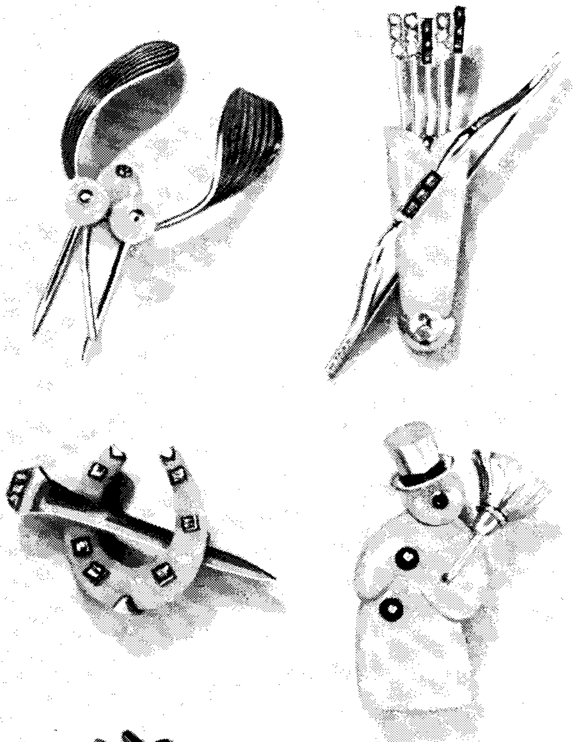
SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance orchestra is in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper, as well as for tea dancing every afternoon.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—In the Carnaval Room, small but gala, Hugo Pedell and his boys play real nimble dance tunes when Hélène François, a suave Parisian bonbon, isn't singing sweetly to the music of Jan Brunesco's gypsies. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey's band, which wouldn't know a stock orchestration if it saw one, is in high gear during dinner and supper in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Gilded youth meets girl. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The patter of tiny feet is again audible in this ancient château. They belong to, among others, Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Chuck Brunner, and Betty Lorraine, who all dance and/or sing a wide-awake musical-comedy setting for



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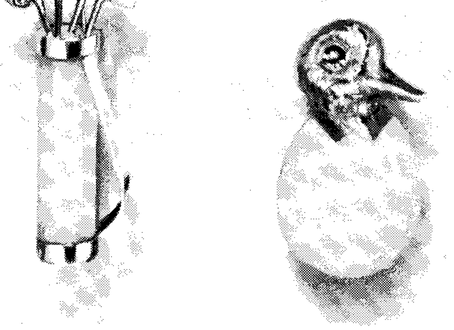

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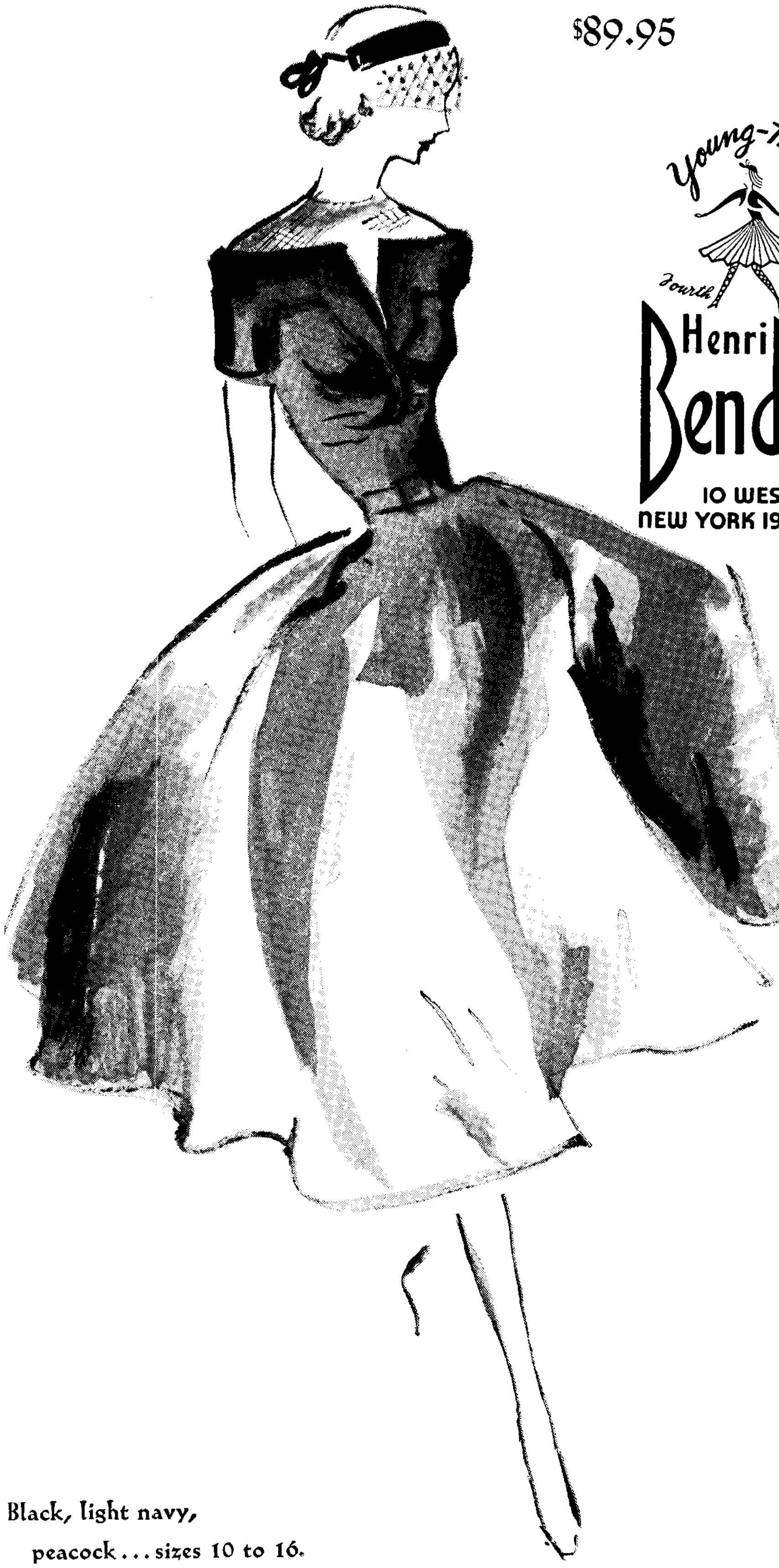


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Carmen Torres' vivid and neatly done Spanish arias. Panchito's band and Emile Petti's orchestra make dance music.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Marcel Lebon is the newest Parisian boulevardier in town. He sings in the Empire Room (né Wedgwood), where Mary Raye, Naldi, and Vanya dance. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands are on deck all night long, and the others show up at dinner and supper. On Sundays, Mr. Borr's group plays until twelve by itself.... ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Don Rodney's dance music from seven until one. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The high-in-the-sky Rainbow Room, an intimate rendezvous no larger than Texas, is open, but only for cocktails, from four-thirty to nine. There is soft music now and then, and not a single taxi horn. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

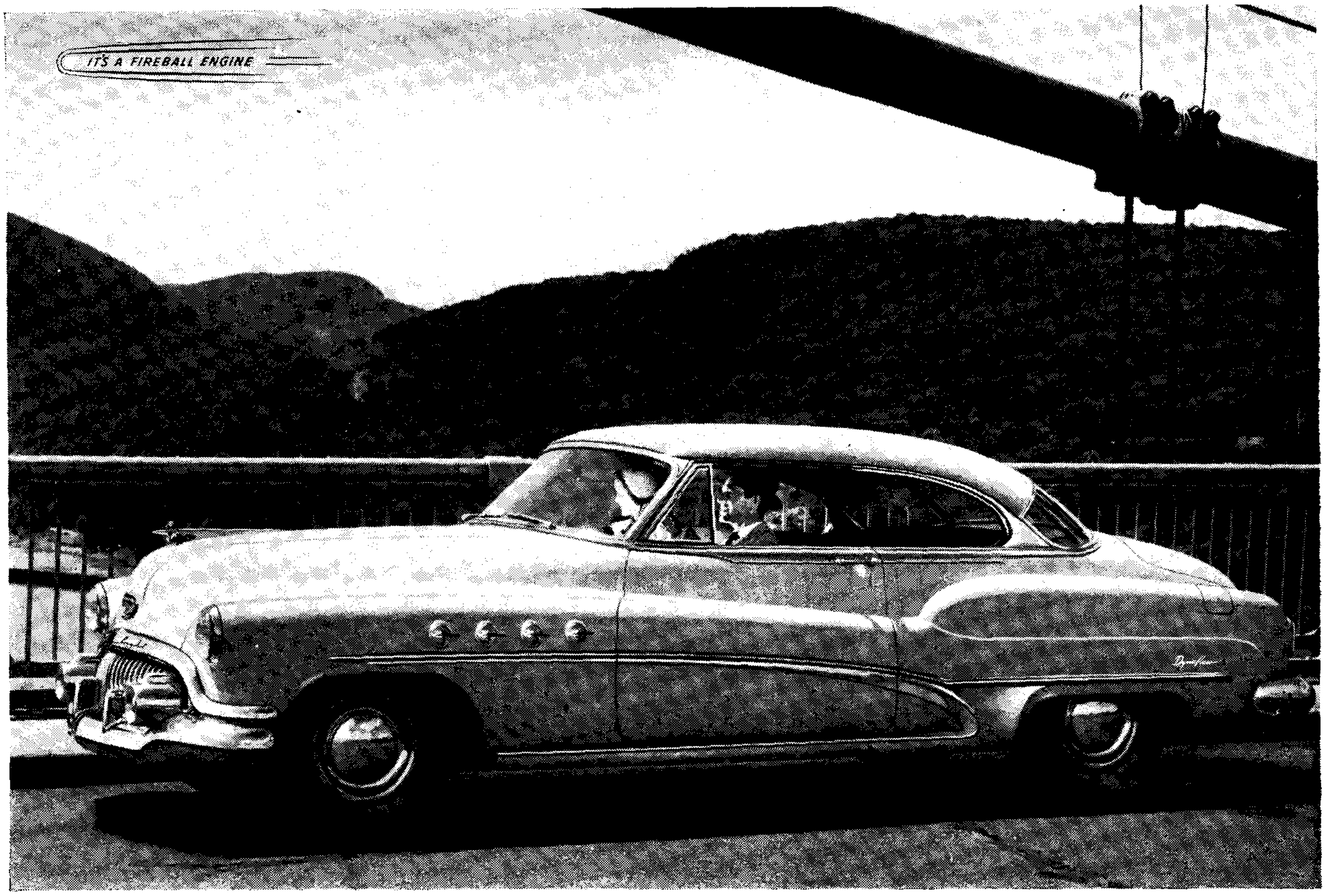
(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, one of the oldest of all the family retainers, starts his enthusiastic dance music at eight-thirty. Closed Sundays.... **LA VIE EN ROSE**, 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): The authoritative Pearl Bailey's crystal-clear thoughts on the uses and abuses of the male of the species. Harry Rosenthal's and Ernie Warren's trios play for dancing. The atmosphere is *la vie en* Times Square.... **TONI'S CAPRICE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): In this well-dressed and salubrious hideaway, the food of love is provided after eleven by Hugh Shannon and Louis Hawkins, who keep the local piano in a fine state of resonance. Mr. Shannon also sings at his work, mostly about what fools we mortals be. Mr. Hawkins larks about from six to nine, too. Closed Sundays.... **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): From ten to one, except Mondays, Ralph Strain fills this starlit glade with his rich, romantic piano études.... **THE ALBERT**, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): The trappings are out of an old Welsh-rabbit dream, but the piano music is Cy Walter's, which should suffice. He's there after ten, except Mondays. A trio fills in the pauses, except Tuesdays.... **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Hustle and bustle, hustle and bustle all week long. Sonny Kendis and his febrile trio whoop it up after ten, except Sundays.... **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): An almost prehistoric play pen, affording piano and violin (of sorts) after nine-thirty for relaxed romanticists. Closed Sundays.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it looks in the posters, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Mondays.... **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this boisterous example of 1960 décor, Harry Meyerowitz plays piano at cocktails, and Rudy Timfield during dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... **CELESTE**, 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney's portfolio of piano music is, like his execution of it, knowledgeable and nostalgic. He plays from nine o'clock on. Closed Mondays.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cook presides.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Carmen Miranda, a terribly busy South American, is singing away in this huge terminal moraine. Larry Storch is the humorist.... **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Art Tatum, now equipped with a trio (Slam Stewart on bass and Everett Barksdale on guitar), plays fancy piano here, and Sylvia Miles tosses around her minxlike nonsense. The dance music is turned out by none other than Claude Hopkins and his new quartet. ... **GILDED CAGE**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317): Not a cosmic thought in the carload of pretty costumes and girls that surround Ben Blue and Sid Slate as they gallop through some unregenerate bits of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

burlesque. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Life in the Tenderloin was never really like this, but the performers and the guests get a big kick out of pretending they think it was. Paul Killiam's running comment on some old silent movies is the icing on this particular cake. Closed Sundays. . . . **SUGAR HILL**, 209 W. 51st St. (CI 5-8980): An enormous floor show, Harlem in origin, whose jests are sort of lame, halt, and blind but whose dancing is joyously triple-jointed.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Kaye Ballard gets off some fine flights of comic fantasy; Stan Freeman, an eminent hand at a Steinway, recites his rhymes on some timely topics; and Betty Harris sings about love and stuff. Behind all this, the piano of Stuart Ross and the cheery sounds of the Ellis Larkin Trio. On Saturdays and Sundays, during the cocktail hour, some of the principals do a reprise. . . . ¶ Bart Howard operates his thoughtful piano in the lounge at dinner, except Tuesdays, and after the theatre, except Saturdays, Eadie and Rack while away the night with their piano duets. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): The analytical mind of Ronny Graham dissecting such modern phenomena as bop, Menotti, and Capote; the Three Riffs' song-and-dance festival; Pat Carroll's wise and witty monologs; and Ellen Hanley's pretty madrigals. Julius Monk is at the piano, and the eminent Norman Paris Trio is on the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): A new and better Harry Belafonté, singing folk songs from everywhere. The balance of a good little show is provided by Royce Wallace, who has a lush, throaty soprano, and Phil Leeds, a diffident and acceptable humorist. Between shows, the solid dance music of Clarence Williams' trio, which includes Karl Lynch. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville rip off some peppery piano duets, and Hazel Webster, of course, is the solo pianist. Adnia Rice, once of the Mad Moiselles, now romps about by herself, and Jeff Warren sings. Antique movies on Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer offers her lyric research into the pastimes of us moderns. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. The scene is the small loft over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The apparently shatterproof Mae Barnes is still rolling out her barrelhouse ballads. Tony and Eddie, those spirited spoofers of injudicious recordings, are back in town, and so are the Three Flames, whose words and music have four-wheel drive. There are also songs by Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, both romanticists at heart. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The variations on themes by Gershwin et al. are usually intricate and always thunderous. The prime mover is Wild Bill Davison, and Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Condon help him let joy reign unrefined. Ralph Sutton plays spontaneous-combustion piano between sets. On Tuesdays, visiting tooters compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): This commodious chophouse is now open every night, affording, after eight-thirty, except Sundays, the intricate fretwork of Red Norvo's inventive trio, which involves Tal Farlow on guitar, and the music of Teddy Wilson's new trio. Sundays Bobby Hackett leads his commandos into action. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Chicago mob, paced by Muggsy Spanier's trumpet, has taken over this much of the Village. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd

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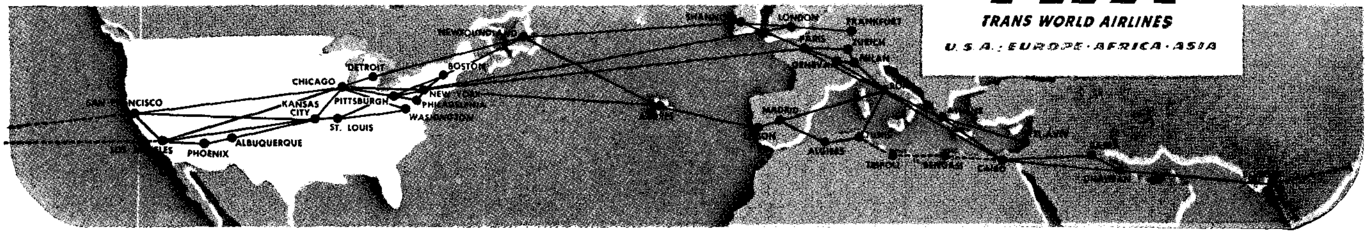
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. (EL 5-9600): Wilbur de Paris, one of our top-drawer trombonists, has assembled here a useful collection of craftsmen, among them Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Freddy Moore, and even a banjoist, Danny Barker. Don Frye, the interlude pianist, goes with the lease. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): There's a Donnybrook Fair every Friday night. This week (Nov. 9), it'll be handled by Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Peanuts Hucko, Wingy Manone, Bud Freeman, Lou McGarity, Ray McKinley, and kindred spirits. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory. This week (Nov. 9), Billy Butterfield, Sol Yaged, Willie the Lion Smith, Red Allen, and Conrad Janis's band. Also, at 2 and 8 on Sunday, Nov. 11, Sidney Bechet (home at last from Europe) and his band, and Mr. Janis's band, plus Big Chief Russell Moore and Art Trappier. Dancing on all occasions.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

African Sculptures—A number of pieces assembled from various European collections and including masks, statues, and a series of ceremonial goblets; through Nov. 29. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Audubon—A loan showing of animal paintings, largely water colors, along with two portraits of the artist and some memorabilia; through Nov. 30. (Audubon House, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.) . . . ¶ A group of water colors of bats, on public exhibition for the first time, by Audubon and by his son John Woodhouse Audubon; through Nov. 18. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Will Barnet—Color lithographs, gently exploring such delicate, tentative ideas as dawn, spring, and memories of childhood; through Nov. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Arbit Blatas—Recent canvases, painted here and in France, by this Lithuanian-born artist; through Nov. 10. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Oils by modern French artists, among them Léger, Picasso, and Lanskoy; through Nov. 15. . . . **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and Picasso, as well as numerous others, are represented in this group of modern French artists; through Nov. 30. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Contrastingly styled paintings by Kay Sage, Carlyle Brown, and Joseph Glasco; through Nov. 24.

Käthe Kollwitz—Eight sculptures and about forty drawings, in a loan exhibition; through Nov. 24. (St. Etienne, 46 W. 57th St.)

Albert Kotin—Abstract paintings, done with a lively, if at times a trifle splashy, feeling for color; through Nov. 15. (Hacker, 24 W. 58th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Wire-and-metal sculptures, based on astronomical phenomena, which sometimes achieve a vivid starry sparkle; through Nov. 10. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—Sculptures, drawings, and other works, 1935 to the present, by one of the contemporary German masters; through Nov. 10. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Old Master Drawings—The gallery's fifteenth annual exhibition covering the fifteenth through the nineteenth centuries, and comprising works by fifty artists from various countries; through Nov. 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Odilon Redon—A loan show of pastels and drawings from European collections, superb in execution, by the Old Master of the mistily romantic; through Nov. 10. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Charles Shaw—New abstractions, striving val-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

iantly—and at times hazily succeeding—to express the profundities of space and time; through Nov. 10. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Pierre Sicard—Landscape studies of Paris and Versailles that have a kind of sunny straightforwardness; through Nov. 10. (Carstairs, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sixteenth Century Portrait Drawings—A loan exhibition, mainly featuring some little-known but extremely handsome Cranachs, for the benefit of the museums of Reims; through Nov. 17. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Karl Zerbe—A specialist at painting in encaustic tries polymer tempera, a new medium for him. The results are sometimes unsure and *sometimes* excellent; through Nov. 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 51 E. 57th St.: Paul Signac; through Nov. 24. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Gordon Grant; through Nov. 24. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Twenty-three canvases by Henri Rousseau, for the benefit of the Cerebral Palsy Society of New York; through Dec. 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Koch; through Nov. 24. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: Henry Koerner; through Dec. 1. . . . **NEW GALLERY**, 63 W. 44th St.: Walter Quirt; through Dec. 1. Weekdays, 10 to 8. . . . **REHN**, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.: Jon Corbino; through Nov. 24. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 16 E. 57th St.: Karl Knaths; through Nov. 24. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A loan exhibition of masterpieces from museums and private collections, for the benefit of St. Faith's House; through Dec. 15.

Note—There will be an exhibition and sale of paintings by modern American artists, among them Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Philip Evergood, and Moses Soyer, at the Little Red School House, 196 Bleecker St., on Friday, Nov. 9, from 8 to 11; Saturday, Nov. 10, from 1 to 11; and Sunday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 8. For the benefit of the Little Red School House and the Elisabeth Irwin High School.

MUSEUMS

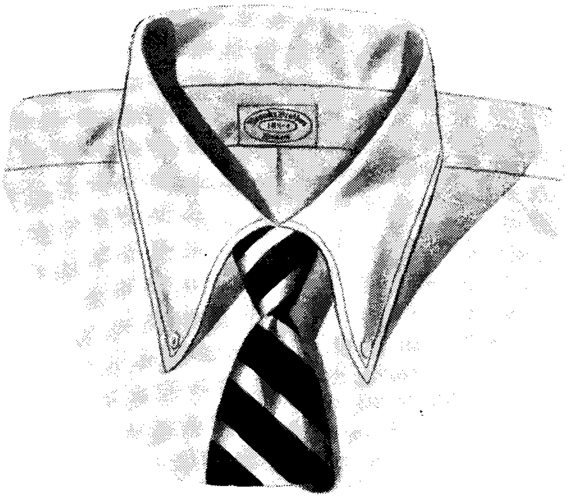
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings and sculptures by Ben Shahn, Reuben Tam, Milton Hebald, and other members of the Museum's art-school faculty; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ A show called "Revolution and Tradition," covering the major movements in American painting from 1900 to the present; starting Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, chosen from the Museum's collection, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his death; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by Old Masters, plus Oriental and Egyptian objects of art, all given or bequeathed to the Museum by Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Harkness; through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Paintings and other works from the Lewisohn collection, which comprises Impressionists, post-Impressionists, and contemporary European and American artists; through Dec. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of eight European and American cars, among them a 1931 Mercedes, a 1949 M.G., and a 1951 Army jeep, chosen as examples of the well-designed automobile; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by Matisse, plus prints, illustrated books, and his designs for the Dominican Chapel of the Rosary, at Vence, France; starting Nov. 14. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Currently on display here are recent acquisitions: Paintings by such men as Moholy-Nagy, Kandinsky, Mondrian, Vantongerloo, and Delaunay, plus a Pevsner construction and other items; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ A new group showing by Europeans and Americans; starting Nov. 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-seventh annual showing by



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the New York Society of Women Artists; through Nov. 25. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1951 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting; through Jan. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Saturday, April 12—Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Hilde Gueden, Jean Madeira, Leonard Warren, and Richard Tucker. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Mario Del Monaco, and George London. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro," with Victoria de los Angeles, Nadine Conner, Cesare Siepi, and John Brownlee.

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Nov. 8: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 9: "Aïda." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 10 (primarily for children): "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 10: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 11: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 11: "Don Giovanni." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"H.M.S. Pinafore" and "Trial by Jury." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting: Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:45; Friday, Nov. 9, at 2:30; and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:30 (all with Gina Bachauer, piano); and Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 2:30 (both with Dorothy Dow, soprano).

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Thor Johnson conducting, with Eileen Farrell, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Alexander Brailowsky, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Charles Münch conducting the opening performances of the season here. Lukas Foss will be piano soloist at the Saturday concert. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:45, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Arthur Mendel directing Bach's B-Minor Mass Cantatas, with a chamber orchestra and chorus and vocal soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 6-2910.)

RECITALS

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

Marjorie Lawrence—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Richard Dyer-Bennet—Tenor and guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:40.)

New Friends of Music—An all-Beethoven program, by the Albeneri Trio. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 5:30.)

Schneider Quartet—The third performance in a

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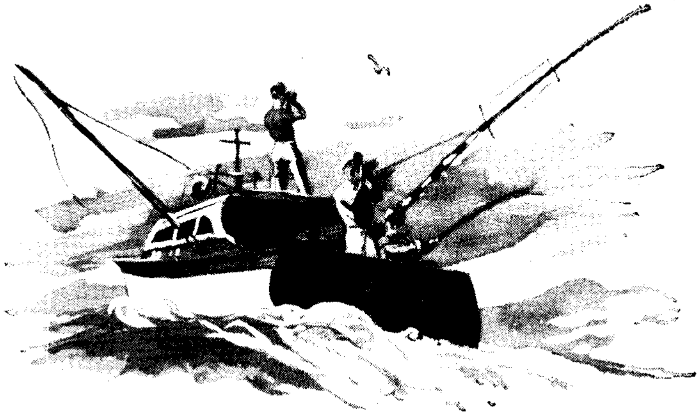

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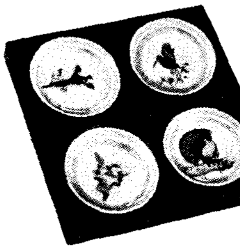

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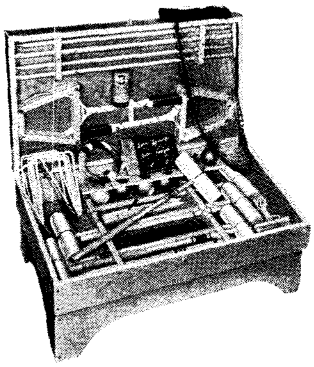

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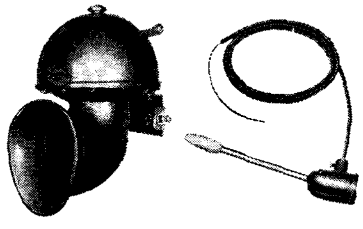

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sixteen-program Haydn cycle. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8:40.) . . . ¶ Four Haydn quartets. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

MARTIAL SINGHER—Baritone. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

ROSALYN TURECK—Piano, in the second of a series of all-Bach programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8:40.)

EARL WILD—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 13, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

BENEFIT CONCERT—Gladys Swarthout, soprano; Beveridge Webster, piano; Burl Ives, folk singer; and the Hufstader Singers. A benefit for the Manhattanville Neighborhood Center. (Town Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:40. For tickets, call AC 2-5398.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 9: Roland La Starza vs. Dan Bucceroni, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16: Paddy DeMarco vs. Eddie Chavez, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 10: Army vs. Citadel, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Rutgers, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Michigan, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Maryland, at Baltimore, at 2. . . . ¶ Temple vs. N.Y.U., at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 17: Columbia vs. Navy, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Penn State, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Washington. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:05.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 11: Rangers vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14: Rangers vs. Toronto. (Games begin at 8:30.)

HUNT RACING—Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 17.)

RACING—EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1; through Thursday, Nov. 15. The Butler, Saturday, Nov. 10, and the Daingerfield Handicap, Thursday, Nov. 15. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track weekdays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturday between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: Weekdays at 1:15; through Friday, Nov. 16. The Pimlico Cup, Saturday, Nov. 10, and the Pimlico Special, Friday, Nov. 16.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Trains will leave Grand Central Station for the track weekdays at 6:53, 7:28, and 7:40, and Saturday at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

OPERA—The New York City Opera Company presenting a special children's performance of "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2:30.)

CONCERTS—By the **PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY:** Igor Buketoff conducting, with William Bell, tuba. (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3.) . . . **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting, with Danny Daniels, tap dancer. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

PLAYS—By the **PLAYMART:** "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around Feb. 1.

FLOWER SHOW—The forty-fourth annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society of New York; for the benefit of the Hospitalized Servicemen's Committee and the Chaplains' Fund of the United States Army, Navy, and Air Force. (Essex House, 157 W. 58th St., at Seventh Ave. Thursday, Nov. 8, from 2 to 10; Friday, Nov. 9, from 10 to 10; and Saturday, Nov. 10, from 10 to 4.)

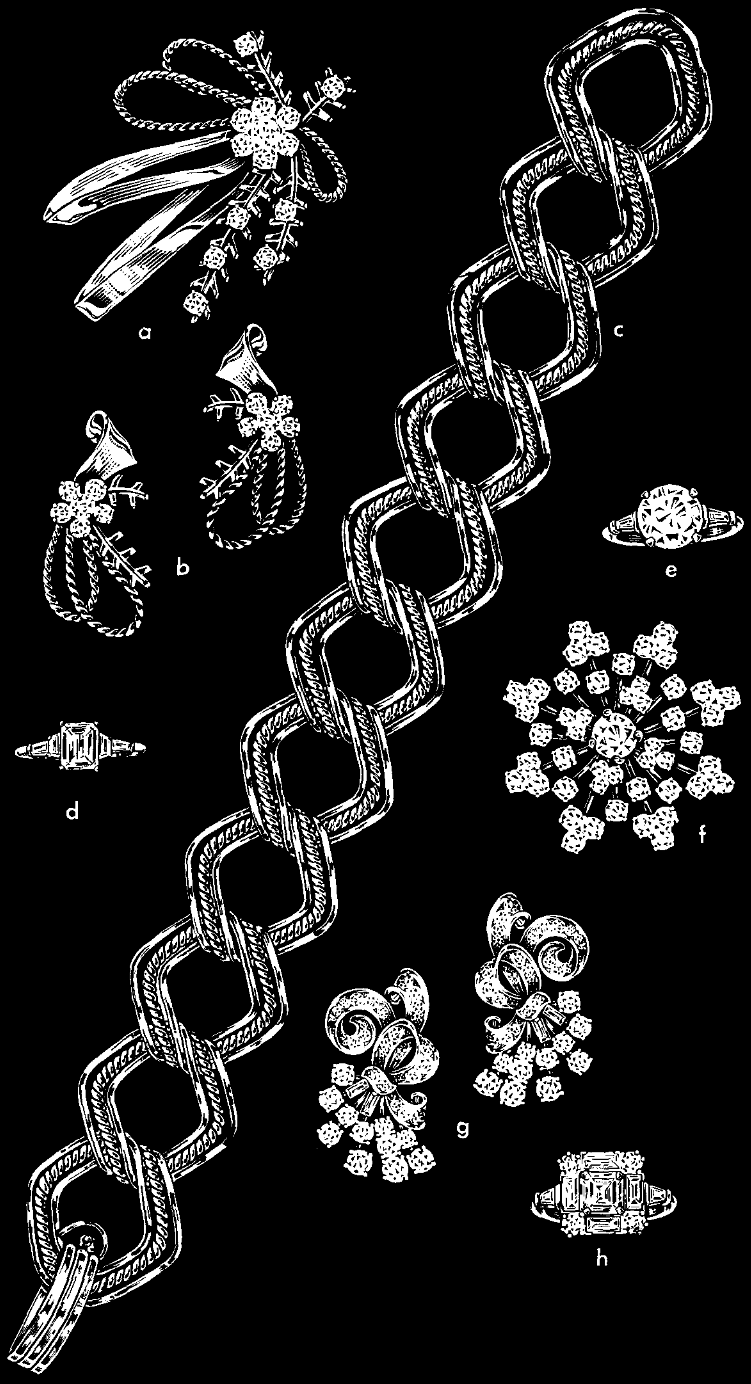
HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Conquest of Space," and deals with an imaginary trip by space ship to some of our neighboring planets. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Through Nov. 30.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Through Saturday, Nov. 10, each day at 1:45: English and American furniture of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and Georgian silver, along with paintings, tapestries, and other decorations, from the estate of the late Albert C. Hencken and from other sources. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 12, at 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 1:45 and 8: First editions, including Shelley's own copy of "Queen Mab," plus a group of autograph letters and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: Paintings by such artists as Jan Steen, Maes, Hoppner, and Teniers the Younger, from the collection of Marion Davies. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

●

NOTE—Volunteers are still sorely needed in each of the city's civil-defense departments, among which are Transportation, Medical Emergency, Public Health, Public Welfare, and the Fire and Police Auxiliaries. Telephone operators, messengers, air wardens, hospital aids, clerical workers, and such are wanted to fill jobs in nearly a hundred and fifty different categories. Some of these posts involve technical or professional skills, but for most of them the qualifications are merely time, heart, and, possibly, muscle. All hospitals, precinct police stations, and district firehouses are prepared to take applications, and additional recruiting centers have been opened in motion-picture theatres, libraries, and other public buildings. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-2324), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-9634), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 2-8836), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Manhattan Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000, or the Brooklyn Chapter, 57 Willoughby St., MAin 4-6001.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



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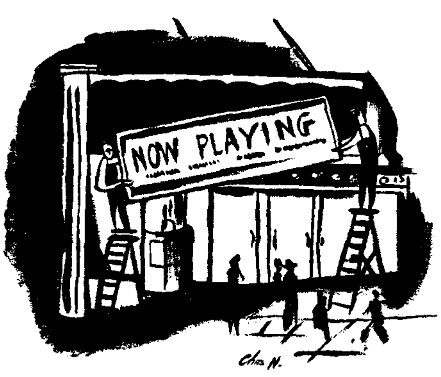
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



An American in Paris—An attractive musical film in which Gene Kelly and an excellent cast sing and dance to Gershwin melodies. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600; *through Nov. 14, tentative.)*

The Browning Version—Once again, an English film about an English school. This one centers on a crotchety professor of Greek, who goes to pieces when he realizes he has lost his knack for getting his pupils interested in Aeschylus. Michael Redgrave is admirable as the schoolmaster, and is supported by an able cast. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—A funny English film in which Alec Guinness is happily cast as a mousy employee of the Bank of England who manages to steal a million pounds in gold and baffle all the police in Britain. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

M—David Wayne in an often estimable remake of the old German film that featured Peter Lorre as a dreadful child-killer. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Nov. 8. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Nov. 11-13. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Nov. 12-13. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Nov. 13-14.)

Marie du Port—Some highly amusing and subtle Gallic byplay, with Jean Gabin superb as a man who appears to have all that life offers but finds something better and eighteen years old (Nicole Courcel). A French film, directed by Marcel Carné. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; starting Nov. 14.)

Odette—The adventures of a French lady who, serving with the British Military Intelligence, was an underground agent in France throughout most of the last war. Based on fact, this English picture is livelier than almost any trumped-up spy drama you ever saw. Anna Neagle and Trevor Howard head the trilingual cast. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Nov. 14.)

Oliver Twist—The Dickens novel, converted into a movie by Robert Neame and David Lean, the Englishmen responsible for "Great Expectations." Not quite up to that one, but still a very worth-while affair. Alec Guinness is fine as Fagin, and John Howard Davies makes a persuasive Oliver. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7241; through Nov. 11.)

A Place in the Sun—Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters in George Stevens' engrossing interpretation of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy." (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; through Nov. 13.)

The Red Badge of Courage—A naïve, but sometimes effective, version of Stephen Crane's story about a boy who comes of age as a consequence of serving in battle with the Union Army in the Civil War. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The River—An adaptation of Rumer Godden's novel about life in India, directed by Jean Renoir with a perceptive eye for subtle drama and colorful Bengalese backgrounds. The picture, which was filmed on location, includes in its cast Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, and a remarkable young Indian actress named Radha. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Show Boat—Around the bend again. Not as dashing as some of its predecessors but workmanlike. With Kathryn Grayson, Howard Keel, Ava Gardner, and William Warfield. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Nov. 14.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A literal translation to the screen of the Tennessee Williams play about a Southern lady, no better than the next, and her Polish brother-in-law, who is much worse. Directed by Elia Kazan, and powerfully enacted by Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden (Warner, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

Tales of Hoffmann—A big British omelet composed of opera, ballet, and cinematography. The color is dazzling, the music is good, and the dancers are nimble, but the whole thing only goes to show that looking into a kaleidoscope for two hours and more can grow rather wearisome. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Well—An intemperate but frequently engrossing melodrama concerned with a race riot and the rescue of a small girl trapped underground With Henry Morgan Barry Kelly, Richard Rober and Maidie Norman. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280, starting Nov. 14.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; Nov. 10.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 10.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 14.)

Destry Rides Again (1939)—Marlene Dietrich's début in horse opera. With Una Merkel and James Stewart. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 11-13.)

Fame Is the Spur (1949)—An English film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 11-13.)

Jofroi and **Day in the Country** (1950)— A pair of French films, directed by Renoir and Pagnol, that originally made up two-thirds of the film called "Ways of Love." (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Kiss of Death (1947)—Gangster homicide in New York. With Victor Mature and Richard Widmark. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Nov. 10.)

Quartet (1949)—The first collection of Somerset Maugham short stories. An English film, with Mai Zetterling, Françoise Rosay, and Cecil Parker. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 10, tentative.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Nov. 10, tentative. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; starting Nov. 14.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story concerning a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 14.)

Trio (1950)—More Maugham short stories. A British picture, with Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Nov. 9-10. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 11-12.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Nov. 14.)

The Winslow Boy (1950)—How a father rectifies an injustice done his son at an English naval academy. A British picture, with Cedric Hardwicke and Robert Donat. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 11-14, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 11: "High and Dizzy" (1920) and "The Freshman" (1925), both with Harold Lloyd. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 12: Four silent films of great actresses of the past, including "La Dame aux Camelias," with Sarah Bernhardt, and "Vanity Fair," with Minnie Maddern Fiske. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
From Nov. 8, at 8:40: "Quo Vadis," Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr. (Showings are at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays at midnight. Reserved seats only.)

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Tales of Hoffmann.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Quo Vadis," Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Blue Veil," Jane Wyman, Charles Laughton.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Desert Fox," James Mason, Jessica Tandy.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Detective Story," Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Nov. 14 (tentative): **An American in Paris.**

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Behave Yourself!," Farley Granger, Shelley Winters.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Through Nov. 14 (tentative): "David and Bathsheba," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Let's Make It Legal," Claudette Colbert, Macdonald Carey.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Across the Wide Missouri," Clark Gable, Ricardo Montalban.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Ten Tall Men," Burt Lancaster, Gilbert Roland.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
A Streetcar Named Desire.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Jofroi and **Day in the Country**, revival (in French).

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 13: "The History of Mr. Polly," John Mills.
From Nov. 14: **ODETTE.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 7-9653)
Through Nov. 10: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.
Nov. 11-13: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich; and "Little Big Horn," John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 14: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo; and "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 10: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.
Nov. 11-13: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell.
From Nov. 14: **ODETTE.**

Murray Hill, Park at 42nd. (MU 2-1431)
Nov. 8: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain; and "Fury of the Congo," Johnny Weissmuller.
Nov. 9-10: **TRIO**, revival; and "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.
Nov. 11-13: **FAME IS THE SPUR**, revival; and **DESTRY RIDES AGAIN**, revival.
From Nov. 14: **MARIE DU PORT** (in French); and **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**, revival.

Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th. (EL 5-8790)
Through Nov. 10 (tentative): **QUARTET**, revival; and **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**, revival.
Nov. 11-14 (tentative): **THE WINSLOW BOY**, revival; and "Of Men and Music," revival, a musical documentary, with Dimitri Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Arthur Rubinstein, Jascha Heifetz, Jan Peerce, and Nadine Conner.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through Nov. 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "Reunion in Reno," Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens.
From Nov. 14: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed; and "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE BROWNING VERSION.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Nov. 10: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.
Nov. 11-13: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich; and "Little Big Horn," John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 14: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo; and "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE LAVENDER HILL MOB.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 11: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.
Nov. 12-13: "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.
From Nov. 14: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7241)
Through Nov. 11: **OLIVER TWIST.**
From Nov. 12: "The Clouded Yellow," Jean Simmons, Trevor Howard.

Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th. (PL 5-2746)
Through Nov. 10: "Man in the Dinghy," Michael Wilding.
From Nov. 11: "Laughter in Paradise," Alistair Sim, Beatrice Campbell.

York, 1st Ave. at 64th. (RH 4-9350)
Through Nov. 9: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 10: **ADAM'S RIB**, revival; and "Davy Crockett, Indian Scout," George Montgomery, Ellen Drew.
Nov. 11-12: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney; and "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
Nov. 13-14: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," Susan Hayward, William Lundigan; and "The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Nov. 8: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 9-12: "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
From Nov. 13: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through Nov. 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "Reunion in Reno," Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens.
From Nov. 14: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed; and "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 14: "Darling, How Could You!," Joan Fontaine, John Lund.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Nov. 10: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney; and "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
Nov. 11-12: **TRIO**, revival; and "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.
Nov. 13-14: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," Susan Hayward, William Lundigan; and "The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 10: **TRIO**, revival.
Nov. 11-12: "The Inheritance," revival, Jean Simmons, Katina Paxinou.
Nov. 13-14: "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Nov. 10: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.
Nov. 11-13: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich; and "Little Big Horn," John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 14: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo; and "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Nov. 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "Reunion in Reno," Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens.
From Nov. 14: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed; and "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th. (SA 2-2478)
Through Nov. 9: "The Secret of Convict Lake," Glenn Ford, Gene Tierney; and "As Young As You Feel," Monty Woolley, Thelma Ritter.
Nov. 10: "Smuggler's Gold," Cameron Mitchell; and "Kim," revival, Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell.
Nov. 11-12: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," Susan Hayward, William Lundigan; and "The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.
Nov. 13-14: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through Nov. 9: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
Nov. 10-11: "The Wooden Horse," Leo Genn; and "A Girl in a Million," revival, Joan Greenwood, Basil Radford.
Nov. 12-13: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," Susan Hayward, William Lundigan; and "Circle of Danger," Ray Milland, Patricia Roc.
From Nov. 14: "Mr. Imperium," Lana Turner, Ezio Pinza; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 11: "People Will Talk," Cary Grant, Jeanne Crain.
Nov. 12-13: **M.**
From Nov. 14: "His Kind of Woman," Robert Mitchum, Jane Russell.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (OR 5-9630)
"Kind Hearts and Coronets," revival, Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson; and "The Blue Lamp," revival, Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Nov. 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "Reunion in Reno," Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens.
From Nov. 14: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed; and "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Nov. 10: **THE ASTONISHED HEART**, revival; and **KISS OF DEATH**, revival.
Nov. 11-13: "The Wooden Horse," Leo Genn; and "Call of the Blood," John Clements.
From Nov. 14: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and "Sunset Boulevard," revival, Gloria Swanson, William Holden.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Nov. 10: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.
Nov. 11-13: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich; and "Little Big Horn," John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 14: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo; and "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Through Nov. 10: **TRIO**, revival; and "Rhubarb," Ray Milland, Jan Sterling.
Nov. 11-13: "Lost Continent," Cesar Romero; and "Kind Lady," Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans.
From Nov. 14: **THE WELL**; and "The Strip," Mickey Rooney, Sally Forrest.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
THE RIVER.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Nov. 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "Reunion in Reno," Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens.
From Nov. 14: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed; and "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 10: "Monelle" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet; and "Heart of Paris" (in French), revival, Raimu.
Nov. 11-13: "The Storm Within" (in French), revival, Jean Marais; and "Naked Woman" (in French), revival.
From Nov. 14: **THE BAKER'S WIFE** (in French), revival; and **THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER** (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (RI 9-9861)
Through Nov. 10: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.
Nov. 11-13: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich; and "Little Big Horn," John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 14: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo; and "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

Carlton, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-3862)
Nov. 8: "Circle of Danger," Ray Milland, Patricia Roc; and "Three Steps North," Lloyd Bridges, Aldo Fabrizi.
Nov. 9-10: "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain," Susan Hayward, William Lundigan; and "The Guy Who Came Back," Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell.
Nov. 11-13: **M**; and "Five," William Phipps, Susan Douglas.
From Nov. 14: **SHOW BOAT**; and "The Painted Hills," Paul Kelly, Lassie.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (AC 2-1019)
Through Nov. 13: **A PLACE IN THE SUN**; and "Reunion in Reno," Peggy Dow, Mark Stevens.
From Nov. 14: "Saturday's Hero," John Derek, Donna Reed; and "Pickup," Hugo Haas, Beverly Michaels.

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Through Nov. 10: "The Day the Earth Stood Still," Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal; and "Tarzan's Peril," Lex Barker.
Nov. 11-13: "No Highway in the Sky," James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich; and "Little Big Horn," John Ireland, Lloyd Bridges.
From Nov. 14: "Captain Horatio Hornblower," Gregory Peck, Virginia Mayo; and "Cattle Drive," Joel McCrea, Dean Stockwell.

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of Republic Aviation Corporation,
producers of United States Air Force
THUNDERJETS .... wears a Rolex.

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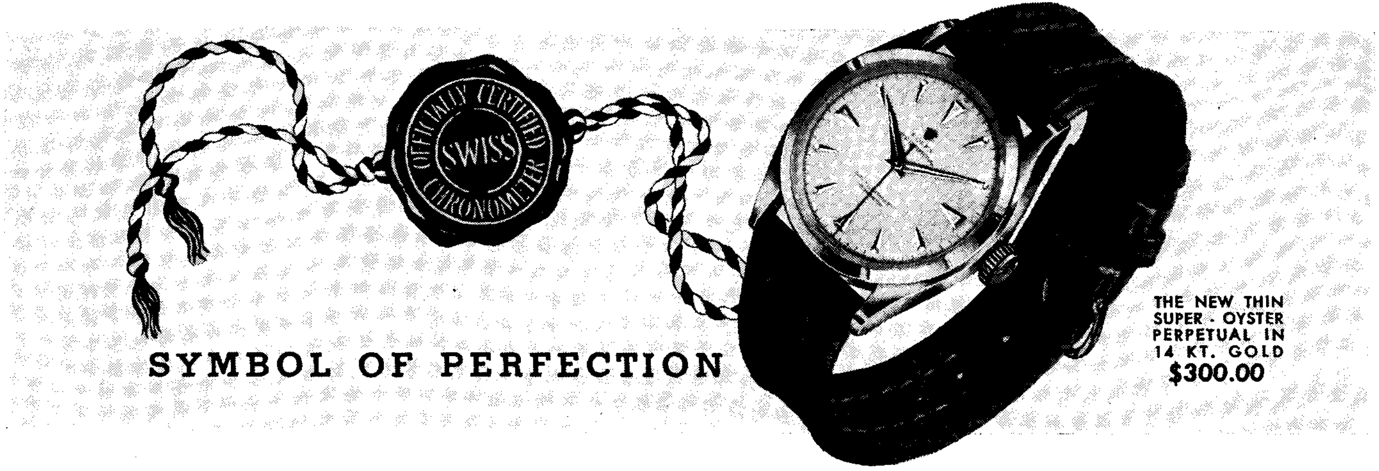
the Value of Time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BLUEPRINT OF SUPREMACY . . . an unusual booklet tells the interesting facts and illustrates the exclusive features emphasizing Rolex leadership . . . ***free*** to those applying on business or personal stationery.

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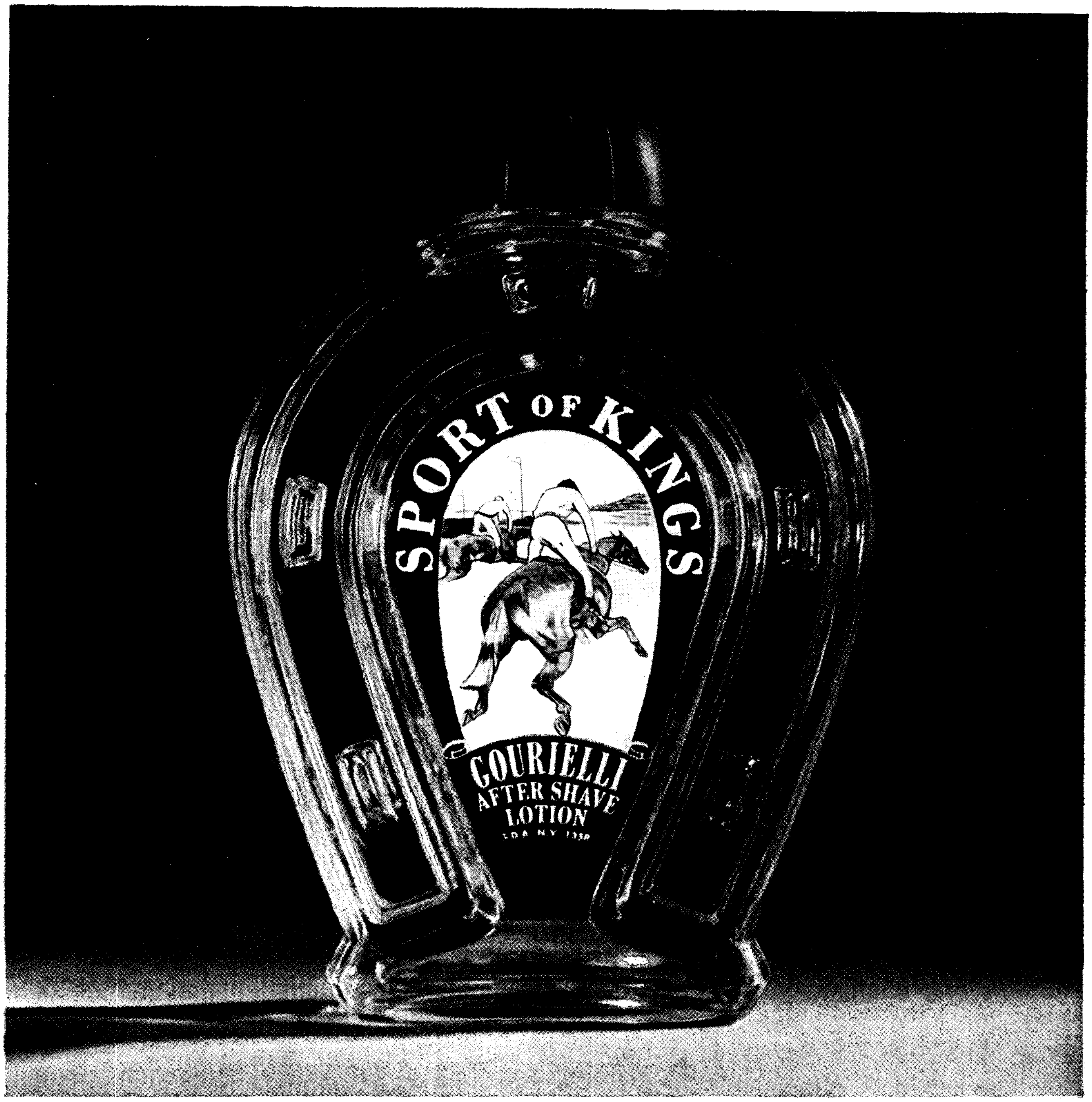
A NEW AFTER-SHAVE LOTION!



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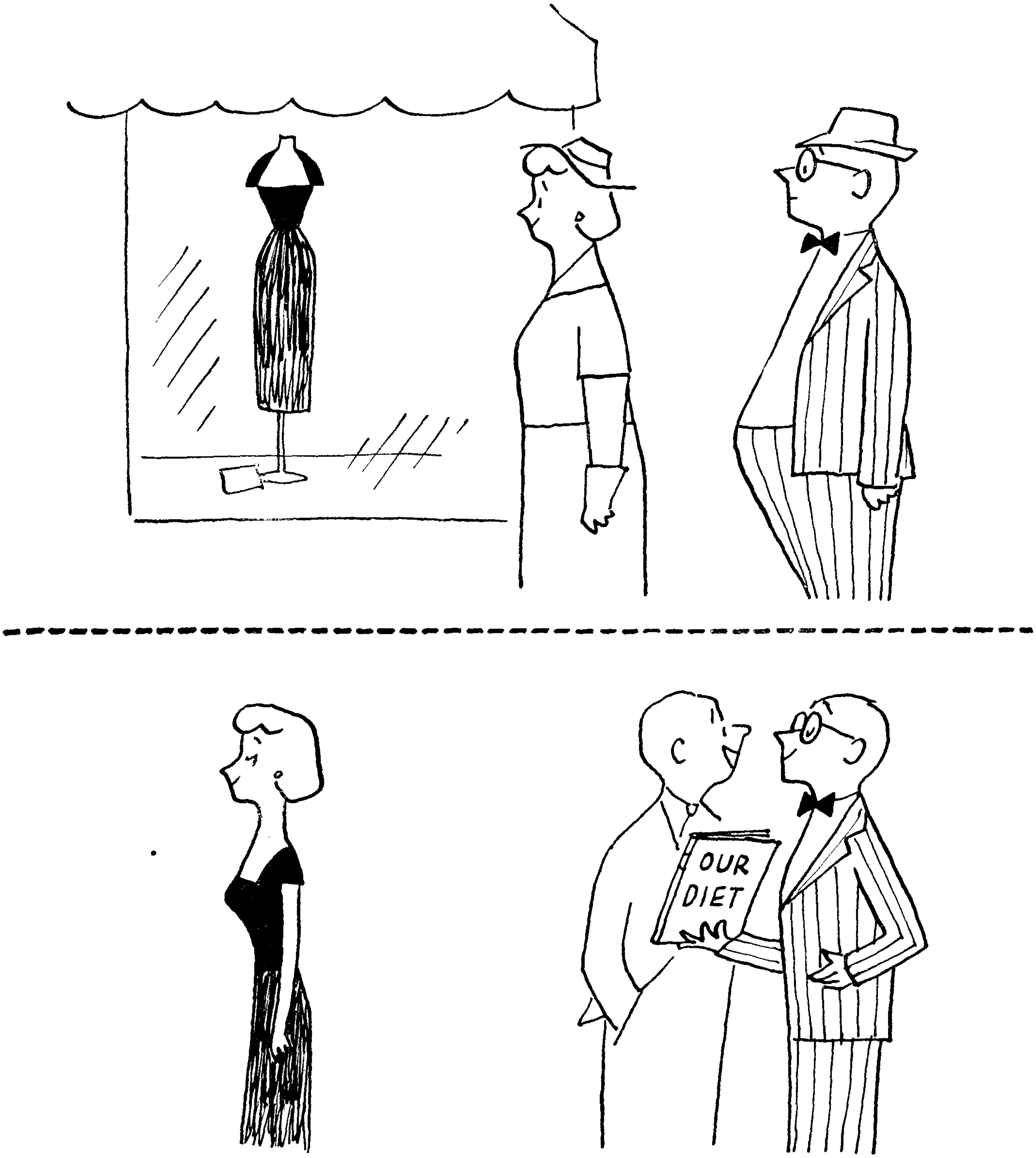
Sport of Kings after-shave lotion is terrifically refreshing, and most men will pretend they use it for no other reason. Pure humbug. The secret truth is that most men like to *smell* good, and Sport of Kings smells *very* good, very fresh, and very masculine.

You can buy Sport of Kings after-shave lotion in the lucky horseshoe at most good stores, for 2.50 and 1.50. There is also a Sport of Kings cologne at 3.50 and 2.00, and a shaving soap in a thumping glass horseshoe, which becomes an ashtray in after life and costs 1.50.

The Sport of Kings huntsman's boot, shown at the right, is full of the finest talc Gourielli knows how to make —1.50. Gourielli, 16 E. 55th Street, New York. *All prices quoted plus Fed. tax except shave soap*

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Things happen when women make up their minds. They decided long ago that Ladies' Home Journal was of unique importance in their lives. So every month, for over 11 years, they have bought more *copies of the Journal than of* any *other magazine accepting advertising.*

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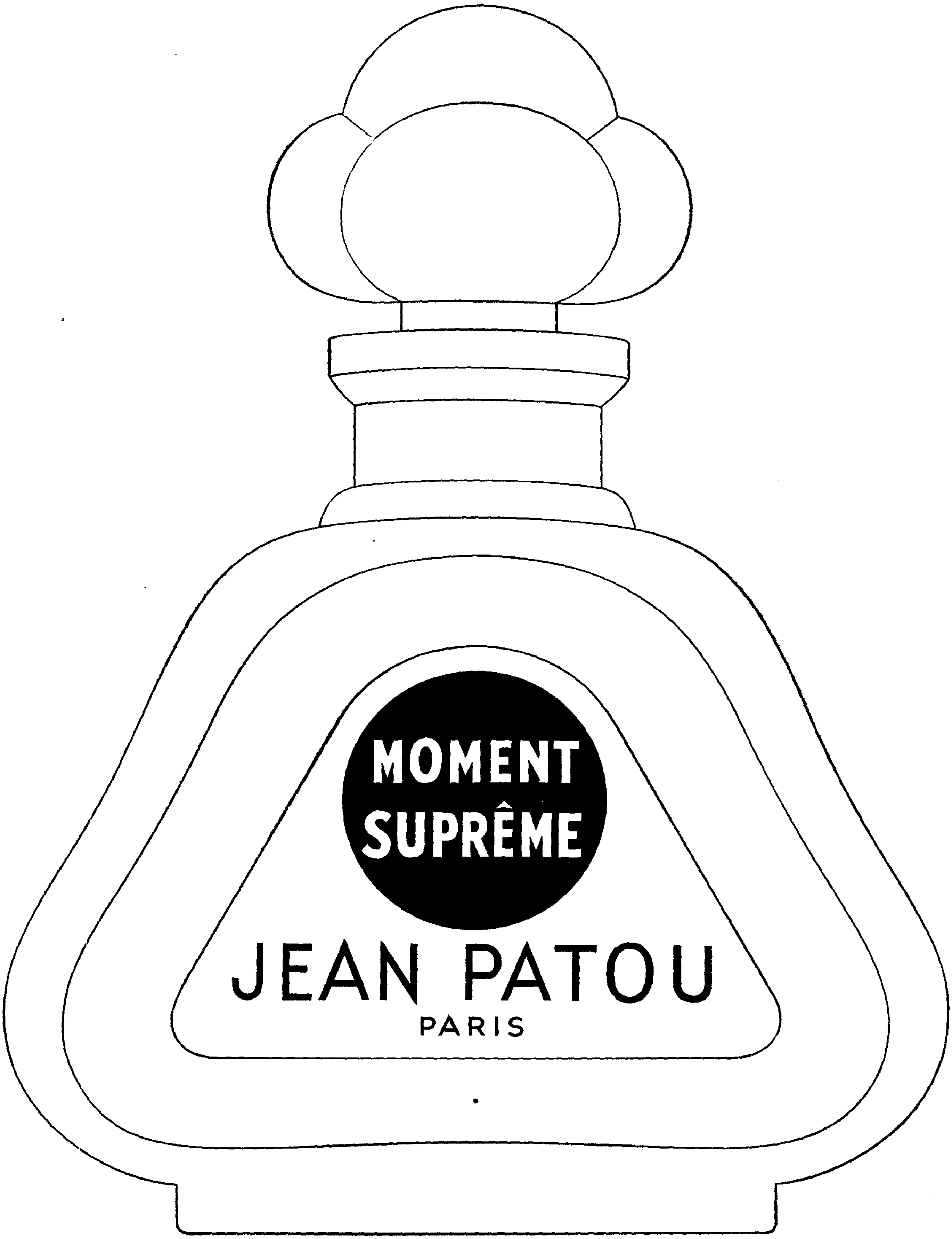
MARK SHAW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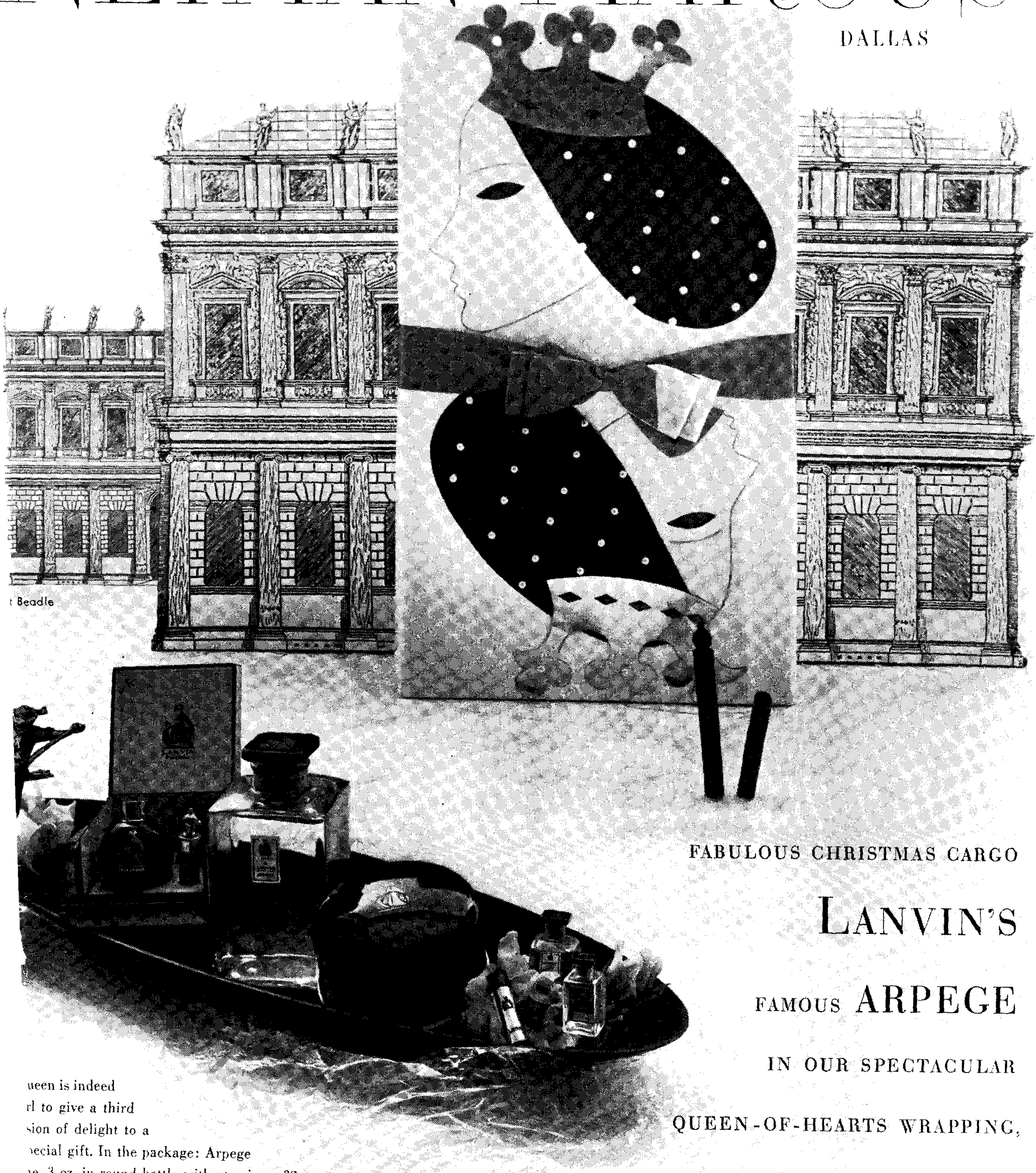

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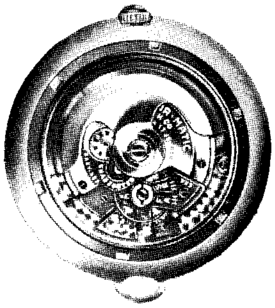
the famous English comfort-in-action trousers



Sports watch par excellence for men and women

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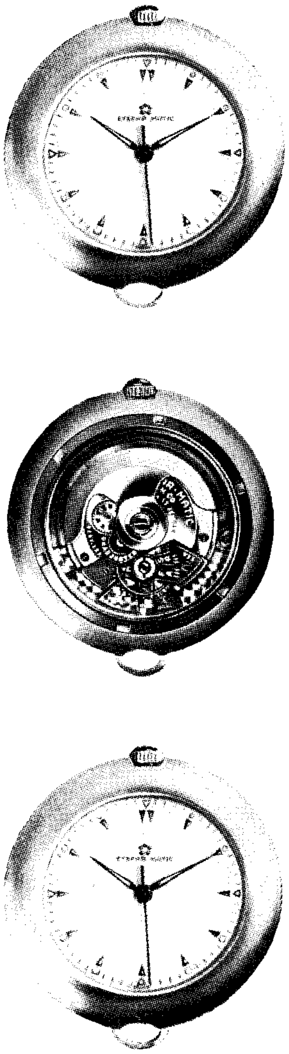

"The world's first self-winding watch with a ball-bearing" makes its debut in a new pocket-watch form that's waterproof, shock-absorbing and anti-magnetic.

Here's the watch for active outdoor sports. It saves wear and tear on your valuable wristwatch. It rests comfortably in your pocket when you're riding, sailing, playing golf. It couldn't look smarter hanging from a leather belt with feminine tweeds. The 17-jewel, precision-timed movement winds itself with the help of five tiny ball-bearings that respond to your slightest motion. Encased in brush-finish stainless steel, it has a transparent unbreakable plastic back for viewing the works in action. Price including tax is $71.50

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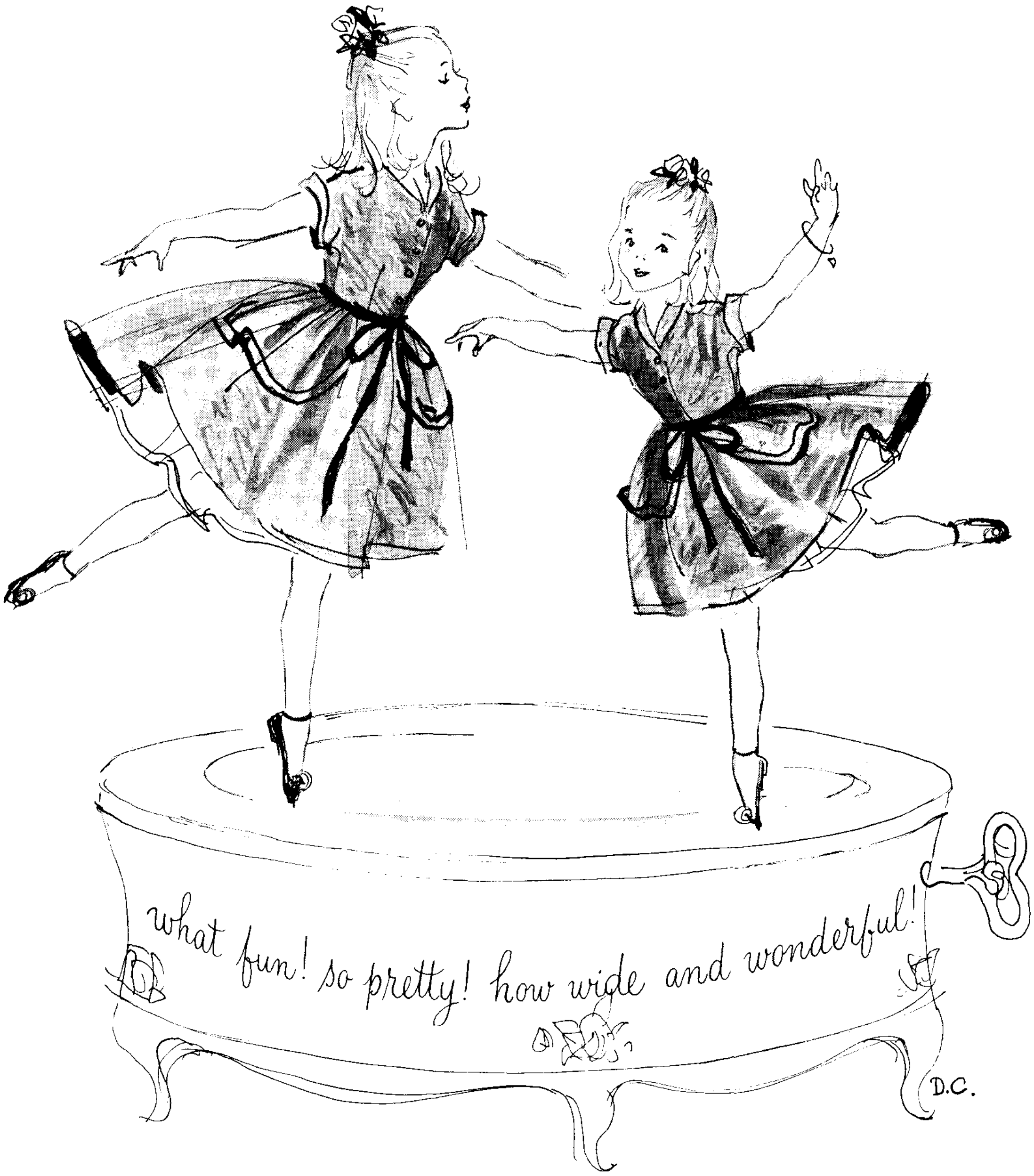
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Kate Greenaway's pirouette dress

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Our charming moire cotton dress with twinkling rhinestone buttons and a rayon velvet sash. As seen in Parents' Magazine. Gold with brown or turquoise with navy.

little sister sizes 3 to 6x, **5.95** big sister sizes 7 to 14, **7.95**

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE are at this writing in bed, entertaining our first cold of the 1951-52 virus season. It would greatly satisfy our curiosity to know at precisely what moment the virus gained entrance and took hold—for there must have been such a moment, such a division point. Prior to that moment, we were a whole man; subsequent to it, and until the symptoms appeared, we were the unwitting host to evil and corruption. One wonders about all such tremendous turning points: the moment when a child is conceived, the moment when the tide stops flooding and starts ebbing. We have often wondered at precisely what moment in life our defenses were successfully breached by another, deadlier virus—the point that marked the exact end of youth's high innocence and purity of design, the beginning of compromise, acquiescence, conformity, and the general lassitude of maturity. There must in every person's life (except a few rare ones) have been such a moment. In the case of the cold, the lag between the penetration of the disease and the appearance of the symptoms is a matter of hours; in the case of the other virus, a matter of years.

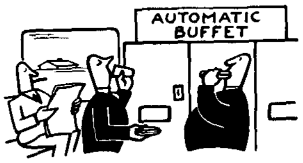
STATISTICIANS have computed the very great interruptive strength of the common cold in our society, have shown how it slows the wheels of industry. That is only one side to the virus, however. We are such docile creatures, normally, that it takes a virus to jolt us out of life's routine. A couple of days in a fever bed are, in a sense, health-giving; the change in body temperature, the change in pulse rate, and the change of scene have a restorative effect on the system equal to the hell they raise. We heard once of a man who went to bed with a cold one day and never got up again. The seizure was soon over and his health restored, but the adventure of being in bed impressed him deeply and he felt that he had discovered his niche at last.

Medical science understands this paradox of the virus, and virus diseases are now the white hope of cancer research. (It has already been shown that they tend to congregate in cancer cells.) Thermometer in mouth, we await the day of victory, when the common cold, which has long been the butt of our anger, will emerge as the knight that slew the dragon.

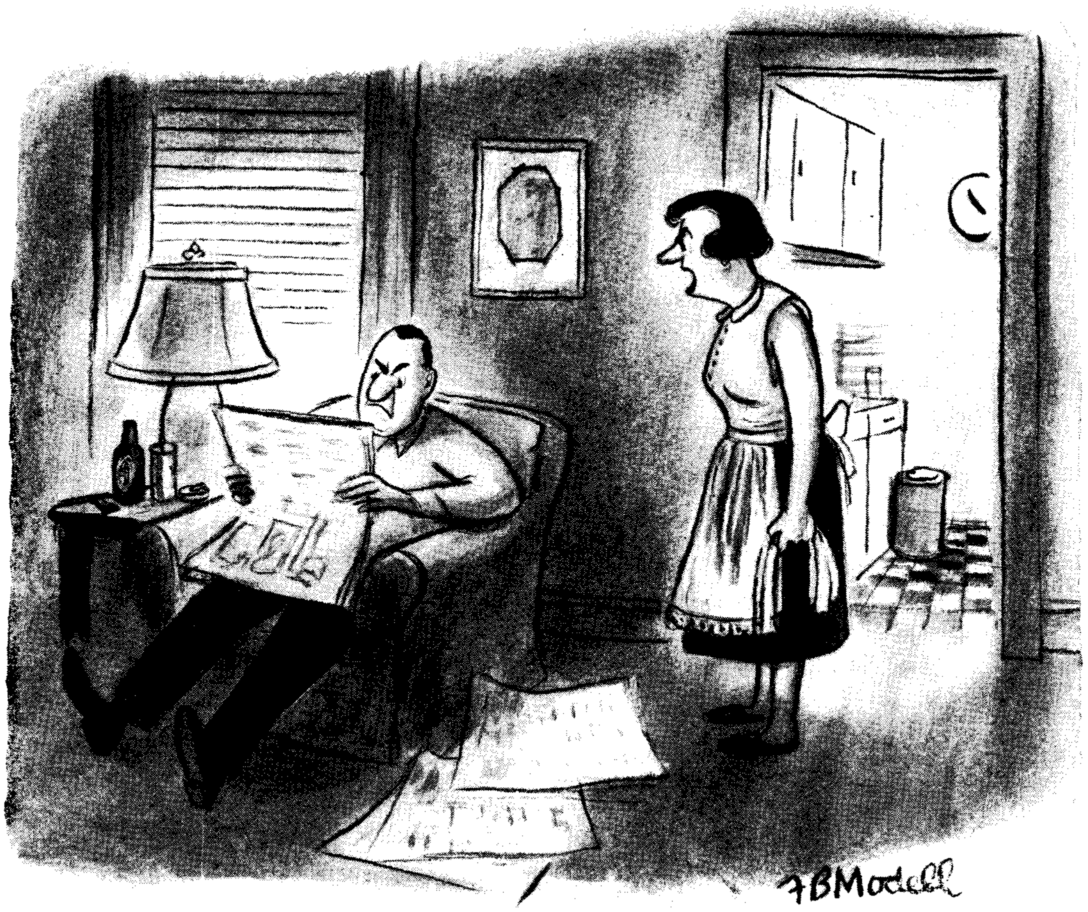
Tryout

OUR man Stanley having become noticeably restless, we handed him a clipping from the *Times* to the effect that the Pennsylvania Railroad is trying out automatic coin-operated food-dispensing machines on one of its cars and sent him off. He walked in refreshed next morning, and submitted the following notes:

"Food-machine tryout car runs on New York-Philadelphia expresses known as 'clocker service.' Trains leave on the hour, so your watch is your timetable is the idea. Boarded 11 A.M. train at Penn Station. Signs all over car, 'Food and Drink Machines Straight Ahead.' Pamphlets about machines on every seat. Proceeded to experiment car, a specially fitted-out coach. Pennsy taking venture seriously. Found there Clyde Leech, Pennsy publicity man, and Dick Lukens, Pennsy dining-car-service man; also Charlie Brinkmann, vice-president of Rowe Manufacturing Co., maker of machines. Big sign, 'Automatic Buffet,' above machines. 'Glad to have you aboard,' Leech said. Machines were originally designed for factories, office buildings, etc. Five of them altogether, installed at end of car. Five seats removed to make room. Milk, coffee, and sandwich machines on left of aisle, ice-cream and candy-cake-pie machines on right. Coffee machine gives black with no sugar, black with sugar, cream with no sugar, and cream and sugar. Ten cents. Many different sandwiches, twenty-five to fifty cents. Change-making machine attached to milk machine gives nickels and dimes for quarters. No way of changing bills. Unsolved problem.



"Train started, entered tunnel. Remarked felt pressure in ears. Leech said, 'Swallow.' Swallowed. Business slow. After two or three minutes, customer showed up and bought sandwich. Leech interviewed him. 'How's the sandwich?' he asked. 'Doing all right,' customer said. 'Always refrigerated, always fresh,' Leech said. 'Sure is all right,' customer said. Leech nodded. Customer went on chewing, self-consciously. Looked as if he thought his picture was being taken. Another customer came up and, when Leech introduced himself, suggested supplying napkins. 'Good idea,' Leech said, and wrote it down. Brinkmann said purpose of experiment is to test public acceptance of machines on trains. If public accepts, Pennsy will put machines on lots of trains. Rumors of impending experiment caused Rowe stock to jump three points on the Curb. No movement of Pennsy stock on Big Board. Talking to Brinkmann, ignorantly used term 'slot machine.' Brinkmann hit ceiling. Asked us *please* never say 'slot machine' to Rowe man. Proper term is 'automatic food dispenser.' Small slits in dispensers through which coins are fed officially called 'coin inserts.' Rowe had a hard time adapting dispensers for use on trains, because jig-



"If my nagging upsets you so much, why don't you just do as I say?"

• •

gling kept causing dispensers to give out merchandise free. Rowe mechanics licked problem.

"Came out of tunnel, reached Newark. Big crowd boarded train. Many customers made for dispensers. Business booming. 'All fresh every day,' Brinkmann said happily from time to time. Lukens counted customers with hand counter. Fifteen, twenty, twenty-five. Lukens said twenty-nine had eaten from dispensers when tryout car made eastbound run that morning. 'Damn good for right after breakfast.' Suddenly, lights in car went out and impossible to read signs on dispensers. Lukens hollered, 'Get that power on!' He explained trainmen turn lights off after Newark on bright days, have for years. Power came back on. Trainman walked by muttering, 'All we need now's a juke box.'

"Business continued booming. Big crowd around dispensers, Lukens clicking counter rapidly. Preoccupied lady came through car with little girl. 'What's that?' little girl asked. 'Electric calculator,' lady said. 'Public acceptance is here, all right,' Brinkmann said. He suggested I try dispensers. Agreed to. Attempted to get own dimes and nickels into coin insert of sandwich dispenser, but Brinkmann got Rowe Co.'s dimes and nickels in first. Had ham on rye and coffee with cream and sugar. Tasted just like merchandise of old walking venders. Asked if old venders were raising a ruckus about mechanization. Leech said not yet.

"Lukens said Pennsy dining-car service a great outfit for innovations—innovated twin-unit dining car 1938, the single-entrée dining-car meal 1950, free pretzels from 2 to 5 P.M. in dining cars of certain trains this year. Will innovate radar cooking on trains next year. Lukens thinks food dispensers biggest thing to hit the business since twin-unit dining car. Princeton Junction. Undergraduate types came aboard and delightedly jostled each other to get at coin inserts. 'Public acceptance *definitely* here,' said Brinkmann."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Diversey Publishing Corporation, 119 West Fifty-seventh Street, has issued a list entitled "Great Romantic Stories," which, after running the gamut of forty-three books called "Free Lovers," "Passionate Princess," "Wanton Venus," "Playthings of Desire," "Bedroom Eyes," "All Dames Are Dynamite," "No Bed of Her Own," and the like, winds up with "How to Play Canasta."

Scrap

THE acute shortage of scrap is, of course, one of the biggest headaches in the defense program. We've been looking into the subject and have learned, to begin with, that most of the stuff you see in junk yards and have probably thought of as scrap iron isn't iron at all but steel, and that when people say "scrap iron," the chances are they mean scrap steel. The reason we need the stuff so desperately is that almost half of all the new steel produced here derives from old steel. Fifty-four million tons of scrap were gobbled up by American mills last year. That is twice as much steel as there is on the whole of Manhattan. This year and next, the mills will require still more scrap, for steel production is slated to go up ten per cent. Solacingly, the resources the scrap dealers have to draw on are theoretically ample; there's something like a billion and a half tons of steel in use, in one form or another, in the country, and the average length of life of articles made from steel is between twenty and thirty years. The trouble is that this steel doesn't come readily to market, and the dealers must scurry around frantically to gather up each year's crop of abandoned cars, farm implements, stoves, and the like. The metal itself lasts indefinitely. Practically no steel is ever discarded. Steel salvaged from the German fleet scuttled at Scapa Flow after the First World War eventually found its way into our fleet, and the steel (as well as iron) of Civil War muskets is still on the American scene.

Nine-tenths of the steel produced in this country is made in open-hearth furnaces, the other tenth in Bessemer converters or electric furnaces. Steel men say that the most common charge for an open-hearth furnace is from fifty-two to fifty-four per cent pig iron and the rest scrap. Since the scrap has already been refined and is low in impurities, less limestone is needed in the furnace and the time of manufacture is shortened. Also, scrap is ten dollars a ton cheaper than pig iron, partly because of the large consumption of raw materials required to produce pig iron—around a ton of coke, half a ton of limestone, and two tons of iron ore for every ton of pig. Steel companies, in their harried pursuit of scrap, have occasionally driven its price above that of newly poured pig iron. Bessemer converters use practically no scrap, whereas electric furnaces use practically *all* scrap.

Only about half the scrap consumed by the mills is purchased from dealers. The remainder, known as home scrap, consists of croppings from ingots, billets, and blooms, or slabs, of steel in the making. Impurities that remain in the steel when it is poured into the ingot mold have a tendency to accumulate on the surface, and a good-sized chunk is always cropped off the top of the ingot as it hardens. More is cropped during each subsequent step of processing, and only about seventy per cent of the original ingot leaves the mill. Heavy industry provides the greatest amount of purchased scrap—ten million tons last year, mainly chips, borings, and shavings from machined steel, and worn-out or obsolete machinery. Railroads yielded four million tons of scrap. Main-line rails are usually replaced every fifteen years, though there are rails in use that were laid fifty or sixty years ago. Replacement of rolling stock, especially the replacement of steam engines by diesels, provides heavy scrap, which mills especially relish. Light scrap has to be tightly packed to keep it from being wafted up the flue by the intense heat. Railroads never miss a trick; every year, in the course of making repairs and adjustments, they scrape off tons of rust from their rolling stock and sell it to dealers. Two million tons of scrap were reclaimed last year from about that number of automobiles. Motor blocks, axles, gears, and drive shafts are considered very choice scrap. Scrap dealers have to recognize and sort out the different kinds of steel alloy. Those that contain nickel, chromium, or molybdenum are more valuable than plain old carbon steel. Non-ferrous metals like zinc and tin must be kept out of the steel furnaces.

The scrap industry estimates that the six million farms in this country utilize an average of twenty-five tons of steel apiece, in fences, roofing, machinery, milk cans, silos, and so on. Last year, farms yielded a million and a half tons of scrap—an average of five hundred pounds per farm. Also in 1950, four hundred thousand tons of scrap were gleaned from old ships, and six hundred and fifty thousand tons were imported from Germany, Japan, Canada, and the Netherlands. The Navy hopes soon to recover thousands of tons of scrap from four Japanese cruisers, five Japanese destroyers, and thirteen Japanese submarines known to have been sunk near Pacific islands. If the demand for scrap continues at the present rate, we may get around to raising the ships sunk in fairly deep water off the Normandy beachheads.

Culture

FIRST HARVARD UNDERGRADUATE: "Know what happened this morning? I left the valve of my radiator open, and while I was at class they turned the steam full on."

SECOND: "Good God, did it flood your room?"

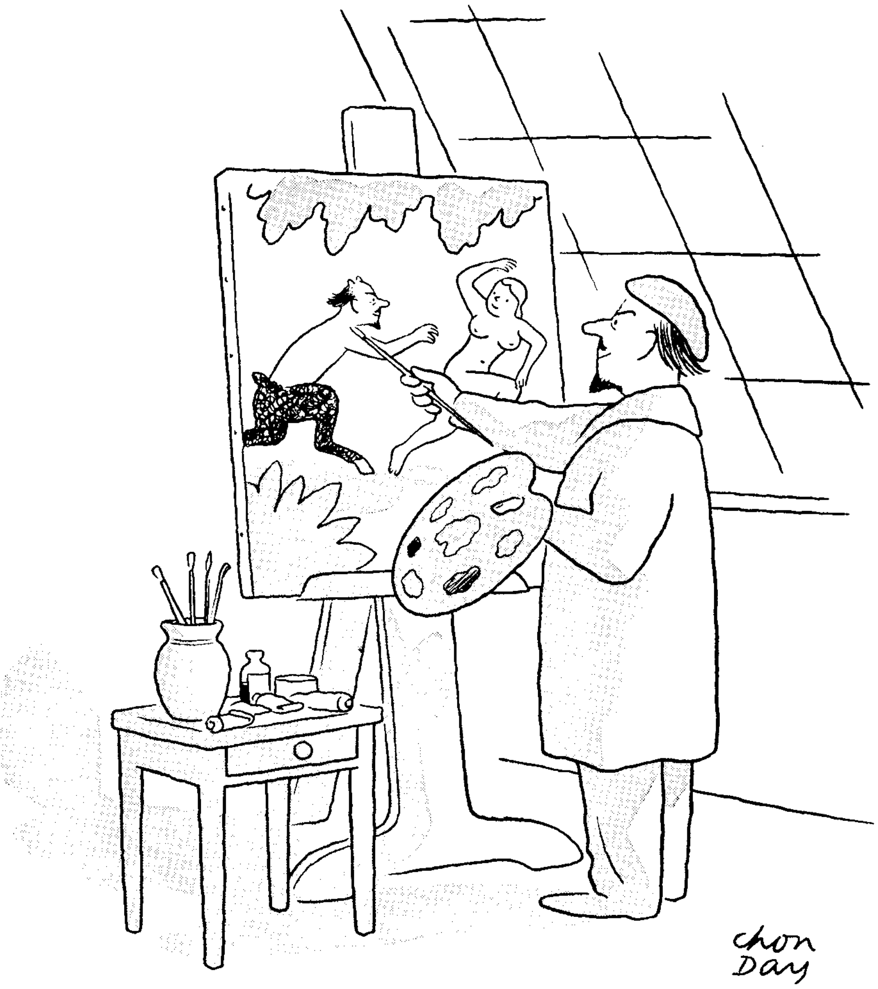
FIRST: "No, but it ruined my Hieronymus Bosch."

Mobile Clinic

THE Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals invited us to the first run of its new mobile clinic last week in a letter stating, in part:

> Starting at the hospital, 350 Lafayette Street, at 2:30 P.M., the completely equipped clinic will be driven to the Madison Square Boys' Club, 301 East 29th Street, where at 3 P.M. Lucy Conte, the small sister of Frank Conte, member of the club, will cut the ribbon. The veterinarian, Dr. Cherry Ann Hooper, will then examine Lucy's pet bird and treat the fifteen other pets that have appointments.

We arrived at the hospital at two-twenty-five, and were advised by Mrs. H. Thomas Richardson, its assistant director, that the clinic, a two-ton Dodge Route Van fitted out with X-ray, fluoroscope, and sterilizing equipment, a refrigerator for drugs, a tank of water and a basin, and a cabinet of surgical instruments and assorted medicines, would pay fortnightly visits to various children's clubs and settlement houses in underprivileged districts and treat pets free of charge. "We make no charge at the hospital itself when owners can't



pay," she said, "but most such owners can't even afford the transportation here. We'll look after minor illnesses in the mobile clinic, and if there's a crisis, we'll bring the animal back here." As she spoke, we were joined by several Speyer board members—Mrs. Fraser M. Horn, president of the hospital; Mrs. S. Sloan Colt; Mrs. Paul Abbott; and Mr. Louis Reynal, chairman of the mobile-clinic committee. "Where's the pushcart—lost?" asked Mrs. Abbott. Mrs. Richardson nodded despondently. "Good heavens!" said Mrs. Abbott. "And I just alienated my best friend by leaving her in the middle of lunch to get here on time!" She deposited two boxes on a table and opened them, revealing a large doll, dressed in blue, and an old-fashioned bouquet of roses and carnations. "For the little girl who's going to cut the ribbon," she explained. Mrs. Richardson said she'd received a message that the van, which had just been painted in New Jersey, had left Jersey City at two and was going direct to the Boys' Club.

Thither the gathering, including us, proceeded in a couple of taxis, arriving a little before three. There, on a sidewalk teeming with children, we found Dr. Hooper; Dr. James R. Kinney, the hospital's director; Mr. Abbott; four or five more board members, among them Mrs. Hernand Behn, Mrs. Byrnes MacDonald, and Mr. Ivan Sanderson, the naturalist; and half a dozen newspaper photographers and newsreel and television men. After an anxious interval of twenty minutes, during which we learned that the van, with its equipment, had cost eighty-five hundred dollars and was the only one of its kind in the country, the clinic appeared, resplendent in green with broad cerise stripes. A small boy hopped into it, and was yanked out with some difficulty by Mrs. Colt. He at once sought to make a reëntry, and when President Horn held him back, he attacked her with his fists and feet. A larger boy carried him off struggling. Mr. Reynal attached a green ribbon across the opening at the back of the van and motioned to Miss Lucy Conte, a pretty, dark-haired youngster of about eight, who was carrying a cage containing a one-legged canary, and to Mrs. Abbott, who was bearing the doll in one hand and the bouquet in the other. At this point, an unidentified man tore the ribbon off, put it in his pocket, and walked away. Mrs. Abbott sighed and handed the bouquet to Mrs. MacDonald; Lucy and the canary looked baffled. Three small boys came out of the club, holding, severally, a cocker spaniel, a skunk, and a dog identified as Rusty, half Chihuahua, half fox terrier, belonging to the club's manager. They entered the rear of the van, and as the cameras whirred and flashed, Dr. Hooper, inside, cut Rusty's toenails and bandaged one of his paws. This caused a tiny girl on the sidewalk to burst into tears and wail, "What's wrong with Rusty?" "Nothing," Mr. Sanderson said comfortingly.

Presently, all hands emerged. "They wouldn't let the little girl cut the ribbon!" Mrs. Abbott cried. "Yes, let's have the ribbon ceremony now," said Mr. Reynal, who had resourcefully produced some more green ribbon from somewhere. "Can't we let that go?" said one of the cameramen. "We have a newsreel light problem." "It will only take one second," Mrs. Richardson pleaded. "Everything here takes one second," the newsreel man said rudely. The ribbon bloc surrendered, and Mrs. Abbott, with an air of despair, said to Lucy, "They seem to pay no attention to us," and gave her the doll without more ado. Lucy handed the bird cage to Mrs. Abbott and beat it before Mrs. MacDonald could do anything about the flowers. As we left, Mrs. Abbott was holding the bird cage, Mrs. MacDonald was holding the flowers, and the skunk was nestled in its owner's arms, looking around wonderingly.

Relief

LADY at Woolworth's stepped up to the cosmetics counter, took off her shoes one after the other, sprinkled talcum from a display container into them, put them back on, and continued her shopping.

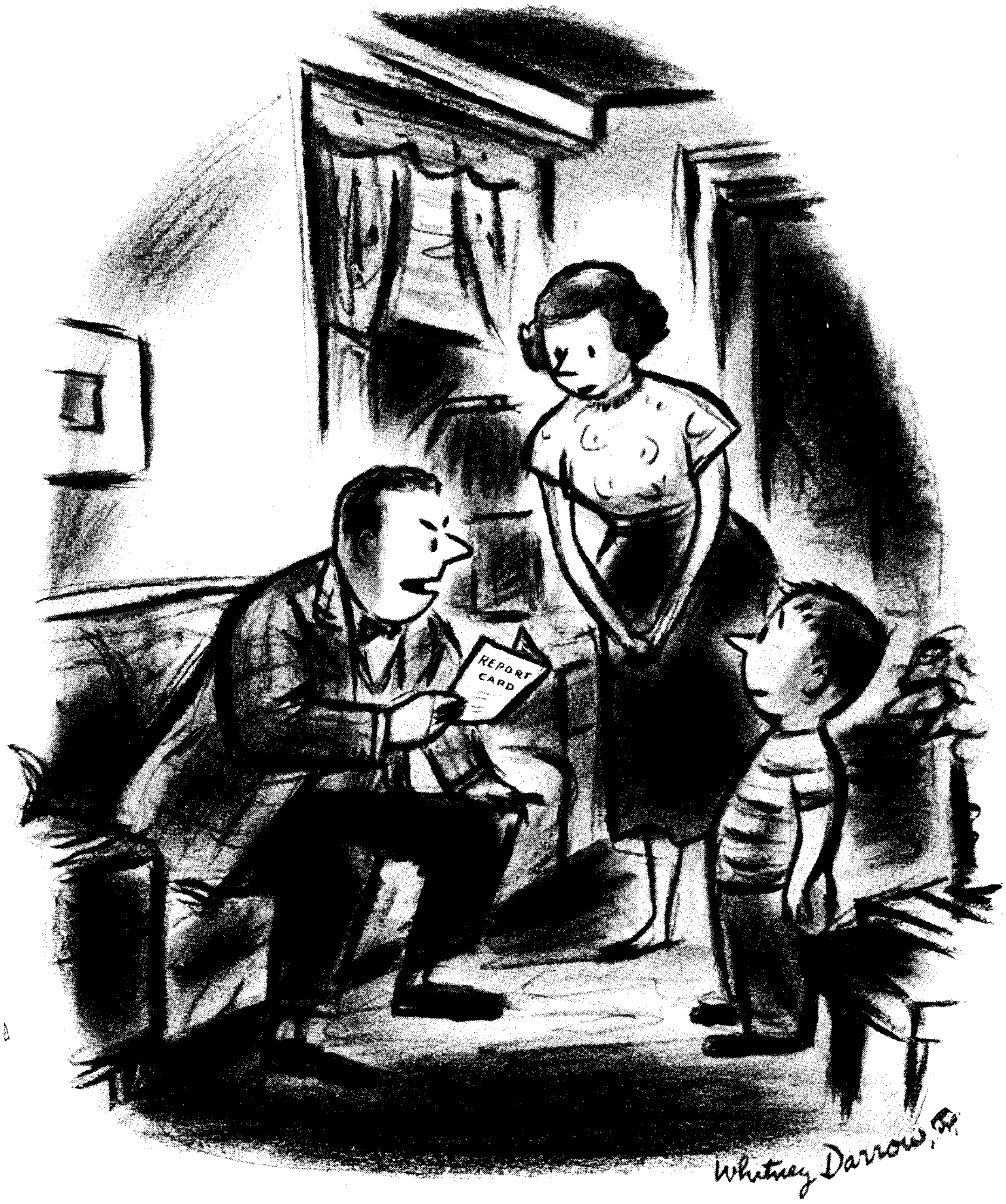
Up the Chimney

THERE used to be twenty-three fireplaces in the White House, and there will be twenty-seven when the reconstruction of it is completed in January. As to how the old ones drew before the renovation, we are without information, but we have the word of Frederic N. Whitley, of Brooklyn, who is generally held to be the world's greatest authority on fireplaces, that old and new alike will draw satisfactorily after the renovation. Mr. Whitley was called in on the White House job to go over the blueprints and advise in the redesign and rebuilding of the fireplaces, thereby achieving a fitting climax to a long career. All his adult life, Mr. Whitley has been helping architects—notoriously inept at this branch of their profession—design fireplaces that are not only handsome but usable, and correcting the draft of fireplaces not built according to Whitley principles. Among his clients have been Bernard Baruch, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the Marshall Chess Club, Sailors' Snug Harbor, Katharine Cornell, the Morgan Library, the American Embassy in Paris, and a businessman who wanted a pleasant open fireplace in his office, on the seventy-fourth floor of the Empire State Building. (He got it. The smoke was led to a flue already in the wall of the building and carried up to the eighty-sixth floor.)

We had a talk the other day with Mr. Whitley, a husky, white-haired seventy-year-old, in his office, on the second floor of a converted stable on Pacific Street, not far from Borough Hall. He was seated at a venerable rolltop desk, studying a set of blueprints through horn-rimmed bifocals and smoking like a chimney. "Happened to run across these plans I drew two years ago for fireplaces on a yacht," he said, with an air that was at once proud and disapproving. "The owner insisted on having two fireplaces aboard—one in his living room, the other in his library. I designed a fireplace for the Corsair, J. P. Morgan's yacht. *He* was satisfied with *one* fireplace."

Mr. Whitley claims to detect a strong trend back to the open fire. "It's the spiritual value of a fire that counts," he said. "Nobody in his right mind would try to heat a house with an open fire, but everybody likes to look at one. You can't tell me that a TV screen, full of dangling puppets and dog-eared old comics, will ever take its place." Whitley confessed that it's difficult to work the spiritual value of an open fire into a modern apartment building, even with authentic wood-burning fireplaces, and that air-conditioning is a bad influence. "It's the enemy of the open fire," he remarked. "A lot of these blower systems suck the smoke right down the chimney and into the room. Know how we beat that?” He lowered his voice and said, “We just attach a stronger fan to the chimney, to suck the smoke *up*. Of course, we don’t let on to the air-conditioning people that we’re doing it.”

After a chuckle, Mr. Whitley went on to say that smoky fireplaces are a problem as old as shelter itself. “It’s often said that masons back in Colonial times were the only people who knew how to build good fireplaces, and that the art died with them,” he said. “Why, pshaw, a good many of our clients are city folks who buy nice old farmhouses and find that the fireplaces smoke to beat the band. One time, I had to go down to Aldie, Virginia, to fix the fireplaces in a house that President Monroe had lived in. It had special mantels brought over from France by Lafayette, and *still* the fireplaces smoked. Always were bad, I guess.” Whenever Mr. Whitley wants to relax after a hard, smoky day, he leafs through a work on fireplace construction called “The Open Fireplace in All Ages,” published in 1888. “Full of delightful misinformation,” he said, and added at once that he himself has no intention of writing a book on the subject, since it would mean giving away his professional secrets and thus, in effect, putting him out of business. When we pressed him for a clue about how he keeps fireplaces from smoking, he replied cannily, “It’s all a matter of the proper proportions. Every fireplace is an individual problem.” Mr. Whitley is a third-generation fireplace man. His grandfather set up as a fireplace and hot-air-furnace expert in Brooklyn in 1872, and his father went to work for him. Mr. Whitley became an associate of his father’s when he got out of college, in 1902. He has a son, Frederic, Jr., who was an associate of *his* until he went back into service, a year ago. Whitley, Sr., now lives in an apartment and mourns the absence of a fireplace, but his son has five in his home, in Roslyn, and a Franklin stove in the kitchen. “During the last war, my son was a major in the Engineers,” Mr. Whitley said. “One thing he did—one thing I guess he couldn’t *help* doing—he built a fireplace right in his foxhole near Omaha Beach. Dug it out of clay and put up a couple of ammunition boxes for a chimney. It drew beautifully, he told me.”



“What do you want to be when you grow up—drafted?”

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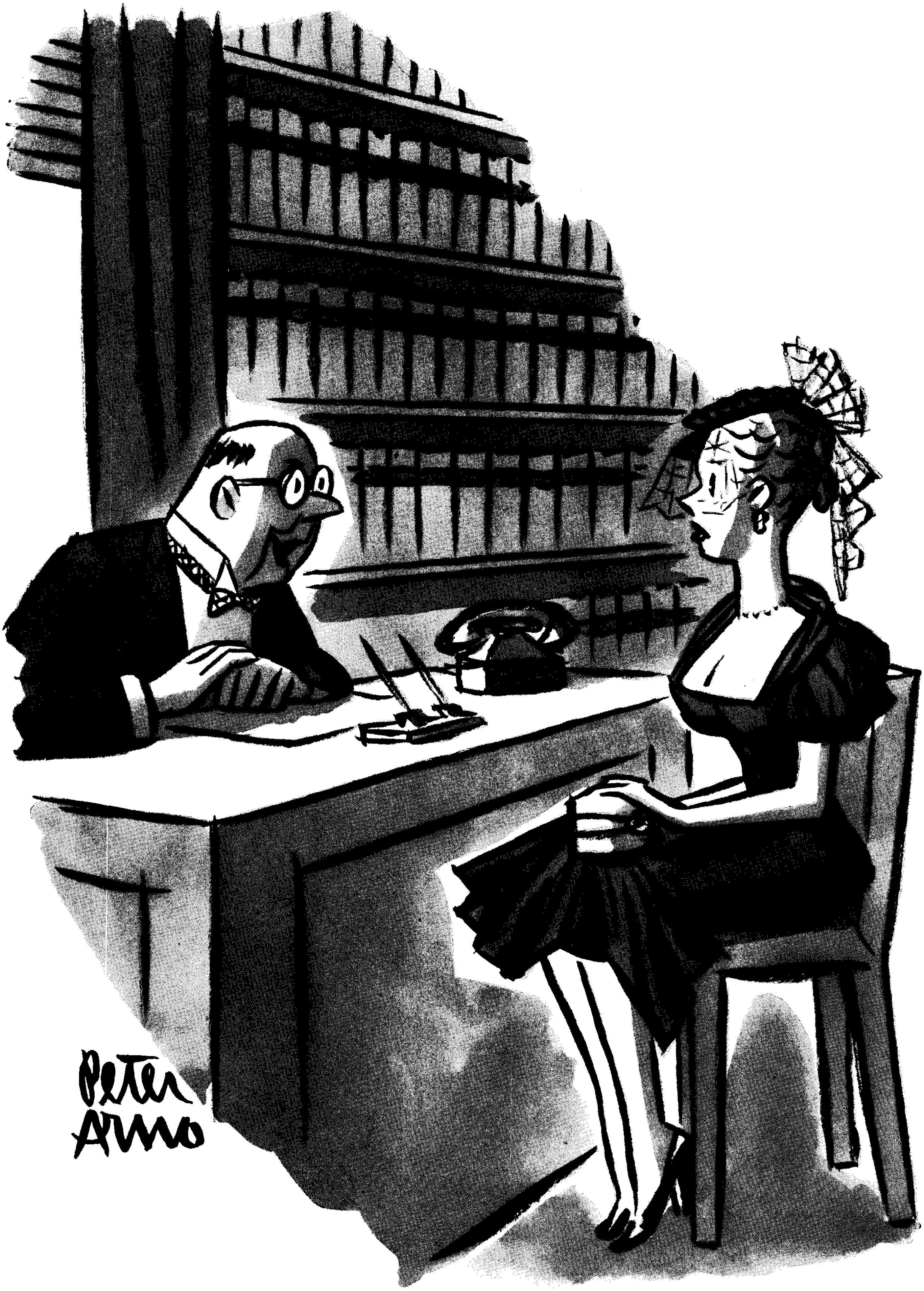
The Courteous East

IN case the subject ever comes up, you can state with confidence that sidewalk photographers in Japan are a damn sight more polite than their opposite numbers here. Our source for this piece of anthropological lore is an Air Force captain stationed in Tokyo, who, snapped on a recent stroll, was handed the following slip by the cameraman:

> I am sorry for stopping a walk.
> I suddenly took Your natural picture.
> This is the most interesting one that you had ever taken.
> You will think nothing is more pleasant than today’s remembrances.
> As I send to you, would you write your address or birthplace on this sheet.

		Size	Price
2, Piece	{	small	150 yen
		large	200 yen



"Your husband agrees to the property settlement, but he insists on having custody of you for three months of the year."

DEFECTION OF A FAVORITE

I WAS waiting in the lobby, sitting in a fairly clean overshoe, out of the draft and near a radiator, dozing, when the monthly meeting of the ushers ended and the men began to drift up from the church basement. Once a meeting got under way, the majority of the ushers, as well as Father Malt, their old pastor, liked to wind it up and break for the rectory, for pinochle and beer. Father Malt, seeing me, called "Fritz!" and I came, crossing in front of Mr. Cormack, the new man, who muttered "Bad luck!" and blessed himself. I hadn't thought much about him before, but this little action suggested to me that his eyes were failing or that he was paranoidal, for, though a black cat, I have a redeeming band of white at my throat.

While I waited for the ushers to put their hats and coats on, I thought I saw their souls reflected in their mufflers, in those warm, unauthentic plaids and soiled white rayons and nylons, a few with fringe work, some worn as chokers in the nifty, or *haute*-California, manner, and some tucked in between coat and vest in a way that may be native to our part of Minnesota.

Father Malt and I went out the door together. Going barefooted, as nature intended, I was warned of the old ice beneath the new-fallen snow. Father Malt, however, in shoes and overshoes, walked blindly, and slipped and fell.

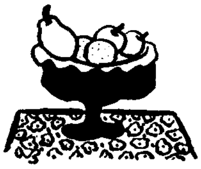
When several ushers took hold of Father Malt, Mr. Keller, the head usher, a druggist and a friend of physicians, spoke with authority. "Don't move him! That's the worst thing you can do! Call an ambulance!"

Three ushers thought to cover Father Malt with their overcoats (three others, too late with theirs, held theirs in their hands), and everyone just stood and stared, as I did, at the old priest, my friend and protector, lying under the mound of overcoats, with the indifferent snow settling down as upon a new grave. I began to feel the cold in my bones and to think that I should certainly perish if I were locked out on such a night. I heard Mr. Keller ordering Mr. Cormack to the rectory to phone for an ambulance. Reluctantly—not through any deficiency in my sorrow—I left the scene of the accident, crossed the snowy lawn, and entered the rectory with Mr. Cormack.

After Mr. Cormack had summoned an ambulance, he called his old pastor, Father O'Hannon, of St. Clara's, Minneapolis (of which Sherwood, our town, was gradually becoming a suburb), and asked him to be at the hospital, in case Father Malt should be in danger of death and in need of extreme unction. "The assistant here, Father Burner, isn't around. His car's gone from the garage, and there's no telling when that one'll be back," said Mr. Cormack, sounding lonesome for his old parish. At St. Clara's, he'd evidently been on more intimate terms with the priests. His last words to Father O'Hannon, "We could sure use someone like you out here," gave me the idea that he had gone fishing for Father Burner's favor but had caught one of the white whale's flukes. Now, like so many of us, he dreamed of getting even someday. I could only wish him luck as he left the rectory.

I watched at the window facing upon the tragedy, enduring the cold draft there for Father Malt's sake, until the ambulance came. Then I retired to the parlor register and soon fell asleep—not without a prayer for Father Malt and many more for myself. With Father Burner running the rectory, it was going to be a hard, hard, and possibly fatal winter for me.

The ironic part was that Father Burner and I, bad as he was, had a lot in common. We disliked the same people (Mr. Keller, for instance), we disliked the same dishes (those suited to Father Malt's dentures), but, alas, we also disliked each other. This fault originated in Father Burner's raw envy of me—which, however, I could understand. Father Malt didn't improve matters when he referred to me before visitors, in Father Burner's presence, as *the* assistant. I was realist enough not to hope for peace between us assistants as long as Father Malt lived. But it did seem a shame that there was no way of letting Father Burner know I was prepared—if and when his position improved—to be his friend and favorite, although not necessarily in that order. (For some reason, I seem to make a better favorite than friend.) As it was Father Burner's misfortune to remain a curate too long, it was mine to know that my life of privilege—my preferred place at table, for example—appeared to operate at the expense of his rights and might be the cause of my ultimate undoing. It was no good wishing, as I sometimes did, that Father Malt were younger—he was eighty-one—or that I were older, that we two could pass on together when the time came.



Along toward midnight, waking, I heard Father Burner's car pull in to the driveway. A moment later, the front porch cracked under his heavy step. He entered the rectory, galoshes and all, and, as was his custom, proceeded to foul his own nest wherever he went, upstairs and down. Finally, after looking, as he always did, for the telephone messages that seemingly never came, or, as he imagined, never got taken down, he went out on the front porch and brought in more snow and the evening paper. He sat reading in the parlor—it was then midnight—still in his dripping galoshes, still in perfect ignorance of what had befallen Father Malt *and* me. Before he arrived, the telephone had been ringing at half-hour intervals—obviously the hospital, or one of the ushers, trying to reach him. The next time, I knew, it would toll for me.

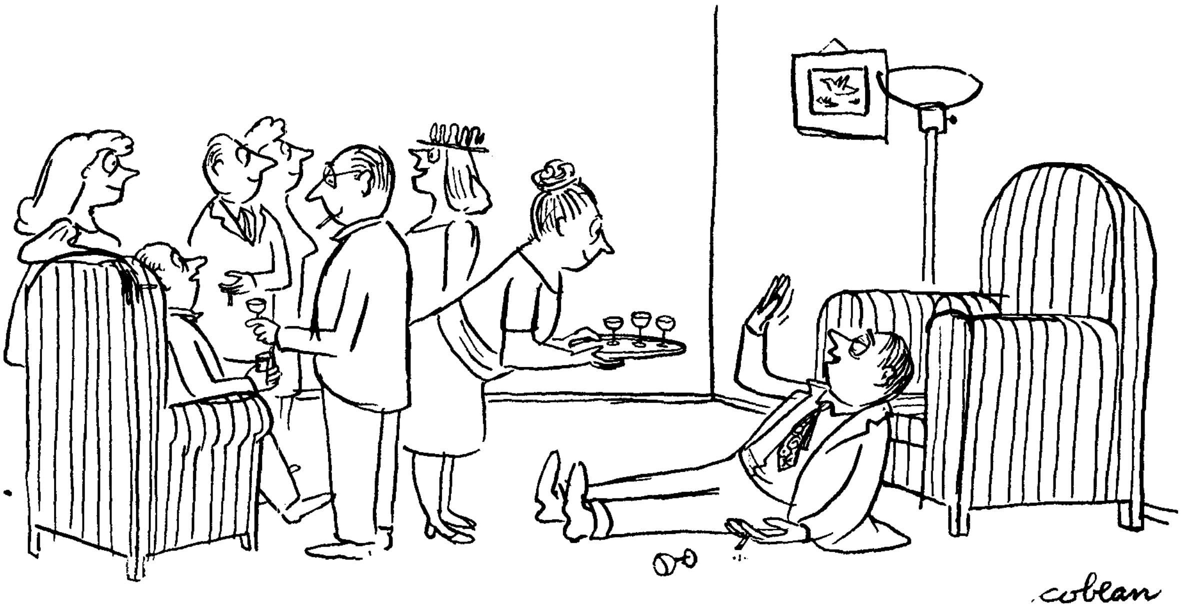
Although I could see no way to avoid my fate, I did see the folly of waiting up for it. I left the parlor to Father Burner and went to the kitchen, where I guessed he would look last for me, if he knew anything of my habits, for I seldom entered there and never stayed long. Mrs. Wynn, the housekeeper, loosely speaking, was no admirer of mine, nor I of her womanly disorder.

I concealed myself in a basket of clean, or at least freshly laundered, clothes, and presently, despite everything, I slept.

EARLY the following day, when Father Burner came downstairs, he had evidently heard the news, but he was late for his Mass, as usual, and had time for only one wild try at me with his foot. However, around noon, when he returned from the hospital, he paused only to phone the chancery to say that Father Malt had a fractured hip and was listed as "critical" and promptly chased me from the front of the house to the kitchen. He'd caught me in the act of exercising my claws on his new briefcase, which lay on the hall chair. The briefcase was a present to himself at Christmas—no one else thought quite so much of him—but he hadn't been able to find a real use for it and I think it piqued him to see that I had.

"I want that black devil kept out of my sight," he told Mrs. Wynn, before whom he was careful to watch his language.

That afternoon, I heard him telling Father Ed Desmond, his friend from Minneapolis, who'd dropped by, that he favored the wholesale excommunication of household pets from homes and particularly from rectories. He mentioned me in the same breath with certain



"No more for me, thanks. I've got to drive."

parrots and hamsters he was familiar with. Although he was speaking on the subject of clutter, he said nothing about model railroads, Father Desmond's little vice, or about photography, his own. The term "household pet" struck me as a double-barrelled euphemism, unpetted as I was and denied the freedom of the house.

And still, since I'd expected to be kicked out into the weather, and possibly not to get that far alive, I counted my deportation to the kitchen as a blessing—a temporary one, however. I had no reason to believe that Father Burner's feeling about me had changed. I looked for something new in persecutions. When nothing happened, I looked all the harder.

I spent my days in the kitchen with Mrs. Wynn, sleeping when I could, just hanging around in her way when I couldn't. If I wearied of that, as I inevitably did, I descended into the cellar. The cellar smelled of things too various—laundry, coal, developing fluid, and mice—and the unseemly noise of the home-canned goods digesting on the shelves, which another might never notice, reached and offended my ears. After an hour down there, where the floor was cold to my feet, I was ready to return to the kitchen and Mrs. Wynn.

Mrs. Wynn had troubles of her own—her husband hit the jar—but they did nothing to Christianize her attitude toward me. She fed me scraps, and kicked me around, not hard but regularly, in the course of her work. I expected little from her, however. She was another in the long tradition of unjust stewards.

Father Burner's relatively civil conduct was harder to comprehend. One afternoon, rising from sleep and finding the kitchen door propped open, I forgot myself and strolled into the parlor, into his very presence. He was reading *Church Property Administration*, a magazine I hadn't seen in the house before. Having successfully got that far out of line—as far as the middle of the room—I decided to keep going. As if by chance, I came to my favorite register, where, after looking about to estimate the shortest distance between me and any suitable places of refuge in the room, I collapsed around the heat. There was still no intimation of treachery—only peace surpassing all understanding, only the rush of warmth from the register, the winds of winter outside, and the occasional click and whisper of a page turning in *Church Property Administration.*

Not caring to push my luck, wishing to come and doze another day, wanting merely to establish a precedent, I got up and strolled back into the kitchen—to think. I threw out the possibility that Father Burner had suffered a lapse of memory, had forgotten the restriction placed on my movements. I conceived the idea that he'd lost, or was losing, his mind, and then, grudgingly, I gave up the idea. He was not trying to ignore me. He was ignoring me without trying. I'd been doing the same thing to people for years, but I'd never dreamed that one of them would do it to me.

From that day on, I moved freely about the house, as I had in Father Malt's time, and Mrs. Wynn, to add to the mystery, made no effort to keep me with her in the kitchen. I was thus in a position to observe other lapses or inconsistencies in Father Burner. Formerly, he'd liked to have lights burning all over the house. Now that he was paying the bill, the place was often shrouded in darkness. He threw out the tattered rugs at the front and back doors and bought rubber mats—at a saving, evidently, for although one mat bore the initial "B," the other had an "R," which stood for nobody but may have been the closest thing he could get to go with the "B." I noticed, too, that he took off his galoshes before entering the house, as though it were no longer just church property but home to him.

I noticed that he was going out less with his camera, and to the hospital more, not just to visit Father Malt, to whom he'd never had much to say, but to visit the sick in general.

In former times, he had been loath to go near the hospital during the day, and at night, before he'd leave his bed to make a sick call, there had had to be infallible proof that a patient was in danger of death. It had been something awful to hear him on the line with the hospital in the wee hours, haggling, asking if maybe they weren't a little free and easy with their designation "critical," as, indeed, I believe some of them liked to be. He'd tried to get them to change a patient's "critical" to "fair" (which meant he could forget about that one), and acted as though there were some therapeutic power about the word, if the hospital could just be persuaded to make use of it. Father Malt, with his hearing aid off, was virtually deaf, Mrs. Wynn roomed down the street, and so I had been the one to suffer. "Oh, go on, go on," I'd wanted to say. "Go on over there, or don't go—but hang up! Some of us want to sleep!" There were nights when I'd hardly sleep a wink—unlike Father Burner, who, even if he *did* go to the hospital, would come bumbling back and drop off with his clothes on.

In general, I now found his attitude toward his duties altered, but not too much so, not extreme. If he'd had a night of sick calls, he'd try to make up for it with a nap before dinner. His trouble was still a pronounced unwillingness to take a total loss on sacrifice.

I found other evidence of the change he was undergoing—outlines of sermons in the wastebasket, for instance. In the past, he'd boasted that he thought of whatever he was going to say on Sunday in the time it took him to walk from the altar to the pulpit. He was not afraid to speak on the parishioners' duty to contribute generously to the support of the church, a subject neglected under Father Malt, who'd been satisfied with what the people wanted to give—very little. Father Burner tried to get them interested in the church. He said it was a matter of pride—pride in the good sense of the word. I felt he went too far, however, when, one Sunday, he told the congregation that it was their church *and* their rectory. There had always been too many converts hanging around the house for instruction, and now there were more of them than in Father Malt's day. The house just wasn't large enough for all of us.

Father Desmond, noting how little time Father Burner now had for himself (and for Father Desmond), suggested that the chancery be petitioned for help ("There's just too much work here for one man, Ernest"), but Father Burner said no, and so resisted what must have been the worst of all possible temptations to him, the assistant's sweet dream—to have an assistant. He said he'd go it alone. It almost seemed as if he were out to distinguish himself, not in the eyes of others—something he'd always worked at—but in his own eyes.

At any rate, he was beginning to act and talk like a real pastor. When Father Desmond came over or phoned, they talked of construction and repairs. Father Desmond, one of our most promising young pastors, was building a new school—with undue emphasis, it seemed to me, on the gymnasium. Father Burner, lacking authority to do more, made needed repairs. He had the rectory kitchen painted and purchased a Mixmaster for Mrs. Wynn. He had the windows in the church basement calked and installed a small institutional kitchen there, thus showing all too clearly that he intended to go in for parish suppers, which he'd abominated in the past as the hardest part of the priesthood.

Father Desmond and Father Burner now spoke fluently a gibberish that only a building pastor could comprehend. They talked of organs, bells, and bulletin boards, coin counters, confessional chairs and hearing devices, flooring, kneeler pads, gym seats, radiation, filing systems, electric fans, mops, and brooms, and all by their difficult trade names—Wurlitzer, Carillonic, Confessionaire, Confession-Ease, Speed Sweep, the Klopp (coin counter), Vakumatic, Scrubber-Vac, Kardex, Mopmaster, and many more. And shrubbery and trees.

There was a great need for trees in Sherwood—a need that, I daresay, had never occurred to Father Malt, or, presumably, to many of the older inhabitants of the town. The new people, who lived in "ranch houses" and worked in Minneapolis, seemed to like trees, and so, in his new phase, did Father Burner.

"When spring comes," he said, in cold January, "I'll plant some maples."

Father Desmond, who knew where Father Burner's thoughts were hiding, said, "Someday you'll build, too, Ernest."

AFTER fourteen months in the hospital, Father Malt was moved to the sisters' infirmary in St. Paul, where there were supposed to be other patients, including old priests, of similar tastes and outlook. In our busy rectory, the seasons had come and gone without pause, the seasons as we observed them—baseball, football, Christmas, basketball, and Lent again. There were further improvements, or at least changes. Father Burner got Mrs. Wynn a white radio for her kitchen and thereby broke the tradition of silence we'd had under Father Malt, who hadn't even listened to Cedric Adams and the ten-o'clock news.

I spent my mornings in the parlor and thus escaped the full effect of Mrs. Wynn's programs, but in the parlor, or wherever I went in the house, I heard those same voices, always at the same hour, always repeating themselves, and for a while, at first, I took a certain interest in those miserable lives. Can a woman over thirty-five find love again? Should a girl, the ward of a man twenty years older, marry him? For these questions, as time went on, I could see there would be no answers.

In our rectory, another question was being asked, and for this question there had to be an answer. Father Burner was pastor of the church in all but name, and could hope, with good reason, that this, too, would be added unto him in time, if he worked and prayed hard enough. During the first weeks after the accident, Father Burner and Father Desmond had discussed the physical as-

SENATE VOW
COMM
B TOBEY

pects of Father Malt's case—what kind of cast, the number and type of pins, and all the rest. Lately, however, they'd been taking another line, more to the point and touching upon Father Burner's chances.

The difficulty lay, of course, in Father Malt's refusal to give himself up to the life of an invalid. Nothing could be done about appointing his successor until he actually resigned or died. No one, of course, openly suggested that he do either. It was up to him to decide. Father Desmond believed that, sooner or later, the Archbishop would go to Father Malt and precipitate a solution of the problem. But even the Archbishop was powerless to force Father Malt to resign against his will. As long as Father Malt wished, as long as he lived, he would be pastor, and this was according to canon law. Father Malt was an "irremovable pastor," well liked by the people of the parish, a favorite at the chancery, where, however, it was known—according to Father Desmond—that Father Burner was doing a bang-up job.

Father Burner was the rare one who hadn't asked for help, who was going it alone, with just two monks, down from St. John's, to assist him over weekends. He would go on retreat in June for five days (he wasn't much on card games, though), but he planned no regular vacation. He worked like a dog. He lost weight. He was tired. I was edified.

In May, I heard Father Desmond say, "Ernest, it's time to widen your circle of friends," and so Father Burner, rather unwillingly, tried to give a poker party at the rectory. Father Desmond, popular (as Father Burner wasn't) with the older men, a surprising number of whom claimed to have sold him on sobriety, invited several pastors and, significantly, no curates. But only two of those invited showed up—Father Kling and Father Moore. They belonged to the active set, a kind of Jockey Club for pastors, which maintained a floating poker game, a duckblind, and a summer lodge. They gambled, hunted, and fished in common.

On the evening of the party, when they came into the dining room, where the cards and chips were laid out, I could see that Father Desmond had led them to believe that Father Burner, of all people, was playing host to an almost official session. Father Kling, a forceful man, glanced at Father Moore, a mild one, and remarked that he'd understood others were coming. With good grace, however, he and Father Moore sat down to play.

ESSAY ON THE TOWN DUMP

The tragic muse, down in the mouth this time,
Confronts a sombre site for gloomy rhyme:
The town dump—what more melancholy spot?—
Man's wants delighting us, his unwants not.
Even the most perversely gay of us
Can mourn time's toll and look lugubrious.
Let's sit here, therefore, on a broken box
That once held crockery, or ladies' frocks,
Observing, under garbage, rot, and rust,
Ashes return to ashes, dust to dust.
Here lie great piles of long-unlabelled cans,
Bent bodies of abandoned Ford sedans,
Smashed hats, old bedsprings, refuse by the ton,
Archaic bathtubs browning in the sun.
Last year's newspapers smolder everywhere,
Go up in smoke that lingers on the air,
While, masticating somewhere underneath,
Unnumbered rodents chomp their little teeth.
This wilderness, this latter-day frontier,
Attracts a sort of modern pioneer:
Many a hunter sits in the debris,
Holding a ready rifle on his knee,
And when he sees a rat poke out its head,
He blasts it with a barrel-load of lead—
Not in the interests of the public health,
And not for glory, love of country, wealth,
But just because he likes it, finds it fun
To fiddle with the trigger of a gun,
For if one has a rifle and some leisure,
A dump's a perfect place to shoot for pleasure.
Our wasteland (that notorious metaphor)
Each day grows bigger than the day before—
As rivers, mouthing sewage, choke and gag,
And foundries disappear beneath their slag—
Until (they say) a mountainside of rubble
Is all we'll have to show for all our trouble.
Our end, it seems, is this gray funeral mound
Or (as you please) this happy hunting ground.

—WALKER GIBSON

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Father Desmond, who seemed to regard his function as essentially one of public relations, started right in to plump for Father Burner. "It's a shame somebody doesn't tell the old man to retire," he said, referring to Father Malt. "It's not fair to Ernest, here, and it's not fair to the parish. This place needs a young man, with young ideas." I, for one, wasn't surprised by the utter silence that followed these remarks. Father Kling and Father Moore, as even Father Desmond should've known, were not so young themselves, nor were they so hot on young ideas.

Father Burner wisely stayed out of it. Father Desmond continued along the same lines, however, until Father Kling commented dryly, "It's his hip, not his mind, that's gone wrong, isn't it?" and drained his highball.

"He's had quite a time of it, hasn't he?" said Father Moore gently. "Poor Dutch."

"How about poor Ernest?" asked Father Desmond.

"Uh, yes, of course," said Father Moore.

Father Desmond seemed to realize that he was doing no good and shut up. At least he might have waited, I thought, until they were feeling better. Father Kling had a little pile in front of him, and perhaps he'd remember where he got it. That was the only thing in Father Burner's favor when Mrs. Wynn came into the dining room and announced the Archbishop and another priest.

I followed Father Burner out of the dining room, but stopped at the door to the parlor, into which Mrs. Wynn had shown the guests. I preferred to enter unobserved.

When Father Burner attempted to kiss the episcopal ring, the Archbishop put his hand behind him. He reserved the ring-kissing business for ceremonial occasions, as everyone knew, but it was customary to make a try for it.

At Father Burner's invitation, the Archbishop and his companion, a young priest whose eyes looked as though he'd been driving all day, sat down, and at that juncture Father Desmond and the two other poker players came in to declare themselves. While they, too, tried to get at the Archbishop's ring, I slipped into the parlor unseen and then along the wall until I came to the library table. There, back out of view, at the intersection of the crossbars supporting the table, I took up my position.

The Archbishop said that they'd been passing the church, on their way back from a confirmation tour along the northern marches of the diocese, when he thought of dropping in on Father Burner.

"It's good to see you all together," he said, looking them over. He liked to have his priests associating with one another, I knew, and not seeking other company to excess—except, of course, when necessary at parish functions.

The Archbishop asked about Father Malt (I daresay His Excellency, of those present, had seen him last), and Father Burner and Father Desmond, replying, sounded a little too broken up to suit my taste, or to sound much like themselves.

When the conversation came around to Father Burner and the fine work he was doing, Father Desmond ran it into the ground. He fed the most leading questions to Father Burner, who expressed himself well, I thought, although referring too often to the Archbishop for a higher opinion on trivial matters. It galled me to see Father Desmond turning the occasion into a grease job all around. Father Burner, possibly recognizing this but not able to turn Father Desmond off, excused himself and went down the hallway to the kitchen.

Father Desmond, speaking in a near-whisper, as if he were telling a secret, said, "You know, Your Excellency, Father's taken some nice shots of the Cathedral at night. If you'd care to see them . . ."

"I believe I've seen them," said the Archbishop. He was looking over Father Desmond's shoulder, disapprovingly, at his own smiling picture on the wall—not one of Father Burner's shots, however.

"Yes," said Father Desmond. "But he doesn't have time for much any more."

The Archbishop nodded, and got up from his chair. "Excuse me, Father," he said. He crossed the room to the bookcase.

Mrs. Wynn entered the parlor with a tray of wineglasses, which she placed on the table.

Father Burner followed her with a bottle. I was happy to see that he'd had good luck with the cork. Later on, when the Archbishop had left, they'd switch back to bourbon (except Father Desmond, who was on 7-Up). For some reason, sacramental wine, taken daily, spoiled them for other wines.

"This is hardly the time, but it may be the place to ask you," said Father Burner, handing the Archbishop his glass, "but with Father Malt off the scene, Your Excellency, I was wondering if I dare go ahead with a tuck-pointing job on the church. I've been considering it—only academically, that is, Your Excellency, because it'll run into quite a lot of money." The Archbishop was silent. Father Burner started up again, in a manner feeble for him. "In the pastor's temporary absence, the disposition of these matters . . ."

"Couldn't it wait a bit, Father?" asked the Archbishop. It was a tense moment, a difficult reply indeed, when one tried to analyze it, as I did. At its best, it could mean that Father Burner would soon be empowered to make decisions concerning the church; at its worst, it could mean that the Archbishop expected Father Malt to recover and take over again, or, what was most likely, that he was not considering the question at all, regarded it as out of order, ill-timed, and impertinent. I felt that the Archbishop understood the reason for it, however. Father Burner had been overwhelmed by the visit, and flattered that others, particularly Father Kling and Father Moore, should be present to witness it. Such a visit—not an official visitation—could be enough to make him. It had been a great night for Father Burner until he popped that question.

When, a few minutes later, the Arch-

"You didn't give me a chance to change my mind!"

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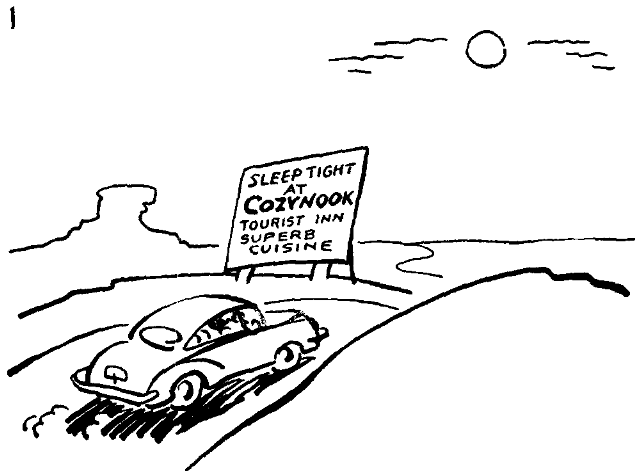

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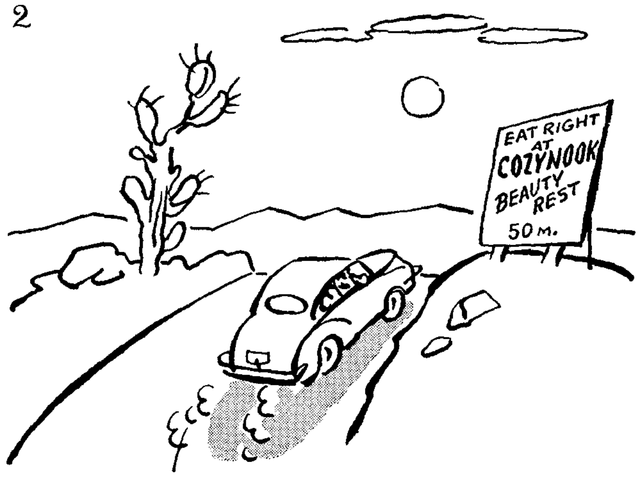

bishop got up to leave, I came out from under the library table, went over to Father Burner, and brushed up against his trouser leg, purring.

The Archbishop, hearing me, I think, before he saw me, gazed down and said, "Do you like animals, Father?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," said Father Burner, who was only a dog-lover at best, and where I was concerned, I know, his answer was a barefaced lie—until he made it. From that moment on—there was no doubt of it—he loved me.

"This one, I see, likes you," said the Archbishop, smiling. "Some believe it to be an infallible sign, the best of character references."

Father Burner blushed and said, "I wish I could believe in that sign, Your Excellency."

I trotted over to the Archbishop, selected his black trouser leg from all the others, and brushed against it, nicely purring. Everyone laughed.

"*Credo!*" cried Father Burner.

I WAS not surprised when, on the following morning, Father Burner invited me to join him at table for breakfast. I had wanted my elevation to my former place to happen of itself, to be a voluntary act on Father Burner's part, as mine had been on his account, and for that reason, and because I wanted Mrs. Wynn to get a good eyeful, I'd remained in the kitchen, awaiting, as it were, my nomination. After offering Mass, Father Burner came and sought me.

"Where's Fritz?" he asked.

"Who?" said Mrs. Wynn.

"Fritz," Father Burner said. "My cat."

"Oh, him," said Mrs. Wynn, who, it occurred to me, represented the sort of person who could live in the thick of history and never know the difference.

I walked out from under the kitchen table. Father Burner knelt and lifted me into his arms. He carried me into the dining room and pulled my old chair away from the wall and up to the table. We both sat down—to what I hoped would be only the first of many pleasant meals together.

I ate my bacon right royally and ruminated on the events of the evening before. I could not honestly say that I'd planned the splendid thing I'd done. It had more or less happened—unless, of course, I was both kinder and wiser than I believed myself to be. I was eating high on the hog again, I had my rightful place back, my reward for patience, and I was only sorry that Father Burner still had to wait for his. His buds had been pinched off at the start, but his roots had grown strong and deep. If he managed to flower, he'd be the classic type of late-blooming pastor. Until then he had me at his side, to him everything I'd been to Father Malt—friend and favorite, and, more, the very symbol and prefigurement of power. I actually liked him, I discovered. I liked him for what I'd done for him. But why had I done it? I didn't really know why. I work at times in ways so inscrutable that even I cannot tell what good or evil I am up to.

Before we'd finished breakfast, Father Desmond phoned—to discuss the Archbishop's visit, I gathered, for Father Burner said, "I've decided not to talk any more about it, Ed." I could almost hear Father Desmond squawking, "Whatta ya mean, Ernest?" "Maybe that's part of the trouble," Father Burner said. "We're talkin' it to death." Evidently Father Desmond took offense at that, for Father Burner spoke quickly, out of context: "Why don't you come for dinner sometime, Ed? When? Well, come tomorrow. Come early. Good."

Father Burner hung up, bounced over to the table, chucked me fondly behind the ears, took a banana out of the fruit bowl, and went whistling off to his car—off to do the work of the parish, to return a defective length of hose, to visit the sick and pregnant, to drive to Minneapolis for more informal conferences with building experts, lay and clerical. He had several projects going ahead—academically, that is: the tuck pointing, a new decorating job inside the church, and outside, possibly, a floodlight on the dome, which I thought a paltry affair better left in the dark.

Before lunch that day, he returned with a half dozen mousetraps. He seemed to want me to follow him around the house, and therefore I attended him most faithfully, while he set the traps in what he regarded as likely places. I rather expected to be jollied about my indifference to mousing. There was none of that, however, and what might have been an embarrassing experience for me became instead an occasion of instruction. Using a pencil for a mouse, Father Burner showed me how the trap worked, which was quite unnecessary but a nice gesture, I thought.

That evening—with Father Burner still in the mood to exterminate—we appeared together for the first time in public, at the monthly meeting of the ushers. In the future, Father Burner announced, all notices of the sort now being posted on the bulletin board at the rear of the church would have to emanate from his office (which, strictly speaking, was his bedroom) and carry his signature. This was a cruel but unavoidable check to Mr. Keller, who had become too prolific for his own good. He used the drugstore typewriter and special engraved cards bearing his name and title, and he took an authoritarian tone in matters of etiquette ("Keep your feet off the kneelers," "Don't stand in the back of the church," "Ask the usher to find you a seat—that's what he's there for," etc.), and in other matters (Lost

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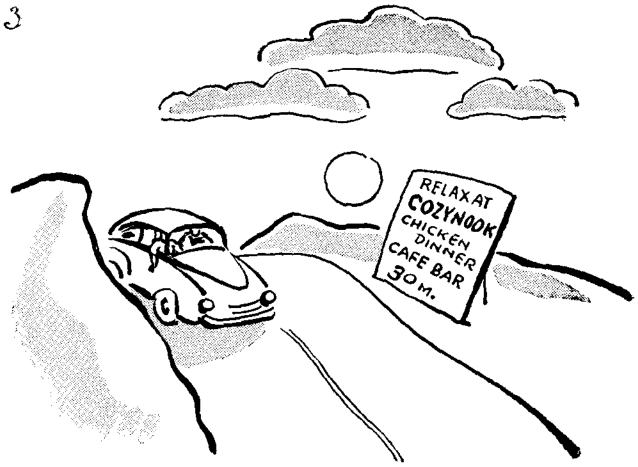

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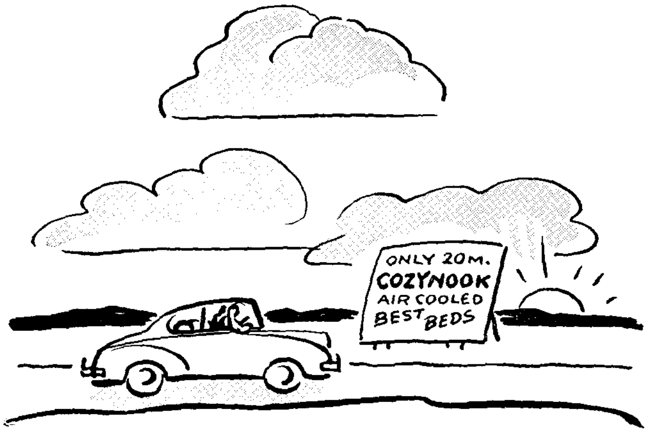

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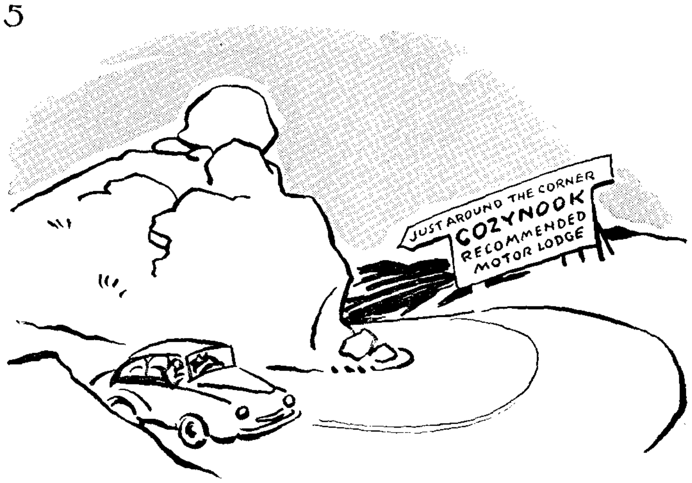

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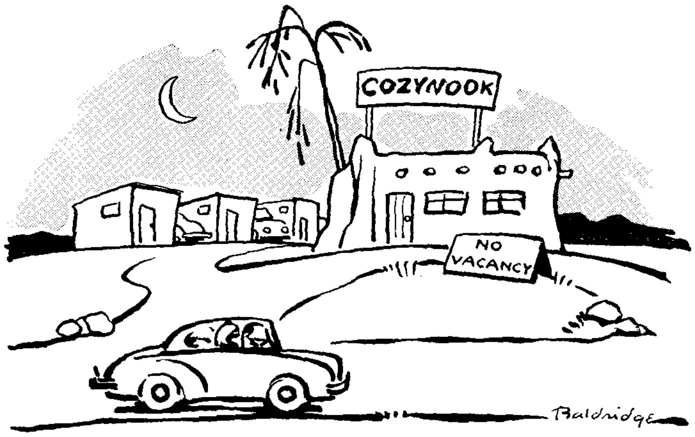

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and Found, old-clothes collections, ticket sales, and the like) he made it sound as though these were all services and causes thought up and sponsored by him personally. I felt that he was not far from posting bargains in real estate, another means of livelihood for him at the drugstore, when Father Burner stepped in. Mr. Keller took it well—too well, I thought. He murmured a few meek words about trying to spare Father Burner the trouble, as he'd spared Father Malt the trouble. (He now visited Father Malt regularly at the infirmary.) Before we left, he asked Father Burner to lead the ushers in the usual prayer for Father Malt's swift recovery.

It was early afternoon the next day when Father Burner remembered the mousetraps. I accompanied him on his rounds, but there was nothing I liked about the business before us. First we went to the pantry and kitchen, where Mrs. Wynn constantly dropped and mislaid quantities of food. Any mouse caught in a trap there, I thought, deserved to die for his gluttony. None had. In the cellar, however, Father Burner had snared two young ones, both from a large family whose members I saw from time to time. My record with them had been good, and they, in turn, had played fair with me and had committed no obvious depredations to make me look bad. When their loss was noted, the others, I feared, would blame me—not for the crime itself but for letting it happen within my precinct.

Father Burner removed the little bodies from the traps, and then, with the best of intentions and with a smile, which only made it worse, he did a terrible thing. He extended a hand to me, a hand curled in kindness, inviting me to banquet on the remains. I turned away in a swoon, physically sick and sick at heart. I made my way upstairs, wanting to be alone. I considered bitterly others I'd known and trusted in the past. Always, except with Father Malt, when I'd persuaded myself to take a chance on one of them, there'd be something like this. I tried to forget, or to sleep it off, which proved impossible. I knew what I had to do before I could begin to forget, and so I did it. I forgave Father Burner. It was another lesson in charity, one that cost me more than my going to bat for him with the Archbishop, but I'm afraid it was entirely lost on him.

FATHER DESMOND came for dinner that afternoon at four, which I thought rather early even for "early." When he arrived, I was in the front hall having a go at the briefcase. He went right past me. I could see that he had something on his mind.

"I just couldn't stay away," he said, taking a chair across from Father Burner in the parlor. "I've got what I *think* is good news, Ernest."

Father Burner glanced up from *Church Property Administration* and shook his head. "I don't want to hear it," he said, "if it's about you-know-what."

"I'll just tell you what I *know* to be true," Father Desmond said, "and let it go at that."

"Whatever it is, it can wait," said Father Burner. I could see, however, that he'd listen if he was primed again.

Father Desmond bore down on him. "Sure, I know, you'll get it in the mail—when you get it. That's what you figure. I admire your restraint, Ernest, but let's not be superstitious about it, either."

Father Burner, sprawling in his chair, rolled and unrolled *Church Property Administration*. Then, making a tube of it, he put it to his eye and peered through it, down his black leg, a great distance, and appeared finally to sight the silver glow on the toe of his big black shoe, which lay in the sunlight. "All right, Ed," he said. "Let's have it."

"All right, then," said Father Desmond. "Here it is. I have it on reliable authority—that is to say, my spies tell me—the Archbishop visited the infirmary today." I interpreted "spies" to mean some little nun or other on whom Father Desmond bestowed sample holy cards.

Father Burner, taking a long-suffering tone in which there was just a touch of panic, said, "Ed, you know he does that all the time. You'll have to do better than that."

Father Desmond tried to come up with more. "He had *words* with Dutch."

Father Burner flung himself out of his chair. He engaged in swordplay with the air, using *Church Property Administration*. "How do you mean 'he had words'? You don't mean to say they quarrelled?"

Father Desmond could only reply, "I just mean they talked at *some* length."

Father Burner gave a great snort and threw *Church Property Administration* across the room. It clattered against the bookcase, a broken sword. He wheeled and walked the floor, demanding, "Then why'd you say they had words? Why make something out of nothing? Why not tell it straight, Ed? Just once, huh?" He was standing over Father Desmond.

"You're under a strain, Ernest," said Father Desmond, getting up from his chair. "Maybe I shouldn't have said anything about it at all."

Father Burner stared at him. "*Said*? Said *what*? That's just it, Ed—you haven't said anything." He took another walk around the room, saying the word "nothing" over and over to himself.

Father Desmond cut in, "All right, Ernest, I'm sorry," and sat down in his chair.

Then Father Burner, too, sat down, and both men were overcome by quiet and perhaps shame. Several minutes passed. I was sorry for Father Burner. He'd sacrificed his valuable silence to his curiosity and received nothing in return.

I addressed the briefcase, making my claws catch and pop in the soft, responsive leather. I wished that I were plucking instead at the top of Father Desmond's soft head.

Father Desmond glanced over at me and then at Father Burner.

"Why do you let him do that?" he asked.

"He likes to."

"Yeah?" said Father Desmond. "Does he ever bring you a mouse?"

With one paw poised, I listened for Father Burner's answer.

"You don't see any around, do you?" he said.

Well done, I thought, and renewed my attack on the briefcase. I had the feeling that Father Desmond still wanted to tell the world what he'd do to me if it were his briefcase, but, if so, he denied himself and got out a cigar.

"What'd you think of the plans for that rectory in South Dakota?" he asked.

"Not bad," said Father Burner, looking around for his *Church Property Administration*.

"There it is," said Father Desmond, as if it were always misplacing itself. He went over by the bookcase, picked up the magazine, and delivered it to Father Burner.

I curled up to nap. I could see that they were going to have one of their discussions.

When I heard the back door open, I supposed it was Mrs. Wynn coming in to start dinner, but it was Mr. Keller. I saw him advancing gravely up the hallway, toward me, carrying a travelling bag that I recognized as one the ushers had given Father Malt. Instantly I concluded that Father Malt had passed away in the night, that the nuns had failed to inform Father Burner, and had instead told Mr. Keller, the faithful visitor, to whom they'd also entrusted the deceased's few belongings.

Mr. Keller set down the bag and, without looking into the parlor, started back the way he'd come, toward the back door. Father Burner and Father Desmond, at the sight of the bag, seemed unable to rise from their chairs, powerless to speak.

After a moment, I saw Father Malt emerging from the kitchen, on crutches, followed by Mr. Keller. He worked his way up the hallway, talking to himself. "Somebody painted my kitchen," I heard him say.

I beheld him as one risen from the dead. He looked the same to me but different—an imperfect reproduction of himself as I recalled him, imperfect only because he appeared softer, whiter, and, of course, because of the crutches.

Not seeing me by the hatrack, he clumped into the parlor, nodded familiarly to Father Burner and Father Desmond, and said, again to himself, "Somebody changed my chairs around."

Father Desmond suddenly shot up from his chair, said, "I gotta go," and went. Mr. Keller seemed inclined to stick around. Father Burner, standing, waited for Father Malt to come away from the library table, where he'd spotted some old copies of *Church Property Administration*.

Father Malt thrust his hand under the pile of magazines, weighed it, and slowly, with difficulty, turned on his crutches, to face Father Burner.

They stared at each other, Father Malt and Father Burner, like two popes themselves not sure which one was real.

I decided to act. I made my way to the center of the room and stood between them. I sensed them both looking at me, then *to* me—for a sign. Canon law itself was not more clear, more firm, than the one I lived by. I turned my back on Father Burner, went over to Father Malt, and favored him with a solemn purr and dubbed his trouser leg lightly with my tail, reversing the usual course of prerogative between lord and favorite, switching the current of power. With a purr, I'd restored Father Malt's old authority in the house. Of necessity—authority as well as truth being one and indivisible—I'd unmade Father Burner. I was sorry for him.

He turned and spoke harshly to Mr. Keller: "Why don't you go see if you left the back door open?"

When Father Burner was sure that Mr. Keller had gone, he faced Father Malt. The irremovable pastor stood perspiring on his crutches. As long as he lived, he had to be pastor, I saw; his need was the greater. And Father Burner saw it, too. He went up to Father Malt, laid a strong, obedient hand on the old one that held tight to the right crutch, and was then the man he'd been becoming.

"Hello, boss," he said. "Glad you're back."

It was his finest hour. In the past, he had lacked the will to accept his setbacks with grace and had derived no merit from them. It was difficult to believe that he'd profited so much from my efforts in his behalf—my good company and constant example. I was happy for him.

—J. F. POWERS

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At Eureka, nearset city to the shock, wishes were rattled and buildings were slightly polted.—*The Herald Tribune.*

Is that soo?

SENSIBILITY

THE woman who just wanted to talk to somebody—anybody—cast an all-embracing glance down the bar to see if any of the three other customers seemed to have a conversational antenna up. None of them did, so she addressed herself to the bartender. "What I like is to have a little pet," she said.

The bartender made a polite noise and wiped the bar in front of her. It was a dull night and he was bored. The man two stools down from the woman was engrossed in the early edition of the *News*, and the young soldier on leave and his civilian pal, at the end of the bar, were talking about private matters of no interest to him.

"I once had a little canary," the woman went on. "Oh, he was a cute little thing, hopping up and down on his little perch and eating his little lettuce leafs and his little bird seeds." The man with the *News* stopped reading and looked straight ahead of him at the array of bottles behind the bar. "But I wouldn't never have a canary again," the woman said. "It's just too sad. One day, I go up to Bloomingdale's, and I hang his little cage in the window while I'm shopping."

The man with the *News* closed the paper and turned to the woman. "You mean Bloomingdale's lets you put the bird in their window while you're shopping? You mean you take the canary shopping with you?"

"Of *course* I don't take him shopping with me," the woman said. "What's he want to go shopping for? *I* get him all his little bird seeds and lettuce leafs. *He's* got no call to go shopping. He lives like a little prince, that bird, eating his little bird seeds and lettuce leafs."

"Oh, you mean you hung his cage in your window at *home*, and *then* you went to Bloomingdale's," the man said.

"Naturally. I just finished telling you."

"Oh," the man said. "I get it now."

"Well, so I come home," the woman said, "and there's the canary in his cage, standing on his little perch. I don't look at him much, because I'm busy doing something, and anyway there he is, standing on his little perch. But the next morning I go to give him his little bird seeds and he's *still* just standing there. That's funny, I think, because he's usually jumping up and down in the morning, waiting for his bird seeds. So I look again, close, and my heart turns right over in my chest. You know what he's got?"

"No," said the man. "What?"

"He's got rigor mortis," the woman said.

"You gotta be dead to get rigor mortis," the man said.

"Well, of course he's dead. How do you think he gets rigor mortis if he isn't dead?"

"That's what I mean," the man said. "So if he's dead, how come he's still standing there? You'd think if he was dead he'd have fallen off his perch."

"Look," said the woman, "maybe you don't understand about rigor mortis. When a person gets rigor mortis, he gets all stiff, just like a board. No matter what he's doing, that's the way he stays. And that's what happened to the canary. The poor little thing was just standing there on his perch, and all of a sudden this rigor mortis gets him."

"Yes, but—" the man said. "Well, anyway, what did you do then?"

"I took him out of his little cage, but I had to take out his perch with him on it. He won't let go of his perch, the poor little thing. Oh, he's got a grip on that perch you wouldn't believe—like you might call a death grip. So I take the perch, with him on it, down to that bird-stuffer down there on Eighteenth Street, and I tell the man, 'I want you to stuff this bird just like he is, hanging on to this poor little perch.' And so he does, and it's a beautiful job, with beautiful little glass eyes."

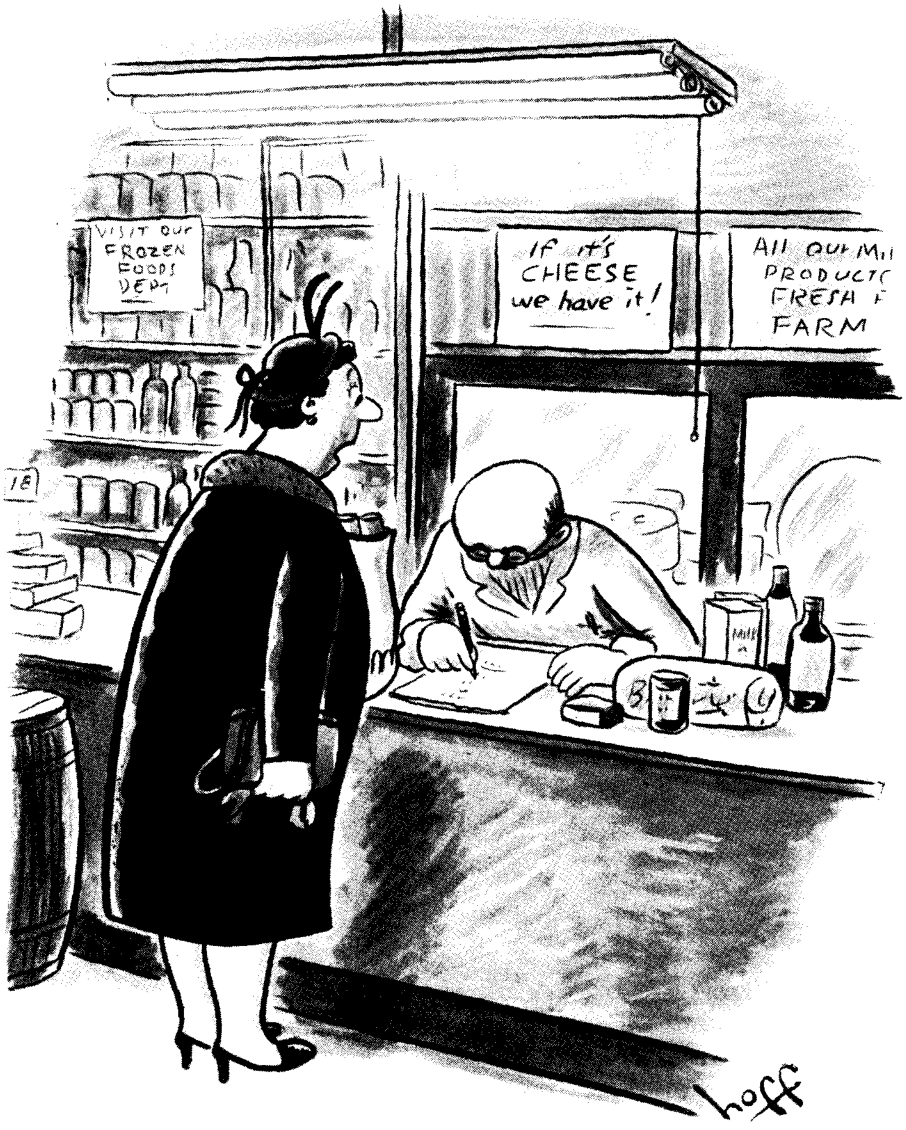
"Where's the canary now?" the man asked.

"He's right on my mantelpiece," the woman said. "I got one of them glass bell things, and I put it over him so he don't catch the dust."

"That's nice," the bartender broke in. "That's real nice. Average person woulda throwna bird away—taken the lease line of resistance."

The woman nodded, and ordered another drink. The man with the *News* grunted, rattled his paper open, and was soon reabsorbed in it.

—GARDNER BOTSFORD


VISIT OUR FROZEN FOODS DEPT
IF IT'S CHEESE we have it!
All our M
PRODUCTS
FRESH F
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18
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Hoff

"Oh, yes—and a dozen eggs."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

SIXTEEN

Charlie Reed is a medium-size, bowlegged, freckle-faced, light-brown Negro boy of sixteen who weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds when he is off the heroin and some twenty pounds less when he isn't. Free of the drug, he is an engaging lad, with shyly hidden aspirations, a surface brashness, and all the resourcefulness and precocious wisdom of the street Arab. I first saw Charlie on a bright, blue Saturday morning last spring—"a really hopeful kind of morn," as Charlie called it. He had just been discharged from the Psychiatric Division of Bellevue Hospital, having been one of the hundred and fourteen juvenile users of narcotic drugs who were treated there during the first three months of this year. Bellevue is the only place in the city that will admit such lonely sufferers, except Kings County Hospital, in Brooklyn, which during the same period treated six. Wearing a red corduroy jacket, a bebop cap with a ridiculously full crown and narrow brim, cheap slacks, and cheap tan shoes, Charlie came out of the Thirtieth Street entrance, walked jauntily down the steps, and gave a brisk wave of his hand to a grave, uniformed watchman at the gate. Charlie Reed is not his real name. Because there is always the possibility that a youthful offender will rehabilitate himself, the law of this state says that the court records in all cases in which the offender is under nineteen must be confidential. It is, obviously, a wise and humane measure. Whether Charlie Reed will rehabilitate himself, however, is another matter.

With Charlie as he left the hospital was the Reverend Archie Hargraves, a Negro minister, who is one of eight clergymen, colored and white, who have joined forces to run the interdenominational East Harlem Protestant Parish, in an effort to better the lives of the people in the slums of the Upper East Side. I had accompanied Mr. Hargraves, a square-set, dark-skinned man of thirty-five, with a friendly smile and a deliberate manner, down to Bellevue in his parish station wagon to take Charlie home, and had waited outside while he went in and got him. Evidently, Mr. Hargraves had told Charlie that I wanted to make some notes on his trouble with drugs, for after the two of them had got into the car and the minister had introduced me to his ward, the boy said, "Glad to meetcha, writin' man! Ever take a snort or two?" Without waiting for a reply, he burst into loud, self-conscious laughter, while from behind this protective screen he studied my face quite coolly and almost thoughtfully, watching for my reaction. When I laughed, too, he seemed pleased. Then, turning to Mr. Hargraves as the latter swung the car uptown, Charlie said, "It's great to know that all that stuff's behind me, Archie. No more. I ain't never going to touch that stuff again. For good and all, I mean." He gazed in a confident way at Mr. Hargraves, as though merely having made the statement made it true. "You remember last year, Archie?" he went on. "When you took me my first time to Radio City?"

Mr. Hargraves nodded.

"And to see that show at the Music Hall?"

"Sure do," said Mr. Hargraves.

"Can we do that again?" Charlie asked.

"Sure," said Mr. Hargraves.

"And Buff? And Bugsy, too?" he added eagerly.

"Natch! We'll take both of them this time," said Mr. Hargraves. He removed one hand from the wheel and gave Charlie's leg a reassuring pat. The boy smiled. Buff and Bugsy, I knew, were two of Charlie's friends, who, after undergoing similar treatment at Bellevue, had been released a few days before.

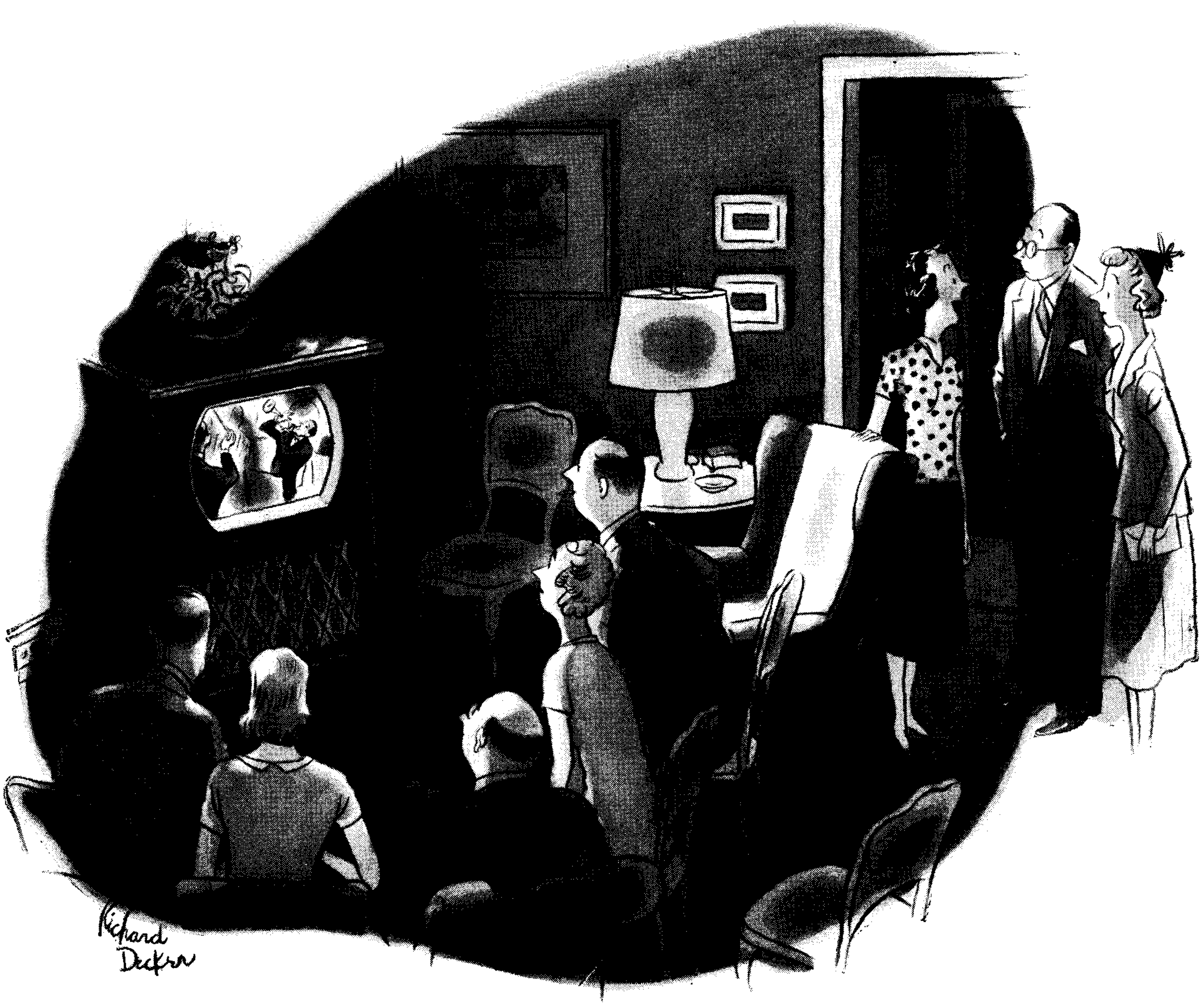
Charlie next asked after a grocer in his neighborhood and, upon being told he was getting along fine, said he thought he'd take the late-afternoon cleaning-up job the man had offered him several months back. He also declared that he was going to improve his high-school attendance and scholarship, both of which had been slipping badly before he entered the hospital.

"You do that, Charlie," Mr. Hargraves said enthusiastically.

"I'm *going* to," Charlie said. "Mom won't *never* have to worry no more. Man, that's for sure!" He stuck his hand out the window beside him and waved it up and down through the sun-filled air in roller-coaster swoops as we sped along. His face looked rounded and healthy, his eyes bright and assured, and his clothes neat.

Mr. Hargraves turned at East 100th Street and headed toward the slum block lying between First and Second Avenues, where Charlie has his home. It is part of a wretched area in which the police records show an alarming incidence of narcotic addiction. Six-story cold-water tenements, their fronts fretted with moldering fire escapes, line both sides of the street, except at a point in the middle of the block where the city has torn down one of the most decrepit buildings, leaving a makeshift play lot that is strewn with debris. Seven grocery stores and five churches, including a synagogue and Mr. Hargraves' branch of the East Harlem Protestant Parish, occupy ground floors in the tenements, as do a barbershop, a social club, and a primitive steam laundry, whose tiny doors were open as we went by, giving us a glimpse of some incredibly antique wooden tubs teetering above a suds-sloshed floor that was overrun by a swarm of scrawny cats. The windows of the groceries were piled with grimy tins of Treet and Spam, and the façades of the churches bore crudely hand-lettered legends along the lines of "Jesus Calls" and "Sinners, Repent!" Even on that shining spring morning, the street looked drab and lifeless, as though it had not yet awakened from the activities of the night before. Mr. Hargraves had told me that in this section of the city three-year-olds can be seen playing happily on the street two or three hours after midnight.

The minister parked the station wagon in front of a cramped restaurant that advertised hamburgers, soda pop, pie, and cake; on the sidewalk in front of it stood a couple of penny vending machines full of sunflower seeds. Mr. Hargraves told Charlie that maybe the first thing he'd better do was hop out and look in on his mother, and then, after reminding him that I was going to stop by and have a talk with him later in the morning, said he hoped he'd see him at church that night. Charlie



"In the story so far, the girl asked her father's consent to marry a fellow who was in a broker's office but wanted to quit to play a trumpet. The father refused, and the fellow struck out on his own, to give himself a year's trial at his music, with the agreement to go back into business if he failed. He's now on his first job, in a night club."

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said he sure would be there, and got out of the car. As he did so, two boys of about his own age rushed toward him from the restaurant.

"Yeah, man, you sprung!" yelled one of them, a burly Negro, delightedly.

The other, a rather good-looking but otherwise nondescript Puerto Rican youth, clapped Charlie on the back and stared at his freckled face. "Man, every time I see you, I got spots before my eyes!" he shouted.

"You had your glasses on, you'd see them better," replied Charlie, swinging a playful punch at him.

The lads, it turned out, were Buff and Bugsy. The three of them—talking, gesticulating, and occasionally pummelling one another in their excitement—went off down the street toward the tenement where Charlie lives.

AFTER locking the station wagon, Mr. Hargraves led me to what he called the parish house, a ground-floor flat at the rear of 311 East 100th Street, across the street from his church. Its clean, freshly painted three rooms contrasted sharply with the dark, strong-smelling hall outside. I had told Mr. Hargraves that before talking with Charlie about his experiences as a junkie—as a person who uses dope is generally called in the world of narcotics—I wanted to learn a little about the boy's background and the community in which he lived, and when we had settled ourselves in chairs, he started out by giving me a brief picture of the parish he works in. He said that most of his colleagues in the parish are, like himself, recent graduates of Union Theological Seminary. The parish, which was organized in 1948, extends from Ninety-ninth to 104th Street and from Lexington to First Avenue.

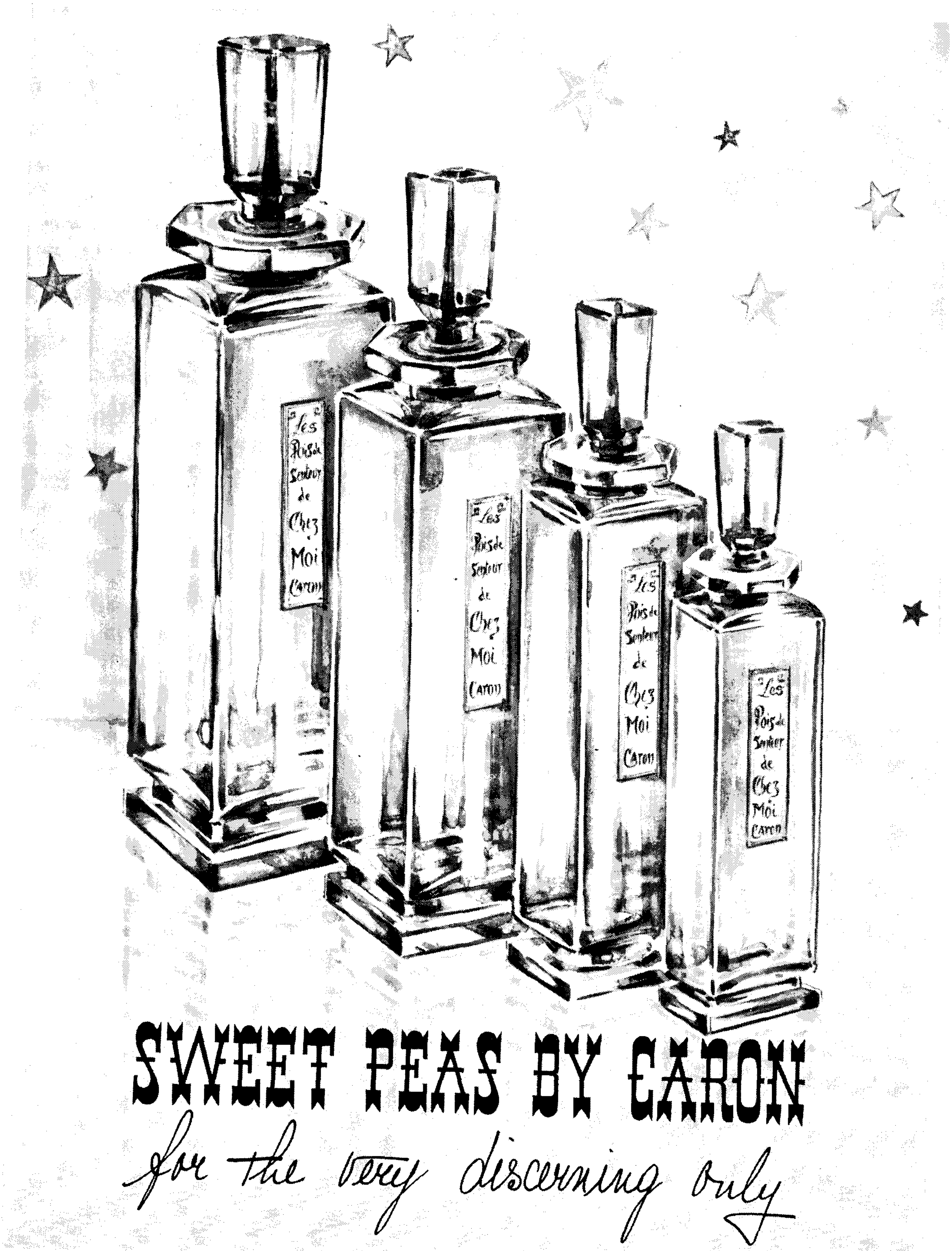
"When we first came here, we went around and knocked on doors to get acquainted," Mr. Hargraves said. "It was an eye-opening adventure. Across the hall from Charlie's apartment, for example, I found two Puerto Rican families who had been living together in three rooms for six months without knowing each other's last names. In another house, an old Negro lady of seventy-five was living all alone with six cats and six dogs, each with its own little filthy bowl in the center of the room. Poverty, love, and ignorance are all mixed up here. Last Christmas-time, one woman took in a family of five—utter strangers to her—to give them a bed and a warm place to stay over the holy season. Usually, in this neighborhood, apartments have a kitchen and just two or three other rooms. The gas range is the principal source of heat. In cold weather, it's kept burning most of the day."

Mr. Hargraves turned to the matter of family economics in the block. Family incomes, he said, vary widely, but individual earnings are for the most part low. Relief money is, of course, a big factor in the life of the community. "The Department of Welfare has a schedule of payments designed to take care of almost every conceivable domestic situation of the needy," Mr. Hargraves said. "Its checks—they're usually cashed around here in Jenny's Market, on Second Avenue—arrive on the fifth and twentieth of the month. Those are red-letter days for the block. I'd say that five distinct economic groups live here, and—as far as the adults are concerned, at least—they keep quite separate. First, there are the aristocrats, amounting to about five per cent of the total—Jews, Italians, and West Indian Negroes who came here around 1910 as immigrants. They're familiar with the scene, regard it as their home, and keep on living here because they like it, despite the fact that there are apt to be high-salaried individuals in their families, such as pressers in the strictly unionized garment industry. Next—about ten per cent, I imagine—are Puerto Ricans who came to New York in the first wave of emigration from the island, around 1920. They've brought up their children as Americans and are better off financially than the third group—some thirty per cent—who are Southern Negroes who came here during the twenties. This third class is the one Charlie Reed's family is in. These people form a hard-working lower stratum of society, with obscure jobs that often require several hours' travel to get to and from each day. It's odd how far people around here seem to have to go to find work. Well, next there's the largest unit—about forty per cent—made up of newly arrived Southern Negroes and Puerto Ricans. Right now, they're in a state of ferment. Some of their customs tend to make them the laughing stock of the block, but, of course, they're only going through the same period of adjustment that the other groups went through before them. They seem to have a corner on menial kitchen and hospital work. The last, and in many ways the most difficult, group is the shady class. It runs to around fifteen per cent, and is composed of people who have broken off from the other groups. Its children rarely go to school. Their parents never look out for them. Both young and old are always either on the border line of crime or right in the midst of it—mixed up in the numbers racket, muggings, prostitution, and selling dope, to adults as well as to minors like Charlie Reed.

"From youngsters like Charlie who have come to us for help, we know that there are still more than twenty juvenile addicts in this block alone. We also know that in this district more than half the young people who have reached eighteen have taken dope in some form or other. Of these, a substantial percentage, ranging somewhere from a quarter to a third, have got hooked—become addicted, that is. The stronger boys seem to use drugs a few times and then stop. That's the end of it for them. But with the weaker ones the whole pattern of life is likely to be changed."

Mr. Hargraves said that the hub of a slum boy's social life in East Harlem is his gang. The neighborhood gangs are much more democratic than the adult groups; they tap all levels for membership. Organized to provide excitement in an otherwise dull society, the gangs have junior, intermediate, and senior divisions, and take in boys of anywhere from around twelve to twenty. The main juvenile gangs in Charlie Reed's area are the Latin Lords, the Viceroys, the Turbens [sic], and the Redwings, none of which are to be confused with the 107th Street gang of adults that testimony at the Kefauver Committee hearings here linked with Charles Luciano in the dope-smuggling racket.

"Boys join their neighborhood gangs to improve their social status," Mr. Hargraves said. "It's a perfectly natural, boylike thing to do, I suppose. The bad part about it is that when trouble—or what's called a rumble—with another gang starts, they find that even if they're afraid to fight, they'd better not show it. It's a funny thing, though. Some boys don't like to go in for that sort of thing, and refuse to join gangs, and the other boys look up to them for it. And here's another funny thing. Although boys usually get their first experience with drugs through their older friends in the gang, the ones who get hooked drop out of the gang and drift off in little knots by themselves. That's what happened to Charlie and his two friends. They were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prominent members of their gang until six months ago, when they started using heroin. For the last two months before they went to Bellevue, they'd been main-lining—you know, injecting the drug directly into a vein. Gradually, they drew away from the people and activities they'd formerly liked, and began wandering around the neighborhood like wraiths. Then their families got in touch with me, and two weeks ago I took them down to Bellevue to see if something could be done to cure them. They were in pretty bad condition by that time—thin and dirty, with their clothes unkempt and their eyes glazed. They had taken a shot somewhere just before getting in the car, and were on the nod—sitting there with their eyes open, but hardly able to talk and practically asleep, and their heads bobbing like mechanical dolls. Of course, they're all cleaned up now. Inside and outside, they're different boys. But in view of the case histories we've had on the block, all I can say is that we *hope* they'll stay this way."

I asked Mr. Hargraves about Charlie's family. "That's an important part of it, of course," he said. "Like so many other young users on the block, Charlie comes from a broken home. Up here, society tends to be matriarchal in the less prosperous families. That is, couples live together and have children, and sometimes they're married and sometimes they're not, but almost always the man is a transient or a weakling and the lease of the apartment is in the woman's name. She gets the relief check, too, and tries to hold the family together. Charlie's home is a good example of that. Some twenty-five years ago, as a teen-age girl, his mother came up here with *her* mother from South Carolina and settled in the block. She married and had Charlie and Sammy, his brother, who is a year older, before she and her husband separated. Then, by a second man, she had two girls, who are now ten and twelve, and a boy, who's nine. Finally, she married her present husband, and they have a son of two. Charlie's older brother Sammy is a settled boy and a good student, but the mother doesn't seem to care much for him. The eight members of the family live in a three-room-and-kitchen flat on the third floor rear that she gets rent free by acting as superintendent of the building—cleaning the halls, collecting the rents, and such. She also does part-time work in a laundry, and her husband is a dishwasher, and what they earn, together with relief, comes to about sixty dollars a week, and they manage fairly

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well financially. The mother is popular as the building superintendent because she does a good job and looks after her neighbors when they're sick. Charlie is crazy about her. He doesn't get along with his stepfather so well, but he just loves his mother. She's a big, handsome mulatto. Very much the queen of her household, I'd say."

I THANKED Mr. Hargraves and set out down the street for Charlie's flat. He opened the door at my knock, and I stepped into the kitchen, as one usually does in tenements of ancient architectural vintage. Sammy was down on his knees mopping the floor. A little dog was tied to a leg of the sink. Beside the sink were some paper bags of refuse topped by soggy coffee grounds. The door of a closet hung open, revealing a toilet inside, and nearby was a tiny bathtub of the old-fashioned claw-foot kind. A string of wash hung drying in the hall leading from the kitchen to the other rooms. In the first room, although it was mid-morning, three of Charlie's brothers and sisters were still sleeping. This did not surprise me, for Mr. Hargraves had told me that children in that region often don't get up until afternoon, at least on weekends.

I had been in the kitchen only a few minutes when Charlie's mother came in from the landing with a mop and a pail with which she had been cleaning the stairs. She stood erect, with animated eyes and a face that was still attractive for all her many years of backbreaking existence. "This is a friend of Archie's, Mom," said Charlie.

She greeted me warmly. "Won't you sit down?" she said, indicating a sagging sofa against the kitchen wall.

"No, let's go up on the roof," said Charlie quickly. "We can talk better up there."

Charlie and I climbed the stairway to the roof, where we sat down on a wall in the bright sunshine, and Charlie began telling me about his difficulties and frustrations. He said he wanted to become a city fireman, but most of the time he doubted whether he would ever be able to pass the tests. When I said I couldn't see why he didn't have as good a chance as the next fellow, he looked grateful. "Firemen ain't like cops," he said. "They *save* people." I asked him if he had a girl, and he replied that he was fond of a Puerto Rican girl in the block but that he felt hopeless about his chances of marrying her. "For all the color the Puerto Ricans got in their race, they sure act strictly like white people about their women," he said bitter-

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ly. "They're Jim Crow just like down South that way. A Puerto Rican girl's family will whip her if she's going out with a colored boy, even if he's three shades lighter than her. If she don't stop going out with him, they'll throw her off the roof. And yet this girl I'm talking about, her brother and me is good friends in the gang."

The gang appeared to be the one important part of Charlie's life, the thing of which he was proud, and he boasted about its exploits. He spoke of a rumble the gang had had a year or so before. It had started, as so many rumbles start, with a trivial incident that involved a loss of face; a member of another gang had sneered at a senior member of Charlie's gang in a dance hall. A council of war was held, and it was decided that a rumble was on. "Naturally, we started packing knives, and the older guys pistols," Charlie said. "We burned on 'em, too, by God! But *good!* A couple of times." Once during the affair, several members of the enemy gang encountered Charlie alone on neutral ground and gave him a hot chase over rooftops and up and down fire escapes until word of his predicament got back to Buff and Bugsy. "They came on the run," he told me. "You should've seen those other bastards scram. Buff is a good guy with a brick, and Bugsy with a knife."

During less boisterous intervals, Charlie said, he and the gang passed the time by going to the movies or dancing to the radio in girls' apartments, playing ball in the concrete yard of Public School 109, on East Ninety-ninth Street, or swimming at The Hole, an indoor pool at 342 East Fifty-fourth Street. The fine recreational facilities of Thomas Jefferson Park, at First Avenue and 112th Street, aren't available to them, he said. An Italian gang there won't let gangs with Negro members in.

Charlie told me he had been led to taking dope by smoking marijuana early in the winter that he became fifteen. The first time he tried it was when he and some of the other members of his gang were coming back from Ward's Island after watching a soccer game. One of the boys handed him a butt and told him to inhale on it if he wanted to feel good. He took a few drags but felt nothing. In fact, he smoked marijuana off and on that whole winter without experiencing any kick. Then the warm weather came, and the drug hit him. "You feel peppy," he said. "You want to dance. When you walk, you really got that nine-foot glide. And it's good to listen to music when you been

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smoking reefers. It feels so nice just to hear it." Charlie did some of his smoking at stag parties in neighboring flats, but most of the time he smoked outside—in yards and parks and on rooftops—where the telltale sweetish herbal odor of the drug wouldn't be so likely to draw attention. Charlie said he learned that for the best results, marijuana smoke should be inhaled deeply and the smoke then blown out into cupped hands and inhaled again through the nose.

Tolerance to marijuana can be acquired fairly quickly, and shortly after Charlie became sixteen, he found he was no longer walking with that nine-foot glide. Then he started on heroin, or "horse." He and Bugsy first tried the white powder together, taking turns snuffing in the phone booth of a candy store. Buff had given it to them, saying that he'd tried it and that it was better than marijuana. Both Charlie and Bugsy knew what heroin was. They had even heard that some Harlem boys had died from taking it. I asked Charlie why, under the circumstances, he and Bugsy so much as accepted the stuff from Buff. He looked at me with surprise. "Buff was our pal, wasn't he?" he said stoutly. "Hell, I wasn't going to miss nothing." The snuffing stage lasted about a month. Then the trio turned to skin injections, using hypodermic syringes that they bought at a drugstore, and from that it was only a step to main-lining. Charlie said that when he realized he was hooked, he grew frightened. He tried to switch back to marijuana, but found he couldn't. "It made me sick at my stomach and left a terrible taste in my mouth," he told me. "It never works, the fellows say. You have to stay on the horse kick until you kick it."

Charlie said that heroin made him feel separated from the rest of the world. "It's a different feeling than when you're on marijuana," he went on. "You're relaxed. You ain't got a care from here to Brooklyn. A cop can come up to you and talk to you, and you won't get nervous or anything. When you're on marijuana and a cop comes up and talks to you, you're leery and you want to run. But not on horse. You talk right back to him." One of Charlie's favorite pastimes when he was taking heroin was to give himself a shot and then go to a movie, often at the Triboro Theatre, on 125th Street, which daily offers three features of the more lurid sort. He would buy a ticket, take a seat in the balcony, and stay there for hours, smoking regular cigarettes, one after another, and aimlessly watching the fan-

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tasies on the screen, which helped heighten and prolong his own fantasies. Often, during these reveries, his cigarette would burn his fingers. "I'd just sit there and goof," he said. Always in his fantasies he was big, important, powerful. "If somebody was to come up to me then and say, 'Let's have a swimming race or a home-run-hitting contest or something like that,' I wouldn't pay no attention to him," he told me. " 'What the hell,' I'd say to myself. 'I know I can lick him.' "

During the last two months before Charlie went to Bellevue, when he was main-lining, he injected himself with heroin three times a day—in the morning, at noon, and at night. When he couldn't manage it on time, he told me, he felt weak in the knees, headachy, and feverish, and cigarettes tasted like hay. He took the morning and evening shots in the toilet in his family's flat and the other in a washroom wherever he happened to find himself around noon. In those days, he would frequently start out for his high school—Samuel Gompers, in the Bronx—and never get there. He carried his hypodermic outfit around with him in a pocket of his jacket. It consisted of a syringe, some capsules of heroin, a soot-blackened spoon in which he diluted the drug with water and warmed it over a match, a thick rubber band to raise a vein in his arm, and a dab of cotton. Charlie said he never injected himself outdoors, because he had been told that if a person should be touched by a breeze while using a hypodermic needle, a bubble of air would enter the vein and later "freeze the heart."

As a main-liner, Charlie used three capsules of heavily cut heroin a day. He bought the drug, at a dollar a capsule, mostly from a twenty-three-year-old dope peddler—or pusher—named Pete, who lived on East Ninety-ninth Street and whom Charlie would meet in a lunchroom on Second Avenue. Once or twice, he bought his supply from a Puerto Rican who walked brazenly down the street calling "*Caballo! Caballito!*" ("Horse! Horsie!") Pete told Charlie he didn't really know where the stuff was coming from; he said he thought it might be from New Jersey. The biggest dealer in the neighborhood, whom Charlie said he was acquainted with but didn't patronize, ran his business right in his second-floor tenement apartment, and some of his customers, after making a purchase, would "take off"—as young addicts call injecting themselves—in the hallway just outside the door of the flat. During Charlie's

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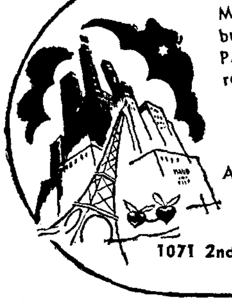

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two months of main-lining, he got hold of the three dollars a day he needed for the drug by working as a runner in the numbers racket and by some lucky breaks in a floating dice game. Buff had a job in a grocery store, and Bugsy became a petty thief. "We helped each other out with money," Charlie said. All three of the boys lost their interest in the gang, and were unconcerned when, toward the end, the other members wouldn't let them hang out on the gang's favorite street corner. "They told us, 'We don't want you junkies lousing us up,' " Charlie said. "I don't blame them. Hell, the gang has enough trouble with the cops as it is, without no junkies underfoot."

Charlie stood up and stretched. "Archie was telling me there's a play about junkies he's putting on in that vacant lot over there in a couple of weeks," he said. "He wants me to go see it, but I feel kind of funny about going alone. I don't suppose you'd want to go along with me?" I knew he was referring to "Dope," a playlet by a young writer named Maryat Lee, which the East Harlem Protestant Parish was planning to present in an effort to impress upon young people the dangers of narcotics. I told Charlie I certainly would like to go, and we made a date to see it together.

EARLY in the mid-April evening the show was to be given, I went up to Charlie's flat. I arrived as the family was finishing supper, which had apparently consisted only of thick cold-meat sandwiches. Charlie and his stepfather, a slight, pimply Negro of about forty, were arguing over which one of them should take the day's garbage downstairs to the cans in front of the building. "Take it down, Charlie, you hear me?" said the stepfather.

"Like hell I will," said Charlie.

"It's your turn, God damn you!" the stepfather yelled.

"Don't you cuss at me, you skin-dirty louse!" Charlie yelled in return, whereupon the man rushed at him with upraised fist.

Charlie's mother stepped decisively between them, and sent each sprawling backward with a push. "Mind your manners!" she said. "Both of you! You hear me?"

"I'll take it down," said Sammy.

"Come on," Charlie said to me, picking himself up off the floor. "Let's get out of this stinking hole." On the way down the stairs, he denounced his stepfather profanely. "I don't see how Mom puts up with him, nohow," he said. "I'd

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as soon touch a rat. She's going to get rid of him one of these days, too. You mark my words."

With the coming of evening the street looked entirely different than it had by day. It was no longer drab and sluggish, but colorful and alive. The sidewalks were crowded with loungers and the windows with onlookers, and golden light from the street lamps and store windows made the scene look festive. There were shouts and much loud, happy talk. Some children were dragging a bedspring up and down along the curb, and a pair of youths were sparring briskly in the middle of the street. All around was the suppressed nocturnal excitement so common to the slums, intensified this evening by criers walking up and down the block calling, "Man on the stoop! Woman in the window! Come on down! See the play!" At the vacant lot, Charlie and I found that a wooden platform had been rigged up for a stage, and was lit by bulbs strung overhead. A crowd was standing in front of it, and groups looked on from nearby fire escapes. Beside the stage was a booth staffed by a member of Narcotics Anonymous, a recently formed organization comparable to Alcoholics Anonymous, who was hoping to enroll recruits. Before the performance, several men and women visited the booth. They were the parents of addicts, Charlie told me, but none of them were addicts themselves.

The story line of the play was broad and forceful, describing the tribulations of a youth in Harlem trying to shake the drug habit, and the audience response was direct, as the response must have been at medieval English morality plays. The actors were members of the parish. Several times during the performance, a boy of perhaps fifteen, a friend of Charlie's, ran up and down the fire escape of a tenement across the street shouting derisively, "I gone take a needle! I gone take a needle! I gone take off right now!" At the boy's first outburst, Charlie's face went blank, as though somebody had suddenly revealed a secret shame. On the subsequent occasions, he feigned indifference, gazing straight ahead, but I felt that he was

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watching me out of the corner of his eye to see how I was reacting. When one of the characters on the stage pretended to take a shot of dope and then began an exaggerated pantomime of the slow, satisfied scratching that often follows an injection, a woman in the crowd flung up her hands and shrieked, "I seen it! I seen it with my own eyes!" "That's Crazy Sally," Charlie said irritably. "Don't pay no attention to her." I got the impression that the play made him unhappy and upset, principally because he was ashamed of the way his neighbors behaved in front of me.

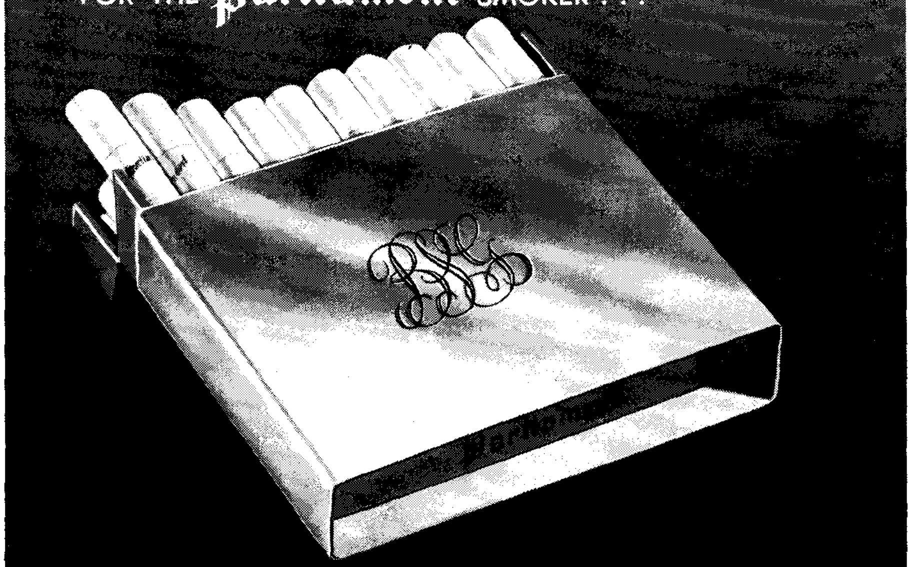
After the performance, Charlie and I went into a lunchroom down the block for a Coke and a piece of pie. We were joined by Bugsy, who proved to be congenial and talkative. Bugsy told me about a swell job he had had the year before. He had been a mortician's assistant, he said, at ninety-five dollars a week, and had had a luxurious apartment over the mortician's shop, with dim lights, flowered curtains at the windows, a tile floor, and a tile fountain with bubbling water. Bugsy also gave me a full description of his job—of going to people's homes to pick up bodies, of comforting grief-stricken families, and of preparing the remains. "But I gave up the work because it was too unfriendly," Bugsy said. "Nobody ever came to see me."

Charlie gave him a look. "You sure feeling comfortable," he observed.

Later that night, I dropped in to see Mr. Hargraves. He told me Bugsy was back on heroin again. I asked him about the boy's ninety-five-dollar-a-week job and the fancy apartment. "Rubbish," he said. "Just a junkie's fantasy."

Two weeks afterward, Mr. Hargraves called me to say that Charlie himself had gone back on heroin—less than two months after being discharged from Bellevue. He was slinking in and out of doorways again, and often stayed out all night. A few days later, Mr. Hargraves called me a second time. Charlie, he told me, had been arrested by a plainclothesman, who, as they say in Harlem, had lucked out on him; that is, the officer had picked him up merely on suspicion, searched him in a hallway, and found his dope outfit. So Charlie was held for possession and remanded to the Tombs to await trial.

A COUPLE of days later, I went to see Charlie's mother. From time to time, as we sat and talked on the sofa in the kitchen, she plucked despairingly at a bright-colored scarf she wore around her head. Charlie, she



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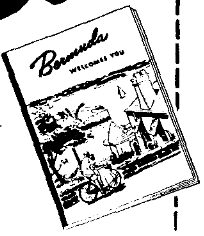

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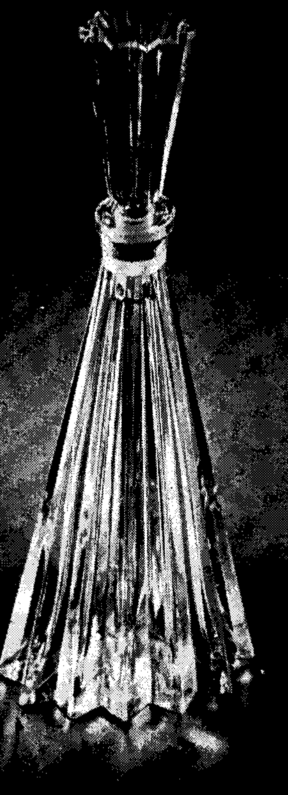

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said, had been in the hands of the police once before. "And that wasn't his fault," she added. "That was when a crazy Spanish man stabbed him." She explained that Charlie on that occasion had been down on the street, leaning through the window of a car talking to a friend, when a Puerto Rican he had never seen before came by and knifed him in the back. "Man *must* have been crazy," she said. "Drunk or crazy. But the cops took Charlie along, too. This here's different. Now he's in trouble with the law on his own. I don't know what to do," she went on. "It just worries me and worries me all the time." For a couple of weeks before Charlie's arrest, she told me, he had been sleeping either at Buff's or Bugsy's. "He had trouble with my husband," she said. "My husband miss his overcoat, a real beautiful California wrap. Them boys must of pawned it. And some of my rent money was gone, too. I don't know which one of them done it. They-all stick together."

Charlie had grown crankier and crankier in the days just before his arrest, his mother told me. "I used to think I understood that boy," she said, in a low voice. "I had real trouble raising him up. He had asthma bad, you know. But now I don't know if I knows him at all. I could tell when he started taking that stuff again, though. I says to him, 'You promised me, Charlie, when you came out the hospital, you ain't never going to do that no more.' I never knew how he take it, or nothing. I was awful stupid. Then, one day about three weeks ago, I pull out of his pocket this thing all wrop round with a rubber band, with a needle and a black spoon in it. I says, 'Glory God, this is it!' I shows it to him. 'Son,' I says, 'you deep in wrong.' He beg me so hard to give it back to him, and say he going to throw it away, that I give in and do. But he trick me. He hide it someplace, and I never did find it no more. Later, when I says to him, 'I see you taking that stuff again,' he lies. He says, 'You ain't see me take nothing.' I says, 'I may not *see* you take nothing, but I can tell when you done did it. I can tell the difference in you.' Then he yells at me, 'You see how you is? You talking like that *makes* somebody take something.' Oh, he was terrible cranky." The mother told me she suspected that her son, Buff, and Bugsy had been injecting themselves off and on in the bedroom that Charlie shared with Sammy in the flat. The door to it could be fastened on the inside with a hook. "The three of them would go in there

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and set the hook," she said. "After a while, I says to Charlie, 'Why you fasten that door?' 'I just want to talk secrets with my friends,' he says. 'You don't have to hear everything we talking about.' "

I asked Charlie's mother how she could tell when her son had been taking heroin. "Right off, he seems happy," she replied. "Wants to dance. Comes around and kisses me. Says, 'Mom, I love you!' Then he gets a book. He tries to read and falls asleep. I'd sure like to know where he was getting it. I talked to Archie about this, and he say the police made a lot of arrests of pushers, but every time they do, new ones pop up in the same place. It seem just like some big business company." She asked me what I thought they would do with Charlie. I said I had no idea. "I sure hope they cures him this time," she said.

It wasn't until some time later that I learned what they did do with Charlie. He stayed in the Tombs for a week awaiting trial, I discovered, and while there he was dealt with just like any other youthful prisoner. He was allowed no heroin, nor was he given sedative treatment—meaning that he was taken off the drug by the cold-turkey, or complete-withdrawal, method. He also received the thorough medical examination given to all youthful narcotic cases by Dr. Perry M. Lichtenstein, of the New York County District Attorney's office. In his report on Charlie, Dr. Lichtenstein recommended that the boy be sent to Bellevue. Mrs. Sylvia J. Singer, an assistant District Attorney, who has been called one of the ablest authorities on juvenile problems in the city, prosecuted Charlie's case before the Youth Part of the Court of Special Sessions. She urged that he be allowed to plead guilty under the Youthful Offender Law and that he be sent to Bellevue for observation. The judge agreed, and Charlie spent two weeks in the hospital, after which he was again sent home as cured.

IN picking up the threads of Charlie's troubled career, I got in touch with Mrs. Singer, who told me that the boy's case, as she recalled it, was a fairly typical one. I said I was interested in learning what can be done to rehabilitate such youths and what the chances for their future are, and she suggested that the best person to see about that was the psychiatrist at Bellevue who had taken Charlie in hand. The psychiatrist, I learned through Dr. Marcus D. Kogel, the Commissioner of Hospitals,

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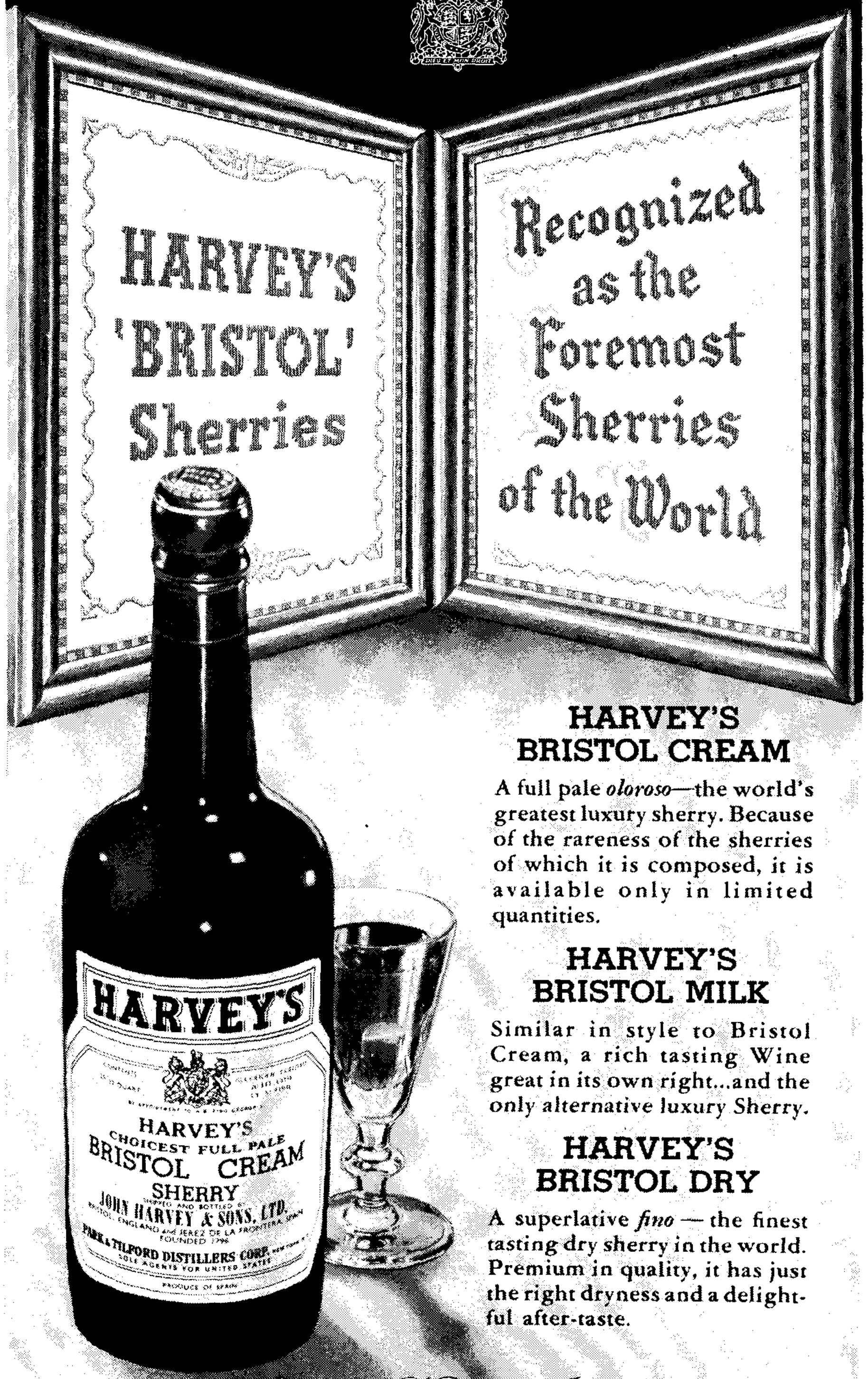
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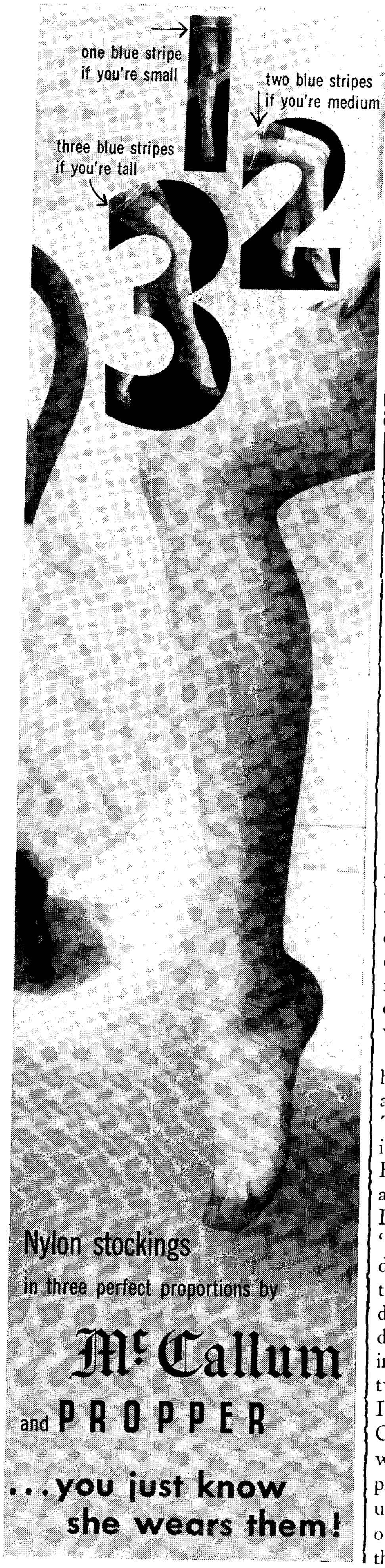

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was Dr. Paul Zimmering, who is in charge of the ward for male adolescents in Bellevue's Psychiatric Division, and with the Commissioner's coöperation I arranged to have a talk with him. Dr. Zimmering, a small, sympathetic, partly bald man of about forty, with spectacles and a mustache, remembered Charlie well. It turned out that he had treated the boy during both his stays in Bellevue, and only ten days previously had released him from the hospital and placed him in the custody of the Probation Department of the Court of Special Sessions. As a convicted offender, Dr. Zimmering said, Charlie was now a probationer and required to report to Dr. Lichtenstein for periodic medical examinations, to make sure he was staying off heroin. "As I imagine Commissioner Kogel told you, we don't have the ideal setup here at Bellevue for the treatment of narcotic cases," Dr. Zimmering said. "Fortunately, it's only temporary. We expect something better soon, in the way of a new hospital on North Brother Island, in the East River. Meanwhile, we're just having to do our best with the existing municipal hospital facilities in handling the rash of teen-age drug cases that the city has been confronted with during the past year or so. Bellevue and Kings County Hospital are the only city hospitals that have psychiatric divisions, so they were the ones that were picked for the job. The psychiatric section of a hospital has an advantage over the other sections in the treatment of drug cases, because its doors are kept locked and visitors are checked up on more carefully, which means that there isn't the likelihood of dope's being smuggled in that there would be in ordinary wards.

"Now, then, about Charlie. When he came in here the second time, he had already been taken off the drug in the Tombs. But it wouldn't have mattered if he hadn't. We'd have soon fixed him. Physically, that is. These teen-agers are a completely new breed." I asked Dr. Zimmering what he meant by that. "They have none of the classic withdrawal symptoms," he said. "What the true adult addict gets when he's deprived of his drug is three or four days of pure hell—pronounced sweating, vomiting, diarrhea, muscular twitching, excruciating pain, and so on. It's not that way with teen-agers. When Charlie came in here the first time, he was like all the other kids we get. His physical symptoms were slight. He was underweight. He had anorexia, or lack of appetite, but not the loathing of food that adult addicts acquire. He had a

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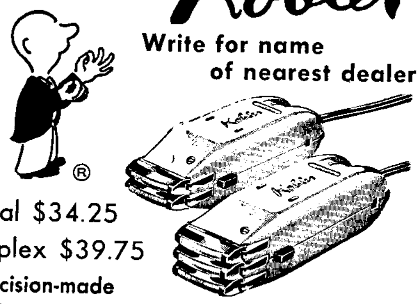

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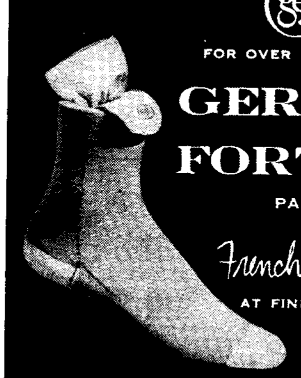

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slightly elevated blood pressure—something like a hundred and thirty-five over seventy instead of the hundred and twenty over seventy that's normal for his age. He also had a slight elevation of pulse—from the norm of seventy-two beats a minute to eighty-six. That was all. The day after he was admitted, he had what might be described as a heroin hangover, because he had taken dope just before he came in. As we take patients off drugs here by the gradual-withdrawal method, we gave Charlie some mild sedation—a couple of doses daily of about the same amount of sodium amytal that there is in a sleeping pill. In a couple of days, he didn't need the drug to feel like a human being. He'd got over the physical desire for it. On the outside, Charlie's dosage had been three caps a day. The Narcotics Squad of the Police Department tells us that the average teen-ager's cap contains two milligrams of heroin. The usual medical prescription of a narcotic to relieve pain is a quarter of a grain of morphine. Since heroin has the same effect and is four times as strong as morphine, Charlie was thus getting half the medical dose in each cap—a fairish regular daily intake, although we get teen-agers in here who have been taking as many as fifteen or twenty caps a day. Yet their physical reaction to treatment is the same as Charlie's, and we take them off the drug easily and quickly in a matter of a few days. They regain their appetites and lost weight rapidly, just like Charlie."

I said Mr. Hargraves had told me that a lot of boys in Charlie's gang had tried drugs several times and not been hooked, and I wondered how they had escaped. "It's no sign of abnormality if a boy tries drugs once or twice," Dr. Zimmering said. "It's only natural, I suppose. If he's an aggressive kid—one who goes after what he wants, and finds pleasure in his daily activities, and knows he has a reasonable chance of succeeding in what he wants to do—he isn't apt to become an addict. He'll just play around with it briefly, out of curiosity, and then drop it. The ones who get hooked are the disturbed boys—boys who are unsuccessful in the world in which they find themselves."

Both times he was in Bellevue, Dr. Zimmering said, Charlie had been a cooperative patient, as youthful drug cases almost invariably are. Since they are physically cured within a few days after their arrival, the main part of their regimen consists of recreational and psychological therapy. Charlie joined wholeheartedly in this program, which

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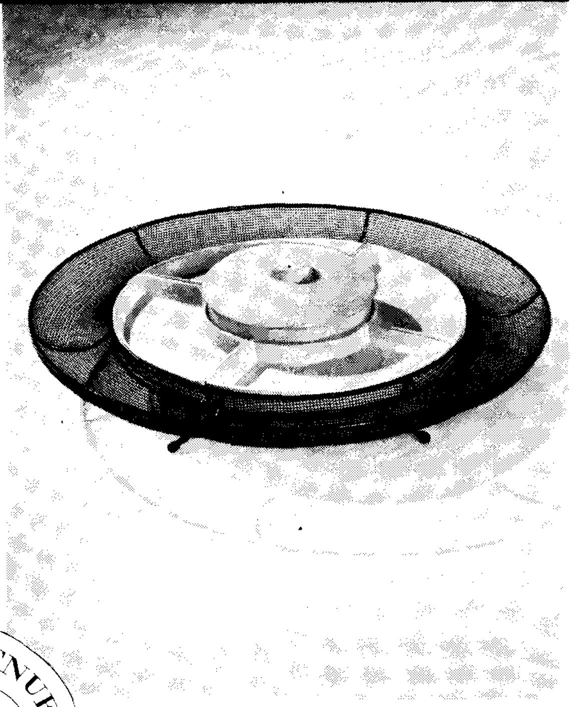

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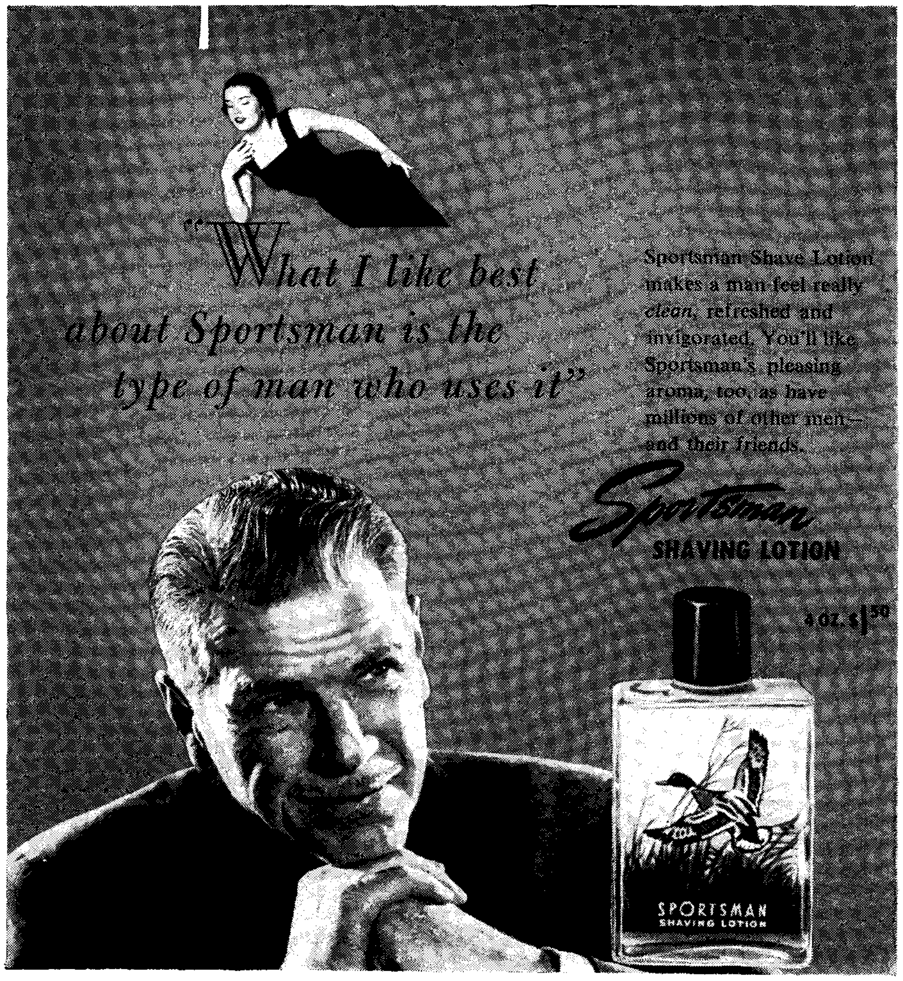
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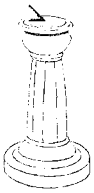
includes dances, movies, and physical exercise. The schedule of activities is a set one, and this seemed to appeal to Charlie. "Most drug cases are strongly inhibited," Dr. Zimmering said. "They fear new situations and tasks. They are generally of normal intelligence, as Charlie is, but when it comes to group participation—the whole world of doing things with other people—they prefer to have it prescribed for them. Ideally, after his release Charlie should have been sent to friends or relatives in the country, away from his old environment, but unhappily, as in so many cases of this sort, there was nobody to send him to. Going back to his old environment, he will unquestionably encounter the old stresses and strains again, and under them, there's no denying, he may revert to drugs."

I asked Dr. Zimmering what could be done to keep Charlie from backsliding. "Well, obviously, if there were no illegal drugs available, there would be no addiction," he said. "That, of course, is primarily a police problem. We do *not* feel—and I emphasize this strongly—that if these boys were unable to obtain drugs, they would compensate for their emotional disturbances in other self-destructive or anti-social ways. They are completely unlike the average adult addict, who is an individual with advanced personality troubles and who would find drugs no matter how hard they were to get. Then, too, the taking of drugs by these boys is all mixed up with the problems of environment—poverty, degradation, and social inequality. We feel that the reason Negro and Puerto Rican children constitute the big majority of juvenile drug users in this city is a direct result of social discrimination. The gang factor, the you-do-as-I-do tradition, also tends to lead a boy to drugs, while proper recreational facilities tend to keep him away from them."

As for the best curative program for young addicts, Dr. Zimmering said, there is much to be learned. "Outside of our two city hospitals," he told me, "the only two public institutions I know of that take teen-age addicts, through either voluntary or court commitment, are the famous United States Public Health Service Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, and the less well-known federal hospital at Fort Worth, Texas. Many of our local teen-agers have gone to them—particularly to Lexington. In both of those institutions, the young user is thrown in with the hardened addict, which is unfortunate, because, as everybody recognizes, the problems of the two are entirely different. The new



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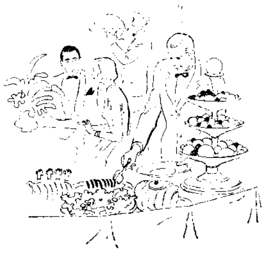

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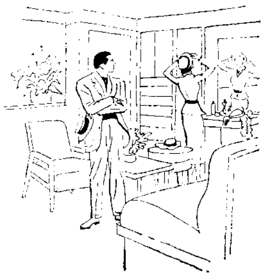

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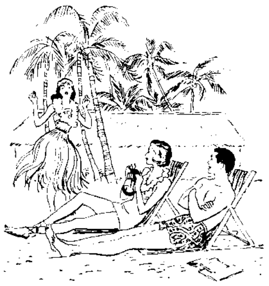

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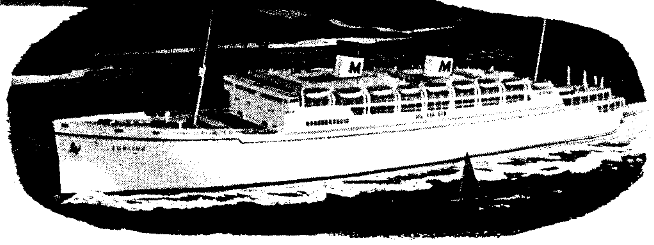

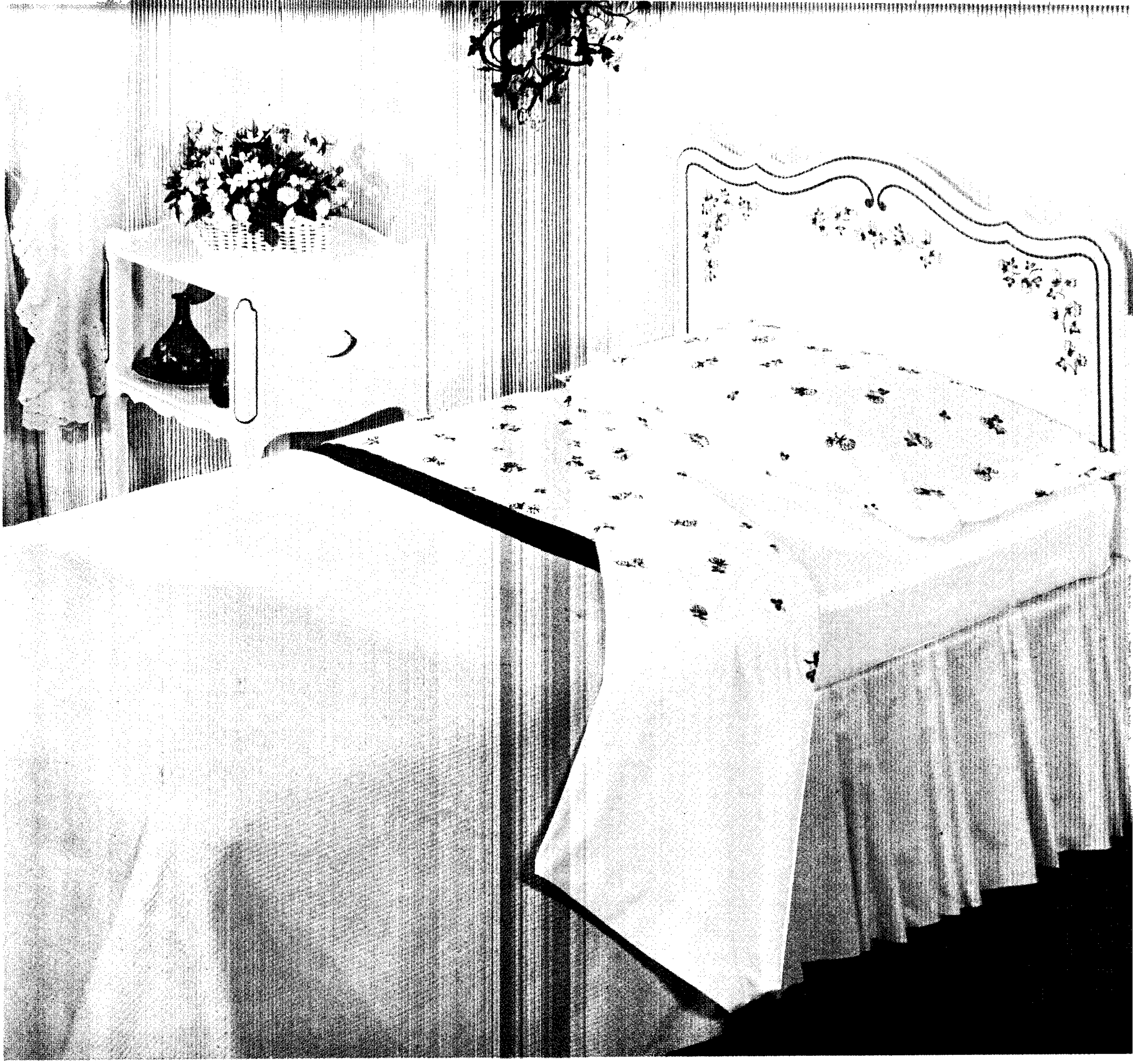

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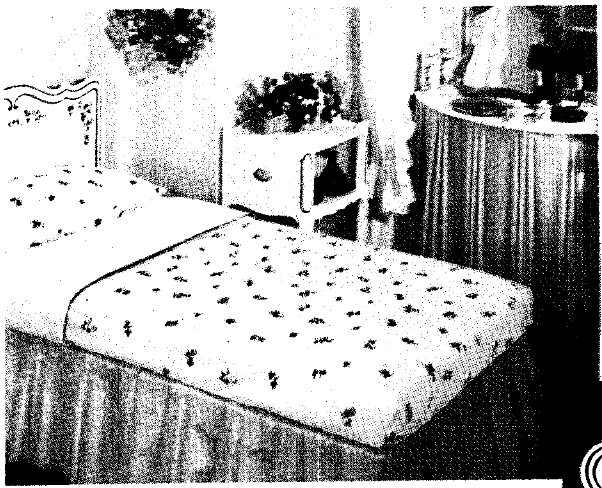

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hospital we're going to have on North Brother Island will be an improvement over anything we've known so far. There'll be no treating of the young user with the adult addict. However, it *will* be a hospital entirely for drug users, and some of us down here at Bellevue aren't sure that that's the very best idea, because we're afraid it may magnify these young people's already existing neuroses. After all, the important thing for anybody who tends to be neurotic is to learn how to get along with the rank and file of human beings—not to closet himself with other neurotics. It may be that we'll be able to work out a program whereby the patient will be given initial treatment at North Brother and then placed in one of the boarding institutions that various social agencies run for less abnormal delinquents."

I asked Dr. Zimmering what he thought Charlie's chances were of staying off drugs this time, and he replied that that was a difficult question to answer. "I only know he's going to try," he said. "He told me that he was scared not only of the effects of heroin on himself but of the kind of life he knew he would have to lead to keep himself supplied."

TWO weeks ago, three months after my talk with Dr. Zimmering, I heard that Charlie had gone back on heroin again. The Probation Department was trying to find him. So was his mother, who wanted to send him to Lexington. But so far neither had caught up with him.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

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(WINNING OF THE WEST DIVISION)

[*From the Batesville (Miss.) Panolian*]

Refreshments were served in the dining room, arranged to represent the colorful Utah and Colorado West. The table, covered with a beautiful linen cut-work cloth held a crystal bowl of autumn flowers. A huge round silver tray filled with ice cubes colored in green, red and gold, centered with a hub of clear ice cubes from which bottled Coca Colas radiated like spokes from a hub to form a wagon wheel against a Western sunset.

•

NEW YORK, Oct. 11 (UP).—Lt. Gen. Robert L. Eichelberger, retired, said today he did not believe "Russia will dare attack us" if peace can be preserved through 1952.

He warned that thereafter the West would be fighting a battle against "peaceful penetration" of the Liquefied Petroleum Gas Association here.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

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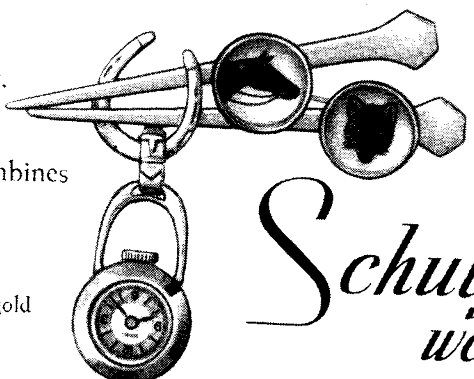

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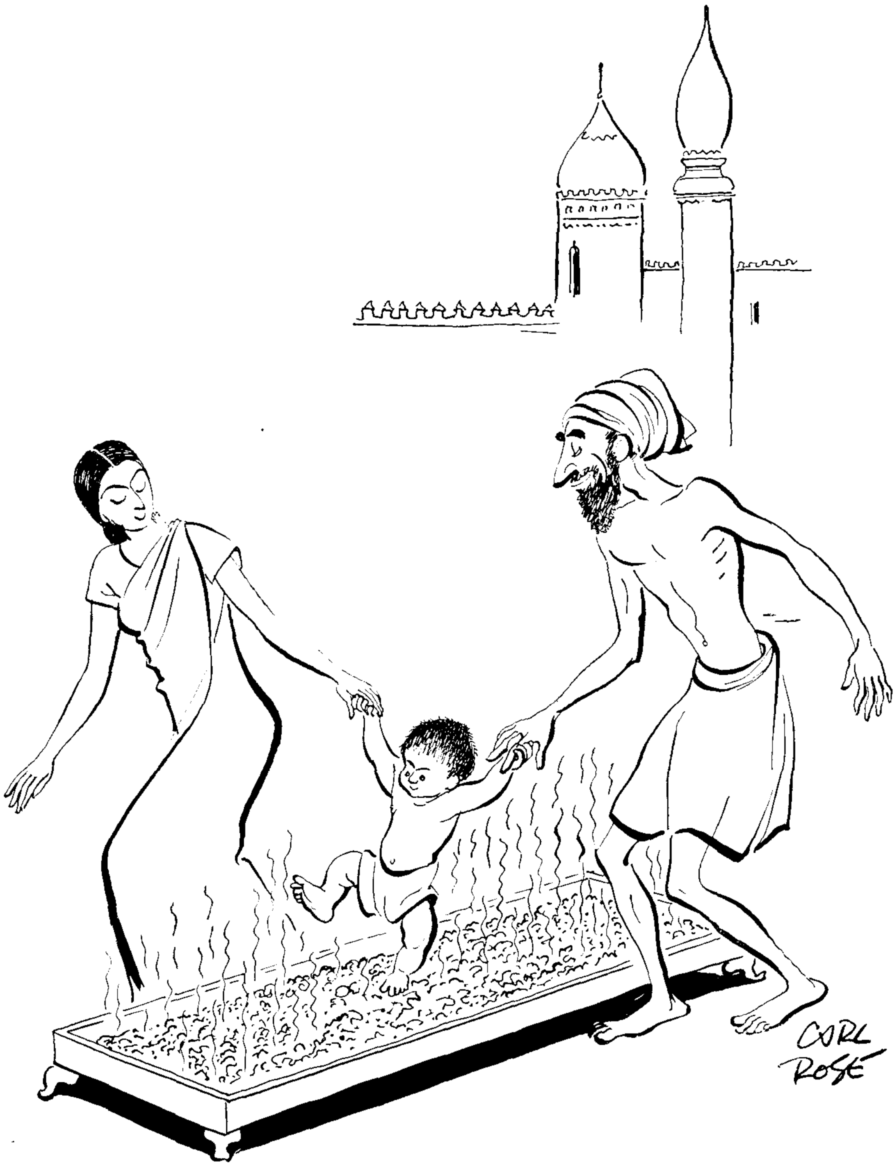
THE THEATRE

IT TAKES ALL KINDS

SINCE, in spite of a certain amount of domestic pressure, I have never bought a television set, and have hardly ever looked at one located elsewhere except when the attraction was a sporting event, I undoubtedly missed a good deal of the special reference in "Top Banana," which is a sort of lunatic commentary on this newest art form. I didn't even realize, as a matter of fact, that the singular and arresting character in the central role shared many personality traits with Mr. Milton Berle until this fact was explained to me by a helpful acquaintance during the intermission. This blank ignorance of a medium that is said to be changing the whole pattern of entertainment in America interfered somewhat with my appreciation of the display at the Winter Garden, but I still found it a marvellously funny show, full of low and demented jokes, all dear and familiar to former patrons of burlesque and vaudeville; embellished with parody "production numbers" in which the ladies are got up in costumes that might easily have alarmed the late Billy Minsky; and punctuated throughout by such queer feats of the imagination as inserting a dog into a male quartet and confusing an otherwise more or less rational scene by introducing a pale, mute, and desperate little man who, as nearly as his activities can be described, seems to be coated with glue and just likes to get his hands on somebody and stick there. "Top Banana" doesn't compare with "South Pacific" or "The King and I" either musically or in the matter of formal and stately design, and its level of real humor is far below that of "Guys and Dolls" (the formula of topping a bad gag with an even more appalling one can get a bit wearing after a while), but I was delighted with it most of the time and I think you will be, too.

The story, contrived by Hy Kraft, is just about as silly as it can be, though reasonably unobtrusive. There is a comedian named Jerry Biffle, a veteran of burlesque, who stars in a program presumably resembling those with which Mr. Berle is currently afflicting the nation. He is a self-centered man, in the habit of halting rehearsals by shrill blasts on a whistle whenever it seems to him that his fellow-performers are figuring too prominently in the act. Somehow or other, however, his popularity is diminishing with the soap-buying public—to such an extent, indeed, that autographed copies of a book written for him by his press agent prove embarrassingly hard to dispose of in a department store. Publicity is plainly the only thing that can remedy this state of affairs, and so he arranges an elopement between the tenor in his company and the young woman who symbolizes the product, a Miss Blendo. For reasons that doubtless seem adequate to Mr. Kraft, this scheme backfires. For a few minutes, it looks as if Biffle's career were over, but fortunately this catastrophe is averted and at the final curtain he is happily devising new ways to badger the public. All this, as noted, makes very little sense, but it serves its purpose, which is to link a series of wildly assorted low-comedy acts, including a wonderful number recalling the hero's old days in burlesque, into something like a coherent whole.

The star of "Top Banana" is Phil Silvers, whose impersonation of a professional comedian is deadly and hilarious and who at the moment is my candidate for the funniest man of the year. He is chiefly assisted by Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Herbie Faye, Walter Dare Wahl, Rose Marie, and Johnny Trama, who are all extraordinarily skillful in their eccentric roles, and by Judy Lynn and Lindy Doherty, who are asked to portray sane young love in the midst of chaos, and carry out this thankless assignment with considerable poise and charm. The dances, featuring Hal Loman, Joan Fields, Bob Scheerer, and Polly Ward, are pleasant, if not remark-



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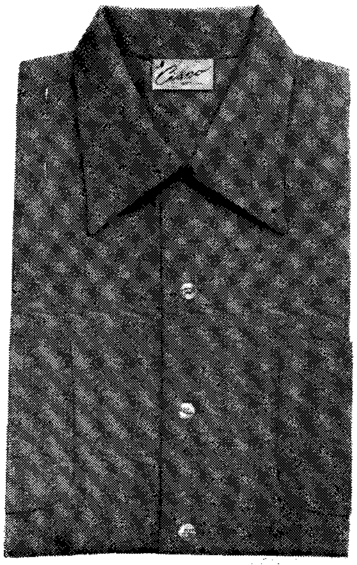

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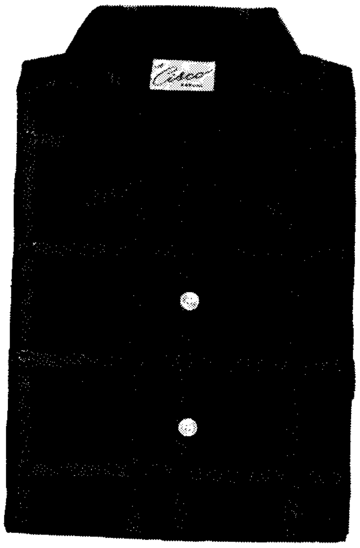

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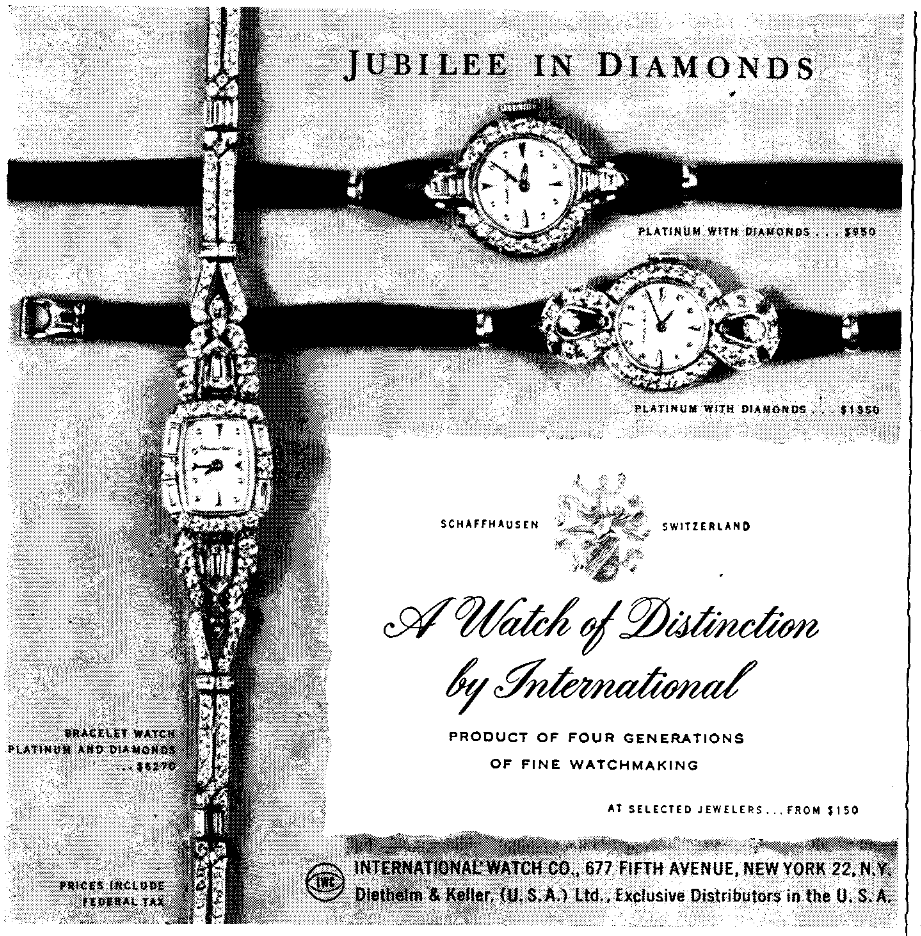

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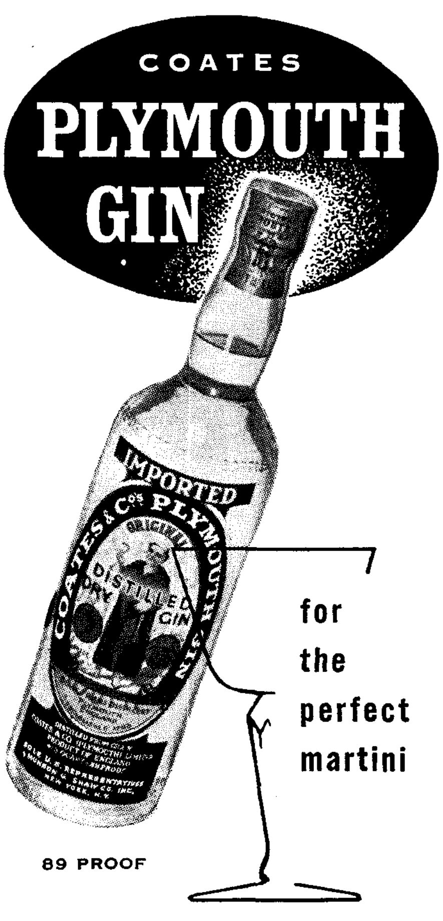

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able; Johnny Mercer's music and lyrics are suitable and often very adroit; and the settings, designed by Jo Mielziner, handsomely suggest a world I never want to know.

IN "Barefoot in Athens," at the Martin Beck, Maxwell Anderson has caused his protagonist, Socrates, to remark that freedom of speech and inquiry are essential to the dignity of man; that the search for truth is more important than patriotism; that corrupt disciples don't *necessarily predicate* corruption in the master; and that death in a city or nation that at least professes to be a democracy is preferable to life in the rigidly controlled atmosphere of a slave state. I am certainly not going to quarrel with any of these articles of faith, delivered for the most part almost literally from a soapbox, but I can't bring myself to believe that Mr. Anderson has written much of a play. Compared, for example, with Shaw's "Saint Joan," which also deals with a character whose genius and doom lie in a fatal disrespect for established thought and custom, it is a flat and uninspired piece of work, unrelieved by either wit or eloquence, and almost wholly without that sense of a balanced conflict between good and evil that gives Shaw's piece its fine ironic flavor as well as most of its dramatic excitement. "Barefoot in Athens" is unquestionably a powerful editorial on the side of the angels, pertinent, of course, to the situation in which the freethinking man finds himself today, but it is a solemn, repetitive, and ponderous one, and I can't conscientiously recommend it to any audience, except perhaps one made up of ex-readers of the ex-newspaper *PM.*

The action begins with Socrates already in widespread disfavor—with the community for preaching what are generally regarded as subversive doctrines, and with his family for not bringing in much money and for causing them embarrassment by his habit of wandering around the streets minus sandals and wearing an absurd beard. He is temporarily rescued from being tried as a heretic by the Spartan invasion, which naturally disrupts domestic legal proceedings, but in the end, the barbarian hordes are withdrawn and the natives have their way with him, as duly recorded in all your textbooks. Mr. Anderson is obviously handicapped by the fact that his elderly and talkative hero, though one of the most celebrated of all martyrs, isn't fundamentally a very picturesque figure, and he has tried to compensate for this by such devices as

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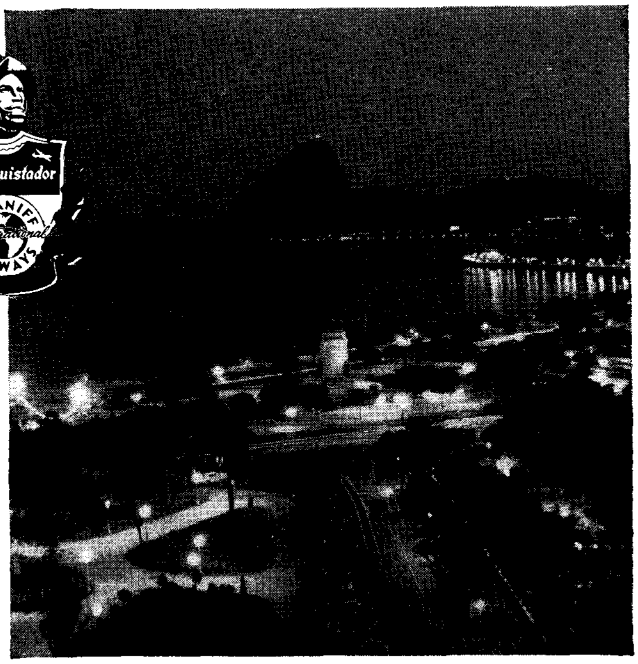

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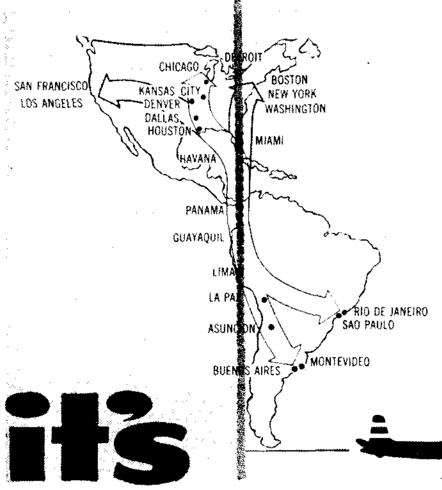

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changing Xantippe from a common scold to a woman of an essentially romantic disposition whose moral convictions are ultimately revealed to be as deep as her husband's; introducing a comic harlot, a grotesquely subhuman executioner, and a Spartan ruler who likes to be addressed as "Stupid" but is actually both acute and realistic; and providing occasional interludes of humor or melodrama that conceivably liven up the play but don't do much to improve it as a work of art.

Barry Jones, as Socrates, gives a somewhat overmannered performance, especially in the trial scene, but his part is not an easy one, being rather in the nature of a lecture, and a touch of posturing is probably necessary to relieve the academic effect. Lotte Lenya plays Xantippe with a Viennese accent that sometimes makes her conversation a little hard to follow, but otherwise her work is restrained and interesting; George Mathews brings a strong flavor of Brooklyn to the Spartan ruler, and while this appeared to amuse most of my neighbors, it seemed a mistake to me; and Bart Burns' executioner is, I suspect, one of the most sadly misdirected efforts of the season. Among the others are Helen Shields, Philip Coolidge, William Hansen, and David J. Stewart, and in my opinion they did all that could be expected of them under the circumstances. Boris Aronson's scenery—a vision of the Acropolis behind a succession of clean and economical sets—shows admirable perception and taste.

AFTER a first act as untidy, and almost as amateur, as a pageant at a progressive school, "The Number," at the Biltmore, settles down into a fairly satisfactory melodrama. The plot is concerned with a beautiful young woman who somehow finds herself handling bets on horses and numbers over the telephone in an establishment conducted by a genial and sinister hoodlum called Maury. Everything is all right until she gets off the wire and into intimate personal contact with a small-time gambler, with whom she falls in love but who cultivates her purely for the purpose of beating her employer's book, just as he did with another girl in the office, a redhead who rigged things up so that he made twelve thousand dollars on the horses. This calculating scoundrel, I am happy to report, gets exactly what is coming to him when he is cut down by a burst of offstage gunfire along toward the end of the third act. There is a tough and lively scene in the gambling parlor when Maury hammers the facts

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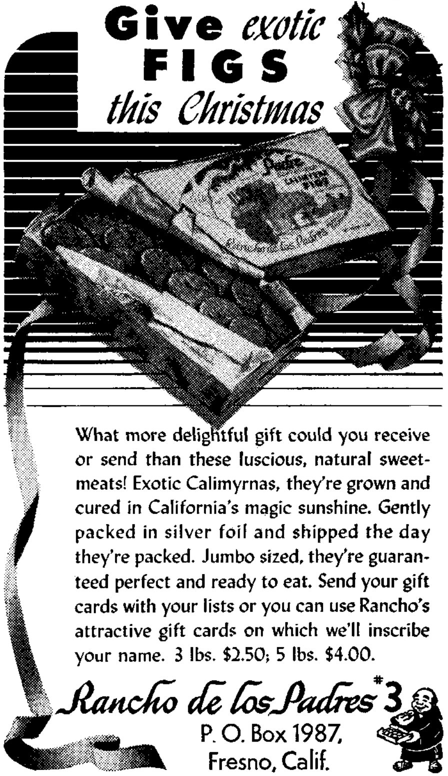

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out of the red-headed operative who has sold him out in the matter of the horses (just why the spectacle of a big, strong girl getting slapped around almost always cheers up the males in an audience could undoubtedly be explained by any psychiatrist); there is another, in a restaurant, that features one of the most apathetic waitresses I have ever seen and also has its comic points; still another, dealing with the final meeting between the bookmaker and the man who has fleeced him by the rather ingenious method of seducing his employees, that builds up a certain degree of suspense; and a couple more that I found reasonably effective. The rest, however, is surprisingly shapeless and inanimate for a Broadway production, especially one directed by George Abbott, who is justly celebrated for his ability to work scripts of this kind into neat and spirited entertainment.

Murvyn Vye, as the king of the bookies, does an extremely impressive acting job, combining ruthlessness, urbanity, and a peculiar wicked and partly self-derisive humor on an underworld scale, somewhat in the manner of the late George Arliss in a played called "The Green Goddess," which I'm sure very few of you remember. The others, with the exception of Diana Herbert, whose brief appearance as the waitress is one of the treats of the evening, and Louise Larabee, who is excellent as the moll who gets her pretty ears pinned back, have a harder time with their assignments. Dane Clark, as the amorous chiseller, sometimes falls victim to a kind of hysteria; Martha Scott is clearly miscast as the heroine, being far too genteel and maidenly for her villainous sur-

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roundings; and Jennie Goldstein, Anatole Winogradoff, and Jay Barney are brave but wasted in parts that have no discernible connection with the main stream of the play. Ralph Alswang's numerous settings are imposing mechanically (it is quite a feat to move so much scenery around so fast), but otherwise they are not especially memorable.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

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My shells are yours. Cherish them. Pour
Tap water on them to restore
The iridescent shimmer of the shore.

On second thought, the postman will
not hammer on your door.
Lady, if you love beauty, love it more!
Why hearken to *my* shells to hear the
ocean roar
Along an unfamiliar shore?

Lady, lover of beauty, I implore
You, go seek your own Lion's Paw,
Angel's Wing, Rose Petal, or
Scotch Bonnet upon your own
enchanted shore!

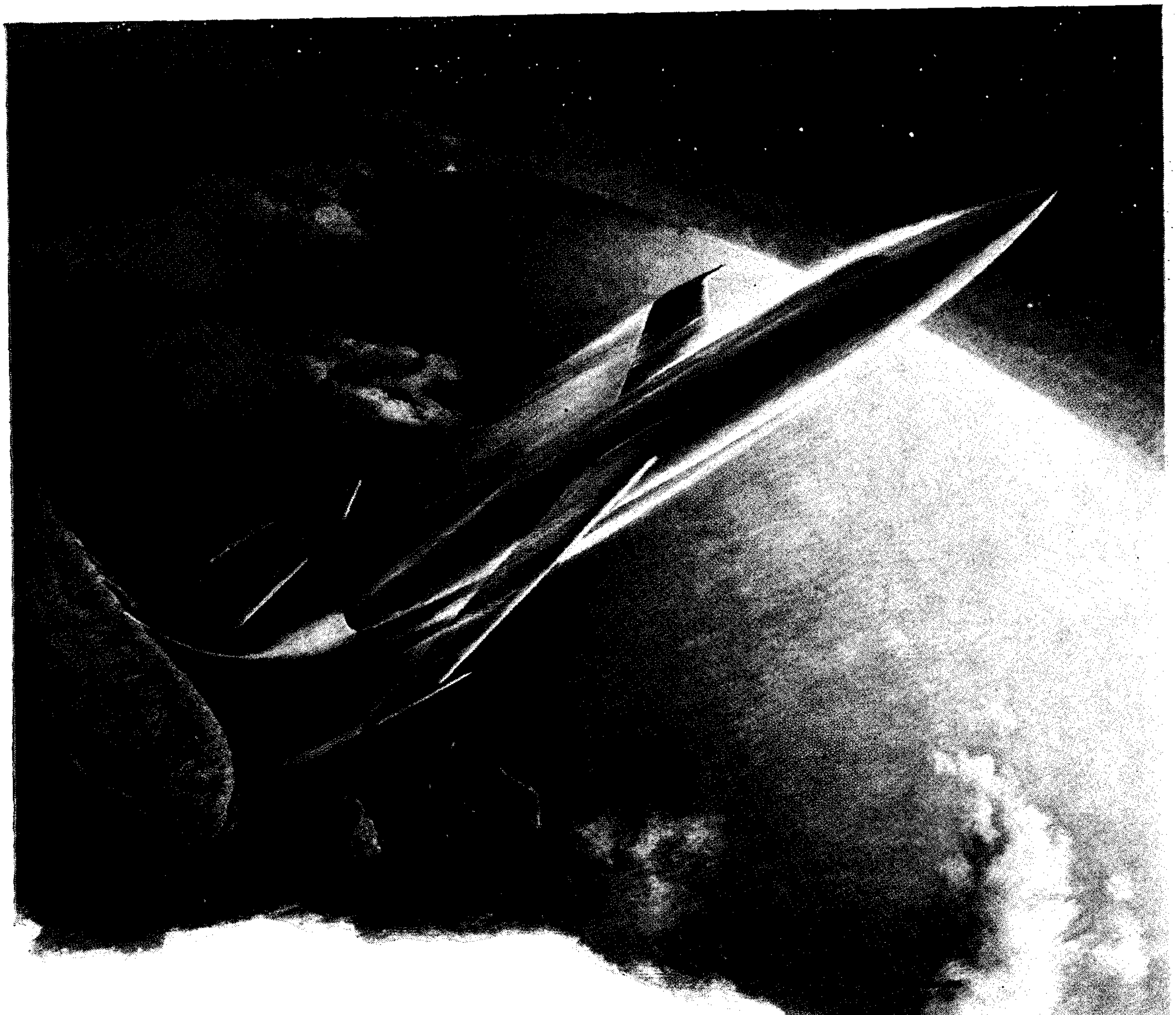
—ROSALIND CONSTABLE

•

Maine is thick with people coming from distant addresses with one aim in mind—bear. Supervisor Win Foster's wardens have put the button on sixty bears. Guide Ralph Dorr of Millinocket and Pilot Chick LeGasse recently spotted a flock of the critters flying over the burntlands.

—*Bangor News.*

Did they wing one?



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THE HARD GIRL

Clarabelle Chancellor was not quite twenty when she came to work for my family. I was then five. We were living in a West Virginia mountain village. Clarabelle, up to that time, had spent her life on a primitive and isolated backwoods farm. She arrived riding in an ox-cart with her pa, and under one arm she carried her entire stock of personal possessions, tied up in a paper bag. Clarabelle's father halted the team in the middle of the road in front of our house, and she jumped down and started plowing through the ankle-deep summer dust toward our gate. He gave his six-foot blacksnake whip a curt crack and drove on without speaking or turning his head. Clarabelle didn't look back at him. That was their goodbye.

I was playing in our front yard. I watched Clarabelle come across the road and in through the gate, and I can still see her. She was short and squat; she had a round, bunchy face, with big, wide-set, shiny brown eyes; she had brown hair, which she wore in a frazzled braid hanging down her back. She was clad in a not too clean red Mother Hubbard, and, I realize now, she had no physical self-consciousness whatsoever. She was a well-developed young woman—the curves of her uncorseted body showed plainly through her thin cotton garment—but she advanced with a man's stride and a child's eagerness. Her face glowed with excitement, pleasure, and an invincible friendliness. She was smiling, and the smile was not limited to her shiny eyes and her mouth, full of wide-spaced teeth; she seemed to smile all over.

Then she spoke to me, and I felt her quality. It was authoritative. There was, as I later learned, a reason for this. Clarabelle was the oldest of an enormous family. She had helped "birth" her mother's babies when she was no more than twelve; she knew children in all their stages. Young as I was, I felt the knowledge in her.

"How do, Sis," she said. "I'm the hard girl."

She spoke the backwoods dialect. "Hired girl" was what she meant. She was our hired girl for the next four years.

We had had hired girls before her, and we had them after she left us, but she was memorable in the procession. She came from the same environment as the others, but she was different from them. There was, for instance, her reaction to our "library," that being the somewhat vainglorious name we gave to a modest, shelf-lined chamber where my parents, my older brother and sister, and I usually assembled after supper. My mother invariably urged her current hired girl to join us in these evening gatherings. The poor lady had for long cherished a compassionate hope that life with us would serve some one of her crude young helpers as an education, and to that end she exerted herself in every way that occurred to her. She introduced the girls, one after another, to the young people's society of the church; she included them in our family outings; she replaced their backwoods wardrobes with suitable dresses—not with uniforms. But she put her greatest reliance on her efforts to teach them good reading habits. Up to the time of Clarabelle's arrival, however, these efforts had not met with the least response, for all our previous hired girls had preferred an evening in the kitchen with a beau to a roomful of books with us. But Clarabelle accepted Mother's invitation with an almost alarming enthusiasm.

She took an expansive delight in our after-supper gatherings. She would hurry through her work and then, aglow with her indomitable self-confidence, would bustle in among us, pick up a volume with a show of importance, and seem to read. After she had been with us two or three weeks, Mother learned that she could spell out only the simplest words.

This enlightenment resulted from my parents' discovery that Clarabelle took up a different book each night.

"Don't you ever want to finish one?" Mother finally asked her.

"No'm," said Clarabelle. "The printin' in 'em gits to look alike after a whahle. But startin' 'em off—that's fine."

Anyone would have conceded, I think, that my mother had enough to do just teaching Clarabelle her household duties without troubling about her literacy, for though the new hired girl was a ready and vigorous worker, she was also something of a problem servant. She saw her job with vastly different eyes from Mother's.

On the day following Clarabelle's arrival, for instance, Mother set her to airing my infant twin sisters in their perambulator. The twins were my family's ineffable treasure; they were also our terror. I can think of no other way to put it. There was a superstition in the

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neighborhood that one child of a double birth always died. Everybody said it, and my mother had heard the doleful prophecy many times. She mounted guard over *her* twins in a sort of hygienic fury. She screened, netted, sterilized, sunned, weighed, measured, warmed, cooled, and dieted those infants within an inch of their precious lives. And, above everything else, she isolated them. Never were they to be inspected by callers or taken to a public place. In the matter of the twins, Mother was even willing to offend her relatives. *Let* the aunts and great-aunts, barred from the nursery, get mad, she proclaimed; she would do what was best for her babies. Some of the aunts did get mad, and that, of course, added to the general hilarity at what happened the first day the babies were entrusted to Clarabelle's protective care. For some time afterward, aunts—and cousins, too—lost no opportunity of repeating the story in Mother's hearing, and I, listening on the periphery of grown-up gatherings, became familiar with the tale long before I understood all its implications.

Clarabelle had been told to wheel the twins up and down for an hour and not to leave them alone for an instant. Mother, having given the instructions, went to the attic to sort out old clothes for a church bazaar. My sister and I followed her there; my brother had gone off somewhere to play. Clarabelle began her stint on a concrete walk that led around our house from the front porch to the back door.

The airing had hardly got under way when the village fire alarm went off. Clarabelle started at once for the scene of the excitement, but she did not break her trust; she took the babies with her. Keeping a firm hold on the handle of the perambulator, she charged down the village street at a fiery gallop. The sidewalk was made of boards casually nailed to supporting timbers. Here and there a board—or two or three or four boards—was missing. The leaping Clarabelle hurled the baby buggy over the gaps by sheer drive while my baby sisters, shrieking, tossed about under their little pale-blue French-knotted comforters like grains of popcorn in a red-hot popper. Not that Clarabelle had forgotten them. As she later explained her attitude toward her duty at that moment, she "knowed they *couldn't* bounce clean out."

In this manner, Clarabelle raced the men and boys from our street to the fire and arrived well in the van. Finding a crowd before the burning building—it was on the main street, opposite

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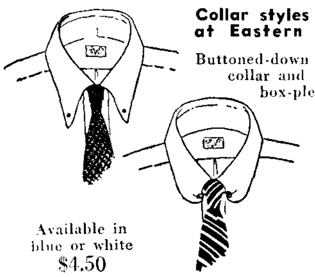

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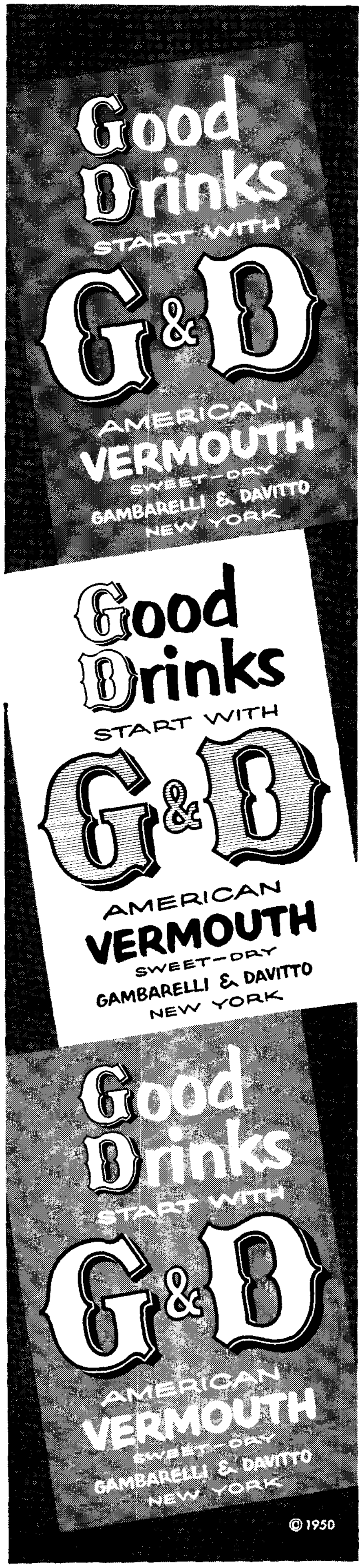

the courthouse square—she pushed her way to the front rank, using the twin-size perambulator as a battering-ram. There she planted herself and there she stood, in the middle of the dusty street, until the event was over.

The burning building was one of a row of offices—small, white-painted, one-story structures, each having but one tenant. Its destruction that day brought Clarabelle a veritable procession of wonders. Our fire department had no more efficient way of fighting a blaze than by bucket brigade, but for some reason it maintained a useless old "engine," which was always hauled by manpower to the scene and then abandoned. Better still, the firemen wore red helmets and their chief had a thrillingly sharp whistle that he blew before he gave his commands. Clarabelle gulped down these revelations of "town life" with a thirsting soul and, being a profoundly practical young woman, shouted out advice to the firefighters as they went about their work. When the roof fell, she hailed the catastrophe with a great, mournfully appreciative whoop. And the crowd! Subsequently describing her experience, she said she "seen plumb all the town," adding that if she "had had to git to know folks gradual, it would have been a weary time." Plumb all the town seen her, too, of course. Though Clarabelle did not suspect it, she and the twins were a sensation second only to the fire itself. She watched in utter absorption until the building was consumed. Then she found a new concern in the behavior of the building's owner.

He was Case Carney, an attorney and the town menace, or, in the period's whispered phrase for it, the town's "fast bachelor"—its wicked man. He was pretty much a typical figure in American villages in those days—a citizen of good birth, good education, and considerable talent who had taken up the law with high ambitions in youth and then, in middle years, had somehow settled down to being a country practitioner and a hard liver. He looked the part. He was handsome in a burly, red-faced style; he had crow-black hair, magnificent eyebrows, and a splendid dramatic manner. He lived alone in his old family home on the outskirts of the village.

After seeing his office, with all his records, destroyed, he covered his eyes with his hand and announced to the crowd that he would now go home and shoot himself—an act of burlesque, as everyone who knew him understood. He then walked off with staggering steps, which was proof to his friends

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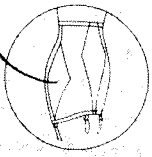

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that he was in a sober state, for when Case was drunk, he never staggered. Clarabelle, however, took him seriously, and set out to prevent a tragedy. She followed Case Carney to his home, pushing our little pair of untouchables ahead of her.

She was not being sentimental or romantic. She had grown up in a large family of men and to her the male of her species was not a romantic figure. She neither under- nor over-rated him—she just knew him. Case Carney, however, gave her a reception that must have jarred even her self-confidence.

His home was a rambling frame house with a high veranda. How she got the oversize baby buggy with the twins in it up the steps safely, I cannot guess, but she did. As she tearfully swore to my mother later, not once in the whole time did she "leave go a holt on them-there kids." The babies, moreover, had ceased to "beller" by that time, she said—"they wasn't doing no more than just cheep." Still propelling the plaintive pair, she strode unhesitatingly through Case's front door. Before her, in the living room, she saw exactly the sight she was prepared to see—Lawyer Carney standing by a table with a black bottle in his hand, pouring himself a stout drink. All unafraid, she spoke to him. She said, "You don't want to go a-guzzlin' that-there, Mister. You still got work to do." Case looked at her. He took in the indubitable country wench that she was. He noted the broad perambulator, above the edge of which *four* little baby hands were feebly wavering about. He was not, as it happened, a man who saw things in his cups. He liked to drink himself blind, because, as he explained, the time he saw things was when he was sober. So he must have felt exceedingly sober at that moment. And he dealt with the apparition on terms of the soberest practicality. He told Clarabelle that if she wanted him to prosecute the father for her, it would be ten dollars.

The story got around. Case himself told it. It reached my mother. The broad garment of her Christian charity must have pulled hard at the seams, but it stood the strain, and she did not dismiss Clarabelle.

For one thing, there was a great extenuating fact about Clarabelle as a servant—trained or not, she served. She would do anything that needed to be done, usually without waiting to be told. She was not humble or self-effacing. She simply knew from experience that life was full of hard work that must be performed, and so she shrank from no

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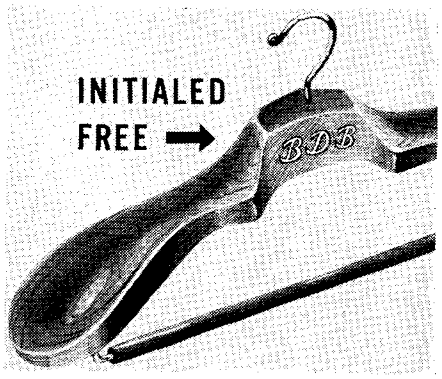

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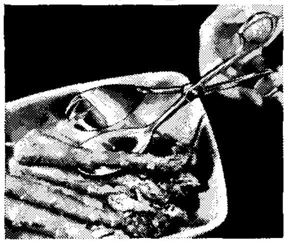

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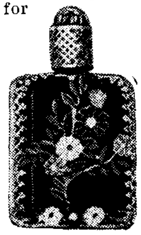

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kind of labor. Living *was* working, as she saw it.

CLARABELLE enjoyed being alive, and had an eager curiosity about all phases of town life and also a pride in proving to herself that she was of value in the wondrous town environment. She showed that by the way she got us the Christmas tree.

She had acquired an admirer shortly after she came to us. He was one Dashford Martin, a young logger, hunter, fisherman, and trapper who, rather mysteriously, lived by himself in a cabin at the foot of the mountain across the river from the village. His method of paying her his attentions was to hang about our place waiting for a chance to speak to her. Even so shy an approach as this alarmed my mother, who regarded Dashford, with his strange habits and shaggy appearance, as a probable menace to any young girl's innocence. Very seriously, she told Clarabelle that he was not a proper beau. Clarabelle did not argue. Dashford ceased to come.

The second year Clarabelle was with us, our family was abruptly notified a few days before Christmas that the tree we had ordered would not be delivered—I forget why. The mountain across the river was covered with evergreens, and it would have been an easy thing to get a substitute except for the state of the weather. We were in the second day of a great snowstorm, and the river was frozen, cutting off the ferry service. My father was away, not to return until Christmas Eve. The three of us children who were old enough to have Christmas memories howled Mother down when she tried to tell us that a treeless Christmas could be nice—oh, very nice. She then sat down and buried her face in her hands, plainly giving up. At this tragic juncture, Clarabelle looked in on us.

She stood in the library door, hands on hips, and we children believed for a moment, I think, that she would suggest a way out, but she only asked Mother if she might take the afternoon off. Mother silently waved a distracted hand. Clarabelle put on her coat, tied a fascinator over her head, and went out into the storm. About dusk, she returned, her face so red and beaming that it should have stopped the blizzard. She was dragging an eight-foot spruce behind her. She said that she had crossed the river on the ice and had felled the tree herself.

When our wild joy had subsided a bit, Mother, knowing that our tools were locked in the shed, asked Clara-

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belle where she had got an axe. "I found hit," she replied, without batting an eye. "Over in the woods. Hit was a-settin' on a stump."

That was the fairy-tale touch, and I could not resist it. Oh, the lovely, shining, magic tool, lying there, all pure and silvery bright, in the solitary shadow, snow, and silence of the pinewoods! The gift of a kindly gnome, I thought, or of a gruff little dwarf. My imagination raged into a fever that made me do a forbidden thing. That night at bedtime, ignoring a rule against trespassing on our hired girl's privacy, I sneaked off to Clarabelle's room, to get her to repeat the story for me.

I found her lying propped up on her pillows, smiling to herself. After I had heard the tale again, I put my question to her: "Don't you think it must have been a dwarf that left the axe there for you?"

"A what, hon?" Clarabelle asked.

"A dwarf," I repeated. "A little old man with a long beard—a *very good* little old man, you know."

Clarabelle went into a bed-shaking fit of laughter and stayed in it a long time. She laughed and laughed and laughed. And when she finally pulled herself together and undertook to answer me, she still could not leave off laughing altogether but kept bursting into giggles as she spoke. "No, hon," she said. "He shore hain't no dwarft. He hain't little an' he hain't old, and he hain't *very good*. An' he didn't have no long beard, neither—not no more'n two days' growth."

"*Who?*" I demanded.

Clarabelle then swore me to secrecy and told me the true story of her exploit. She had gone down to the river and hollered, she said, and Dashford had crossed the ice with his sled and hauled her over. He had cut the tree, using his axe. Then they had gone to his cabin and spent the rest of the afternoon, as she said, "a-raisin' sand."

After that, when anyone mentioned the episode, she would look rather smug. It was as if she were reminding herself that, though she was outside the wonderful town world, she had saved the day for a town family, and as if, too, she now knew that town folks were pitifully easy to deceive.

Gradually, however, it dawned on her that town life was not merely something to be looked at, and she began to change. The gifts of dresses that my mother made her came to have, I think, too sheltering an implication for her; they suggested that she had to be guided in her taste. She started buying her clothes from mail-order companies.

I remember well one outfit she got in this way—one in which she took an

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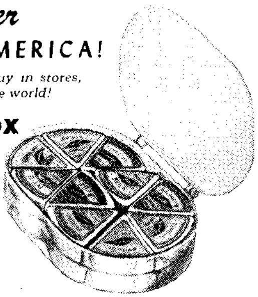

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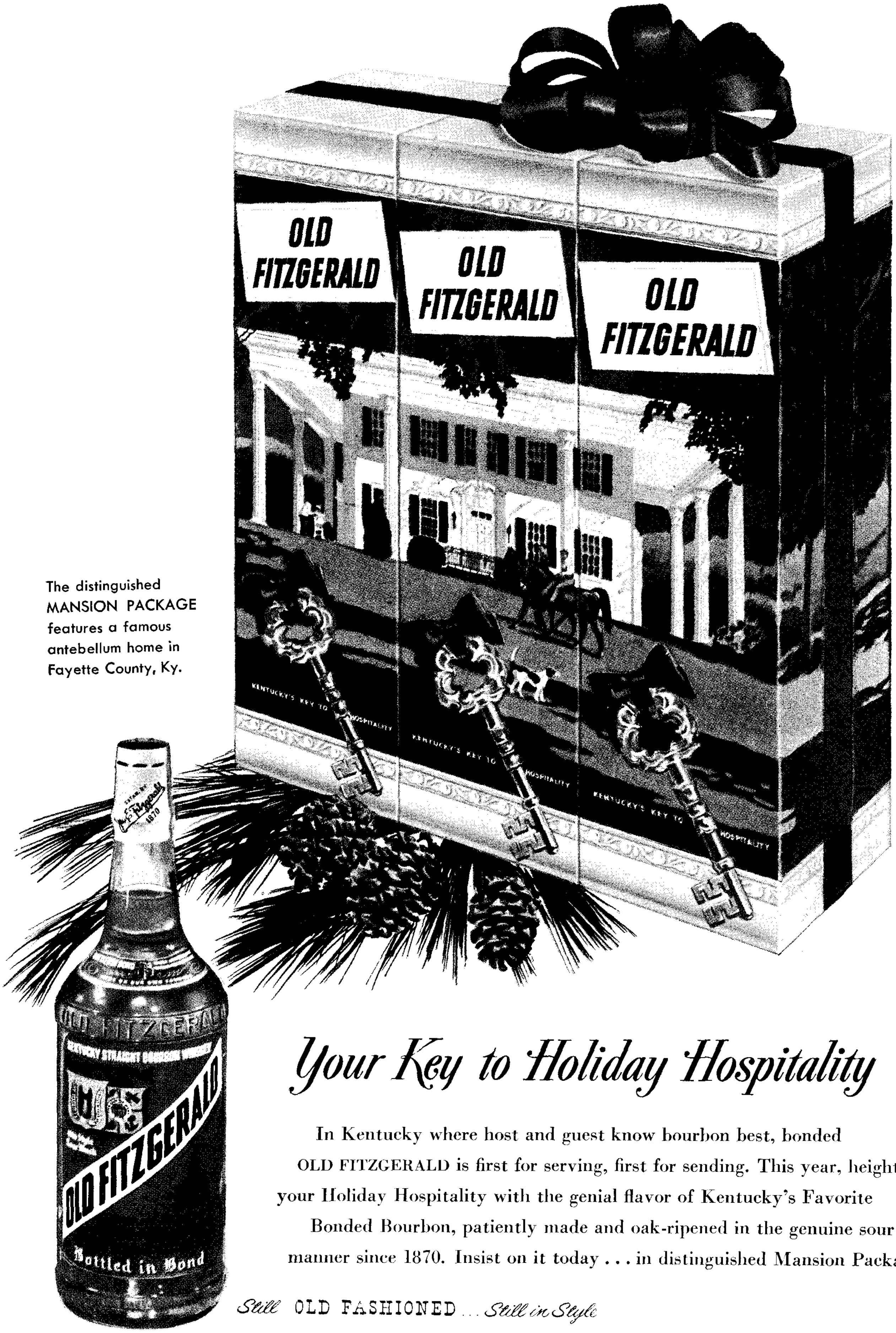
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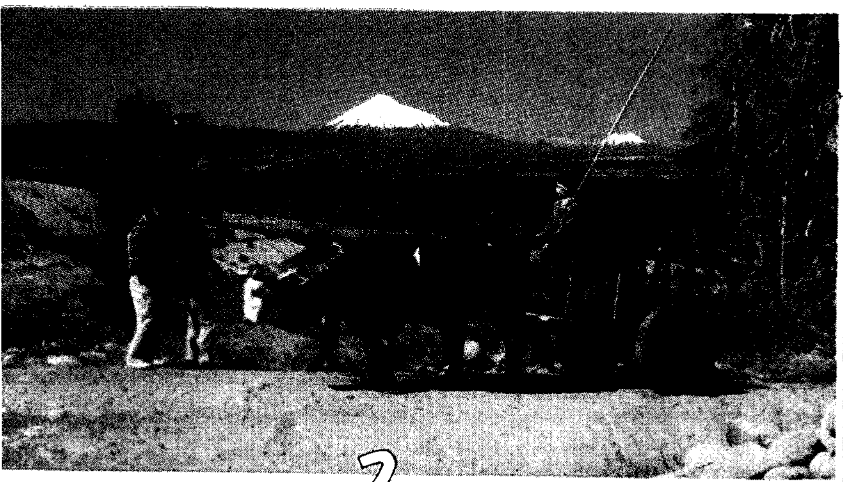

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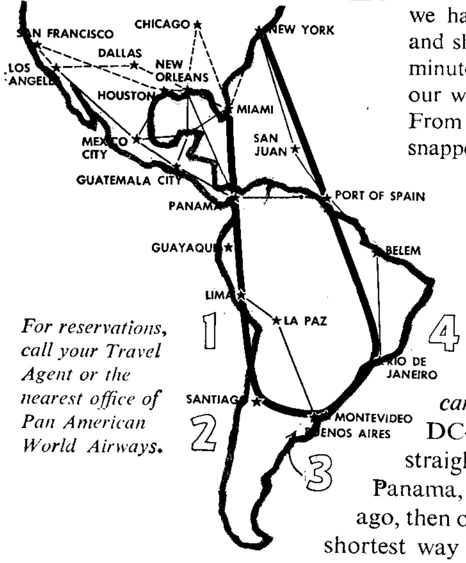
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almost worshipful pride. It was a wine-red suit, with which she wore a green-and-white-and-yellow plaid silk shirtwaist with enormous sleeves, and ruching at the neck and wrists. Her hat was a black velvet cartwheel laden with black and white plumes, two of which, she assured me, were "willers." To support the hat, she combed her tresses up over a tire-shaped rat, thus giving her round face a perfectly circular halo of hair. At her waist, where skirt and blouse came together, she wore a bright-blue ribbon belt, its ends held together by a large gilded pin shaped like a tortoise. She also began wearing corsets; they made her stiff where she had been limber and caused her to move jerkily, with a sort of planned rigidity. She bought a can of talcum, too—dead white—and when she donned the garb of town sophistication, she spread the powder over her face from brow to chin, making a complete mask. There was no allure in this effect, but it did give her a curious, graven dignity.

THE same desire for independence and self-expression was eventually manifest in Clarabelle's reading habits. Not that she ever learned to read well, in spite of all my mother's efforts, but no longer was she satisfied to sit and stare at our books, laboriously puzzling out their first pages. She wanted books of her own, and so began trafficking with book agents. This caused her to break a household rule, for my mother barred all door-knocking salesmen from our house. In her thirst for possessions, Clarabelle took to beckoning the agents to the kitchen after they had been turned away from the front door.

In a short time, she had ordered enough sets of books to total scores of volumes. When the packing cases began arriving, her secret, of course, was out. We would all gather around to see what she had bought; she herself had no idea. Her purchases proved to be meretricious things, entirely worthless. Mother, who would not forbid any servant of hers to spend her own wages as she wished, tried to prevent any further squandering of Clarabelle's money by repeating, in strengthened form, her rule against agents. They were disguised robbers, Mother declared, and she would not have them anywhere about the place. Clarabelle readily promised never to let one in again, but the same day, her face shining with pride, she started to carry her acquisitions down to our library. Mother stopped her. She would not have those books with ours, she said. Clarabelle must keep them in her room. I

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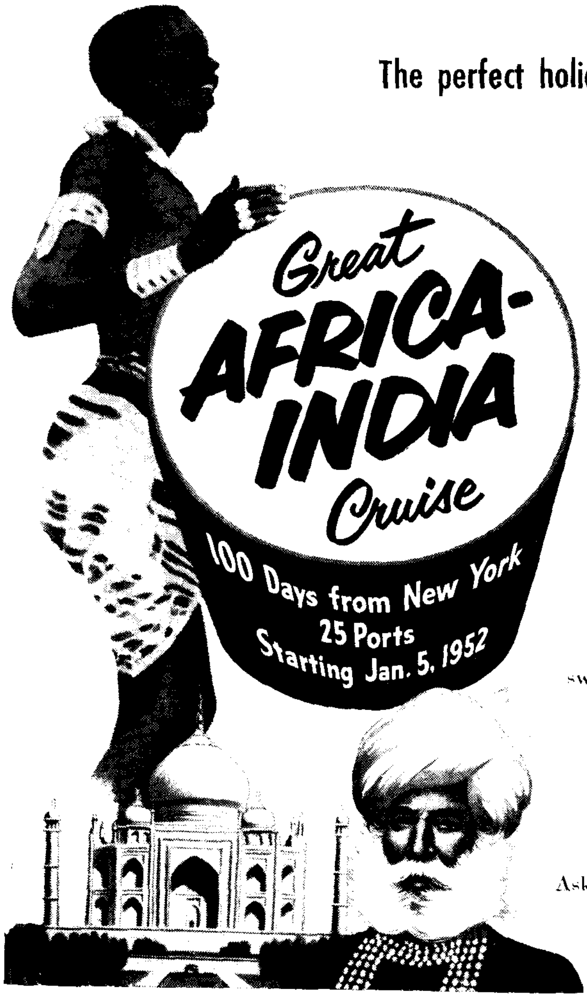

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could see that that hurt Clarabelle and I was sorry for her.

Then the bills came. Clarabelle had bought her sets on the installment plan, and she could not keep up her payments; actually, they proved to be more than her wages. Before long, the companies began to send her crudely threatening letters, and, in terror, she went to my father for advice. He paid what she owed, seeing, as he said, nothing else to do. Mother hoped the fright had taught Clarabelle a lesson, but it had not. She made still another purchase from an agent. It was her last.

She admitted the man to the kitchen, and I came in and found him there. I was nine years old by this time, and at once took it upon myself to protest. "But, Clarabelle, Mama said you mustn't!" I said.

She answered, "Your ma won't mind what I'm a-doin' this time, hon. I hain't a-buyin' no set. I'm just a-gittin' *one* po'try book. An' I hain't gittin' it on trust. I'm a-payin' fer hit right now."

That seemed to settle all the points of trouble for Clarabelle, so I agreed to her suggestion that I just "not say nothin' " to my ma about it. Clarabelle had never tattled on me, and I did not want to tattle on her.

We were in it together, then, and Clarabelle, I think, was glad of my complicity, for it gave her a partner with whom she could share the book. She wanted to share it, of course—or share her pride in this town possession—with someone. After the package arrived, she beckoned me to her room. The volume was lying on the table.

"Po'try!" she exclaimed, beaming. "That's what the feller 'lowed hit was. Which kind is that, hon?"

I told her, "Poetry rhymes."

She said, "Oh, shore. I forgot. Well, you take hit now and read me out a pretty rhyme." She put the volume in my hands. It was bound in a soft, green imitation leather, and at the top of the cover, in small, neat gilt letters, were the words "Leaves of Grass. By Walt Whitman." I opened it and examined several pages. I could find no rhymes. I put "Leaves of Grass" down in despair. "Oh, Clarabelle, you've been cheated again!" I exclaimed mournfully. "It isn't poetry at all."

She retained her hope. "Well, then," she said, "hit's the other kind. Read me out some of it anyhow."

I looked at page after page, and finally shut the book without reading a word of it to her. "It's not prose, either," I said indignantly. "It's not anything."

"Hain't it?" she asked.

I could think of only one thing to

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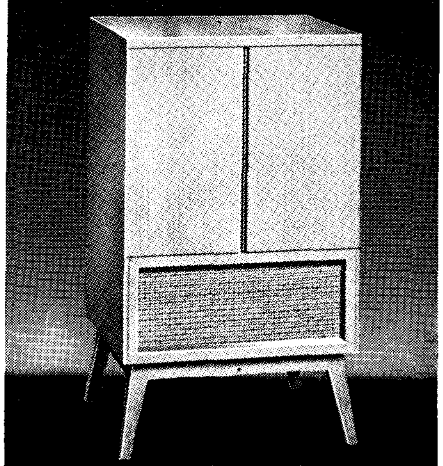

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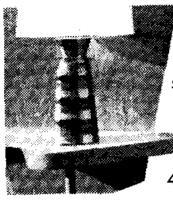

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offer for her comfort. I said, "Well, it sounds *something* like the Bible."

Clarabelle shook her head. "There hain't but only one Good Book, hon," she told me austerely.

We gave it up and went downstairs.

Later, I returned to her room. I wanted to see more of that strange work. All writing, I had been taught, was either prose or poetry. A book that was neither fascinated me. Clarabelle was not there when I went in, and I decided against sitting in her room alone. I started for my own, taking the book with me. In the hall, I met my mother. She asked me what I had.

A number of wonderful replies passed through my mind: It was a book given to me by my friend Helen; it was a book lent me by my Aunt Belle; it was a book I had found on the sidewalk, lying where someone had dropped it. In my mind, I stared at these attractive stories, and then, without design or premeditation, I blurted out, "It's 'Leaves of Grass.' By Walt Whitman."

My mother turned so white that I was terrified. She took the volume from me and verified the title. She demanded, "Where did you get this?" I was silent, but she did not repeat her question. She went straight to the kitchen and ordered Clarabelle to tell the truth. Clarabelle did, and Mother dismissed her on the spot.

I was there to hear it all. I thought that Clarabelle would suppose I had betrayed her, and I wanted to tell her I had not, but a sort of block filled my spirit and I dumbly let the occasion pass. Then a dreadful silence rose up on all sides; Clarabelle said no word in self-defense and Mother did not scold.

Only when Clarabelle was about to go did she come out of her muteness. She told Mother then that she was leaving us her books, for, since Father had paid for them, they belonged to us. Mother, somewhat shaken, refused to accept them. Clarabelle wept. "Can't I ever give you people *nothin'*?" she exclaimed.

Clarabelle's pa's oxcart came, she got into it, and they drove off. I never saw her afterward.

Closing up our family home, after my mother's death a few years ago, I found the green-bound Whitman high up on a library shelf. We had two other editions of the book by that time. The sight of Clarabelle's made me feel rather queer.

—MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

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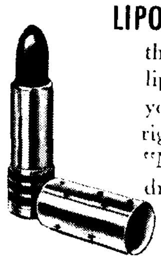

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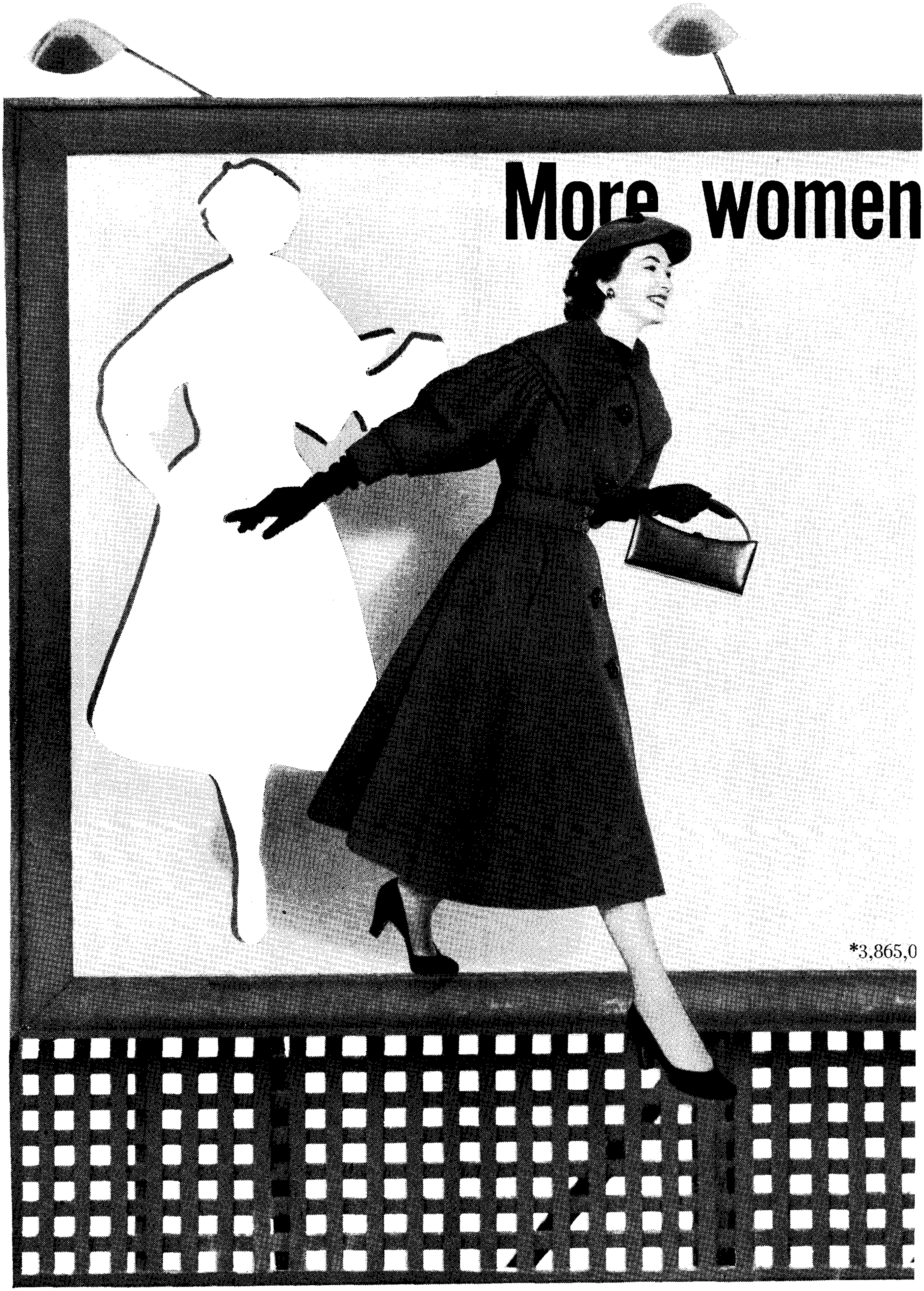
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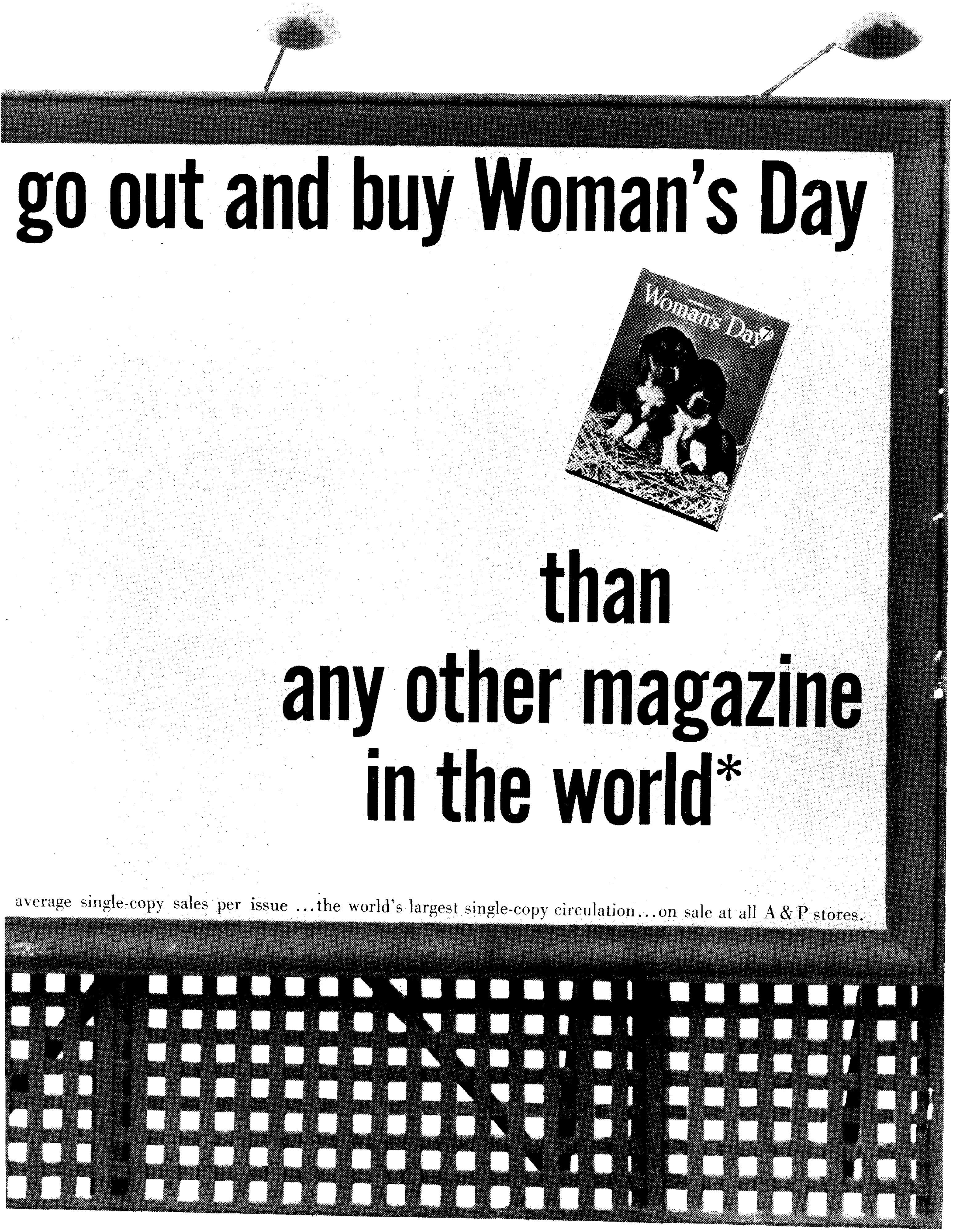
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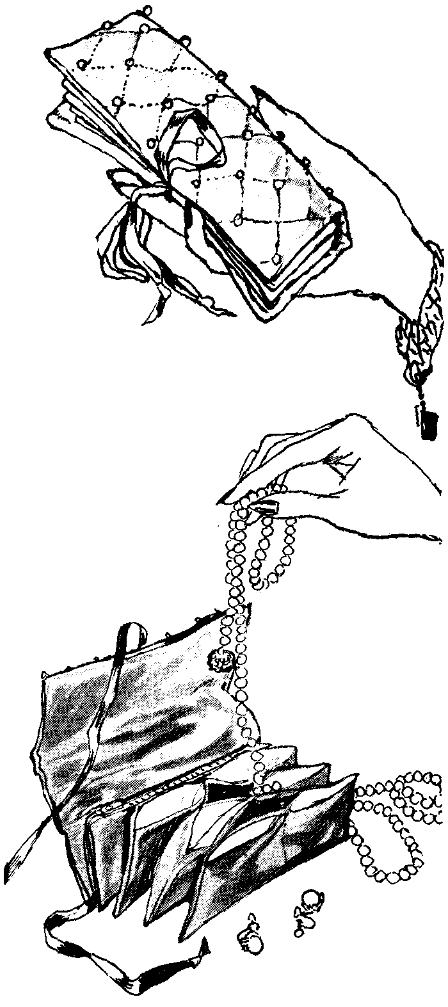

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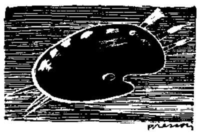

THE most important show to open the past week is also just about the smallest, not because of the number of pictures but because of the size of them. This is the loan exhibition now at Knoedler, for the benefit of the museums of Reims, of a set of sixteenth-century portrait drawings from the Reims Museum, all but two of them by the two Lucas Cranachs, father and son—or, as they are more commonly called, the Elder and the Younger. The fifteen items in the collection had until rather recently escaped everything but the most specialized attention. Part of a large and fairly random assortment of early German drawings that had been given nearly two centuries ago to a school that later became the Museum, they had been stored away and lost sight of, and though they were rediscovered and identified by experts around the beginning of this century, they have remained more or less unnoticed, and this is, I believe, the first time they have ever been exhibited as a group outside the Museum.

They are certainly deserving of anyone's attention. Lucas Cranach the Elder was, of course, one of the major figures of his period in northern Germany. He was a close friend of Martin Luther (he painted his first portrait of the Great Dissenter when the latter was still an Augustinian monk) and seems to have been active with him in the Reformation from the start, while his long-time position as court painter to the Elector of Saxony gave him familiarity with the northern nobility, and from what little is known of him he must have been temperamentally an apt exponent of their character as well. They were hardheaded, bluff, full-blooded, and yet moodily mystical, and so, apparently, was he; their most assiduous portraitist, he was well equipped to depict them with understanding. Ten of the pictures in the group are by his hand, and three by his almost equally talented son; the others are attributed, perhaps shakily, to Hans Holbein the Younger and Christopher Amberger. Taken all together, they give a vivid impression not only of the subjects as individuals but of the society they embodied.

Though the pieces are called drawings, they are only technically so, in that

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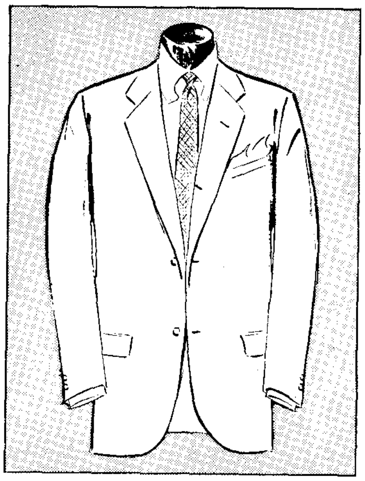

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they are thin oils or gouaches on paper, done as sketches for the portraits that were to be done later, and for this reason, in most cases it's the head that received the artist's attention, while the clothing and background are only indicated. Except for that, the workmanship is remarkably precise and painstaking, and they're done in a manner that, to those who (like most of us in this country) are most familiar with the elder Cranach's larger and more elaborate religious and mythological compositions, is likely to prove surprising. For if the larger paintings, with their tense and emphatic design and sometimes harsh angularities, seem still deeply bedded in the Gothic tradition in German art, there's a suavity about the pieces in this show that links them with the Renaissance. The later Holbein is suggested instead of Dürer, and both in lighting and in treatment they have a delicate ease, an almost sunny clarity of style, that is delightful. The fact that they are, after all, sketches may contribute to this feeling, and to the quality of vivid immediacy that goes with it.

I found it interesting to note the tiny touches with which the artist managed to differentiate his sitters and bring out their separate characteristics. Despite the miniaturistic scale of the handling, skin textures are always carefully rendered, and there are obvious and revealing differences between the moist, liverish look of "Christian II, King of Denmark;" the tanned, weather-beaten "Portrait of an Unknown Man" (numbered 1 in the catalogue); and the plump, ruddy-cheeked "John Frederick the Magnanimous." Eyes, too, are observed with extreme fidelity, and even through a magnifying glass (I was lent one, and was grateful for it) it is difficult to isolate all the minute flecks of color that animate the irises in such pieces as "Sibyl of Cleves, Wife of John Frederick," "Portrait of an Unknown Man" (No. 8), and "John the Constant, Elector of Saxony." I have spoken only of the paintings by Lucas the Elder, which are the best in the show. But the pieces by the younger Cranach—softer, sweeter, less decisive—have their charm too, particularly the broad-browed and self-willed-looking "Portrait of an Unknown Man," numbered 12; and the Amberger "Unknown Man," heavy-bearded and arrogant, is a little triumph of swift delineation.

KARL ZERBE, who for years has specialized in painting in encaustic, has now abandoned that medium (ironi-

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cally, because he developed an allergy to the wax that is its central ingredient), and for his new show at the Downtown has taken up polymer tempera instead. This is one of the new plastic-base paints, hard-surfaced and supposedly indestructible (and, one hopes for Mr. Zerbe's sake, devoid of allergenic properties). As often occurs when an artist embarks on a new medium, Zerbe shows signs of not having adapted himself to it entirely. A few of the pieces, notably "Woodcock" and "Venetian Glass," tend too much toward the monochromatic, and in some others, among them "The Beach," a sort of pictorial montage of fish, shells, rocks, and other objects suggestive of the seaside, an old inclination to hover confusedly between the abstract and the representational is disastrously accentuated by his current coloristic difficulties. These, however, are only occasional lapses, and in a number of the other pieces, such as "The Blue Shop" and "Seamen's Home," his use of color is sure and his composition strong and well integrated. I liked, too, his "Rome, Saint Augustine," with its boldly red church façade, and the curiously haunting "Three Masks."

IBRAM LASSAW, on view through this Saturday at the Kootz, is showing a group of his wire-and-metal abstract sculptures—all of them, as is usual, based on stars, constellations, and other astronomical features. Some of his pieces have been seen in group exhibitions, but this is his first one-man affair, and I found it disappointing, for there is a certain monotony that was not apparent when the works were displayed singly. His patterns are too frequently cagelike, either rising vertically or extending horizontally, and for an old stargazer like myself it's disturbing to find a handsome single star like Fomalhaut looking pretty much like his "The Constellation Perseus." "Procyon," though, has a proper starry sparkle, as does the smaller "The Pleiades," and I suppose that even when dealing with such unchangeables as the stars, an artist has a right to his interpretation.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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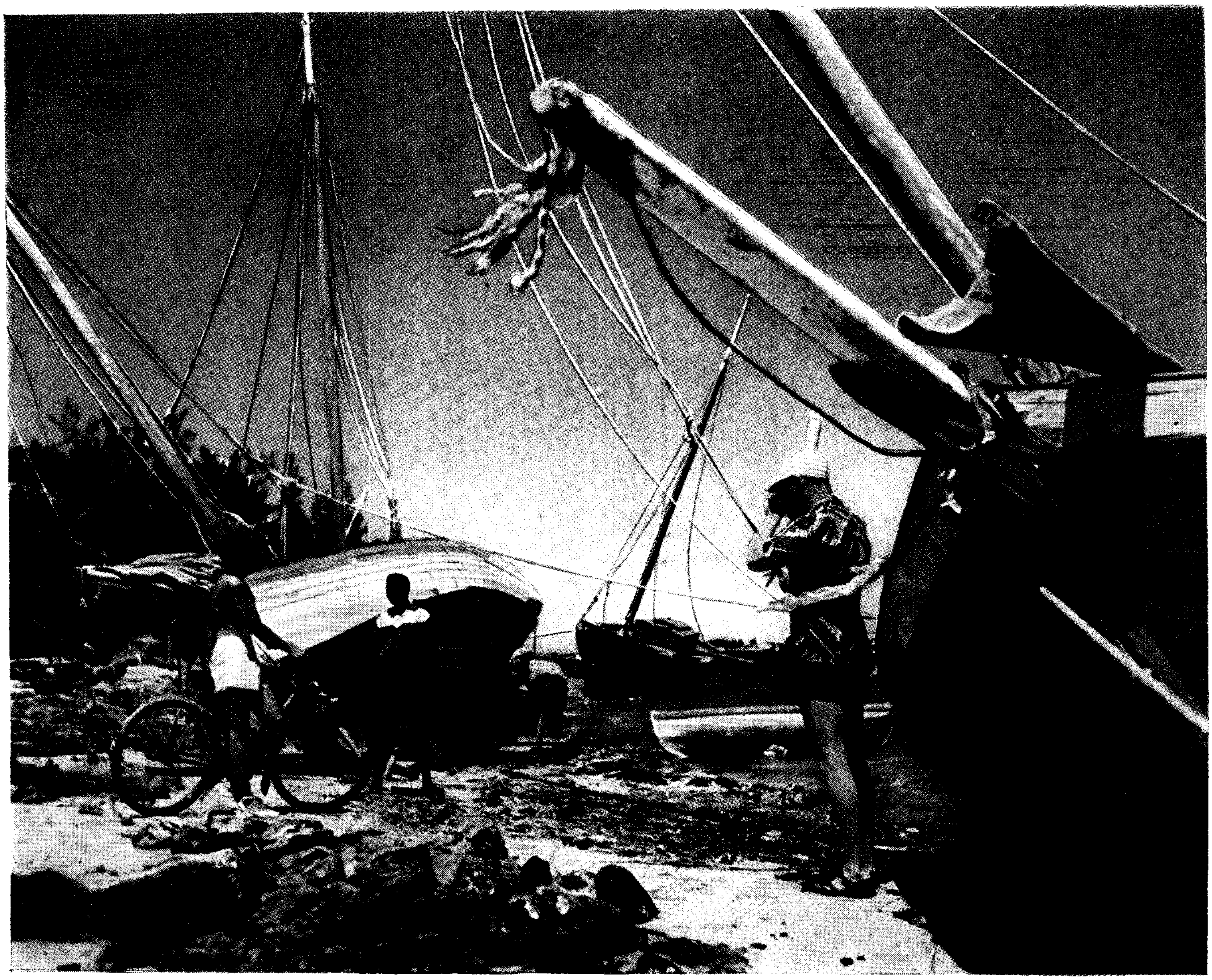

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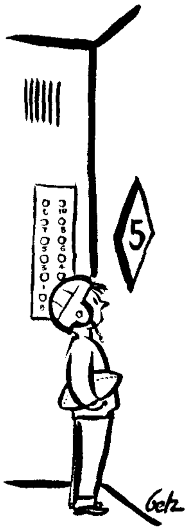
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

NOVEMBER 2

WHEN the present King and Queen of England visited this city in the remote but memorable summer of 1939, the British Embassy, which then employed a total of thirty-nine people, gave a garden party to which the Ambassador, Sir Ronald Lindsay, invited the President, the members of the Cabinet and the Supreme Court, some of the more presentable congressmen, and a large number of people who were known to the public chiefly as ornaments of the society pages of newspapers. The difference between the reception accorded the parents of Princess Elizabeth twelve years ago and that accorded the Princess and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, during the past few days points up rather strikingly some of the things that have been happening in the world lately. On the occasion of this royal visit, the British here played second fiddle to the Canadians. The Princess came to Washington as Princess of Canada, and it was the Embassy of the Dominion that had first call on her time. It was there that she received representatives of the Commonwealth countries, including the British Ambassador, Sir Oliver Franks, and it was there that she gave her state dinner in honor of the President and Mrs. Truman. A party for the Princess was held at the British Embassy, which—despite, and possibly to some extent because of, the shrinkage of the Empire in the intervening years—now employs in the neighborhood of four hundred people, but it was a gathering of a very different sort from the party held there in 1939.



This time, there was no hunting around in the *Social Register* and the Congressional Directory for acceptable guests. The *Social Register* was not consulted at all, and the names and addresses in the Congressional Directory were not studied but merely copied. The fact that a man had been looked upon with favor by the electorate of West Virginia or Utah was quite enough to qualify him for an invitation to meet the Queen presumptive, and it was no doubt sincerely regretted by the Embassy, which had planned the festivities while Congress was still in session and gave no promise of ever breaking up, that a large number of senators and representatives were unable to attend, being engaged at that moment during the brief Congressional recess in the urgent business of trying to hold on to the favor of the electorate in their home states. As for the list of non-official guests, the Embassy compiled it in the canny and meticulous way that a good campaign manager goes about forming what is known as a non-partisan committee. It included representatives of the C.I.O., the A.F.L., the Railroad Brotherhoods, business associations, veterans' groups, churches, women's clubs, the Grange, farm bureaus, and so on down the line to the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, and the 4-H. It is unlikely that in 1951 there has been or will be a gathering more broadly representative of the American democracy than the one that convened here yesterday in honor of Their Royal Highnesses.

Even if the Princess and her husband had not made their visit here, the past month would have gone down as one in which Washington was singularly concerned with the affairs of the United Kingdom and what remains of the British Empire. It has been a month in which a good deal of the time and energy of many government officials has gone into lending a hand in the attempts to settle the British disputes with the governments of Iran, Egypt, Iraq, and Lebanon and in which, because of these disputes and because of the return to power of Winston Churchill, the whole subject of Anglo-American relations has been under review. The subject will no doubt continue under review for some time to come, for until it is possible to see the end of the now seemingly unending crises in the Middle East, no one will be able to assess present-day British power or our relation to it. At the moment, it appears to be wholly impossible even to find out how negotiations are proceeding. Ever since the United Nations Security Council obliged the Iranian Premier, Dr. Mohammed Mossadegh, by stepping delicately out of the controversy over the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, State Department officials, who didn't endear themselves to the British by the role they played in the debate at Flushing Meadow, have been closeted daily with Dr. Mossadegh, but what they are proposing and what Dr. Mossadegh's present

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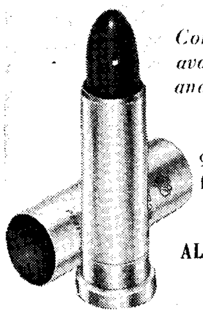

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frame of mind is no one will say. It is thought to be some kind of good omen that Dr. Mossadegh is staying on in Washington and establishing himself as a veteran resident of the Shoreham Hotel (he wasn't, incidentally, a guest at any of the parties for the Princess), but then it was also thought a good omen that he took up life on Park Avenue last month and consented to talk things over with the Security Council.

ONE thing that is clear at this stage is Washington's view of last week's election in England. By and large, the results, at least as they are seen in the perspective of eight days, are gratifying to Democrats no less than to Republicans. No one expects that Churchill's imagination and political audacity, magnificent as these qualities can be, will go very far toward resolving the internal economic crisis his government will have to face, along with the assorted crises in the Middle East, but it is felt that both the freshness of his Cabinet and the long administrative experience of most of its members may to some slight extent alleviate the gravity of the problems, and there is almost universal agreement that Churchill, as a figure symbolic of strength and perseverance, will be good medicine for the whole Western coalition. Whether the United States government would have welcomed a Conservative victory if Ernest Bevin had not died and Sir Stafford Cripps had not been forced into retirement by failing health is debatable. Though Bevin and Cripps had their detractors here, they were widely respected for their vigor and practicality, and they got along astonishingly well with their American counterparts—an example, perhaps, of the attraction of opposites, for it would be difficult to imagine two men more dissimilar in temperament than Bevin and Dean Acheson or a friendship more implausible than the one that developed between Cripps, the vegetarian Socialist, and John Snyder, the St. Louis banker. If Bevin and Cripps were still around, there might have been some regret at the fall of the Attlee government, but there is no doubt that most people here, even many of those who shared that government's zeal for the welfare state, took rather a sour view of the Labour leadership in its last days and were particularly eager to hear the last of Herbert Morrison as Foreign Secretary.

Immediately after the election, when it became apparent that the strengthening of the Bevan, or anti-American, faction of the Labour Party was as significant a development as Churchill's return, there was some feeling that the

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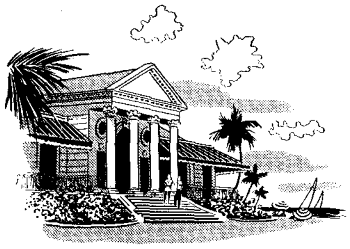

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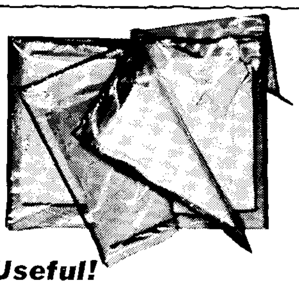

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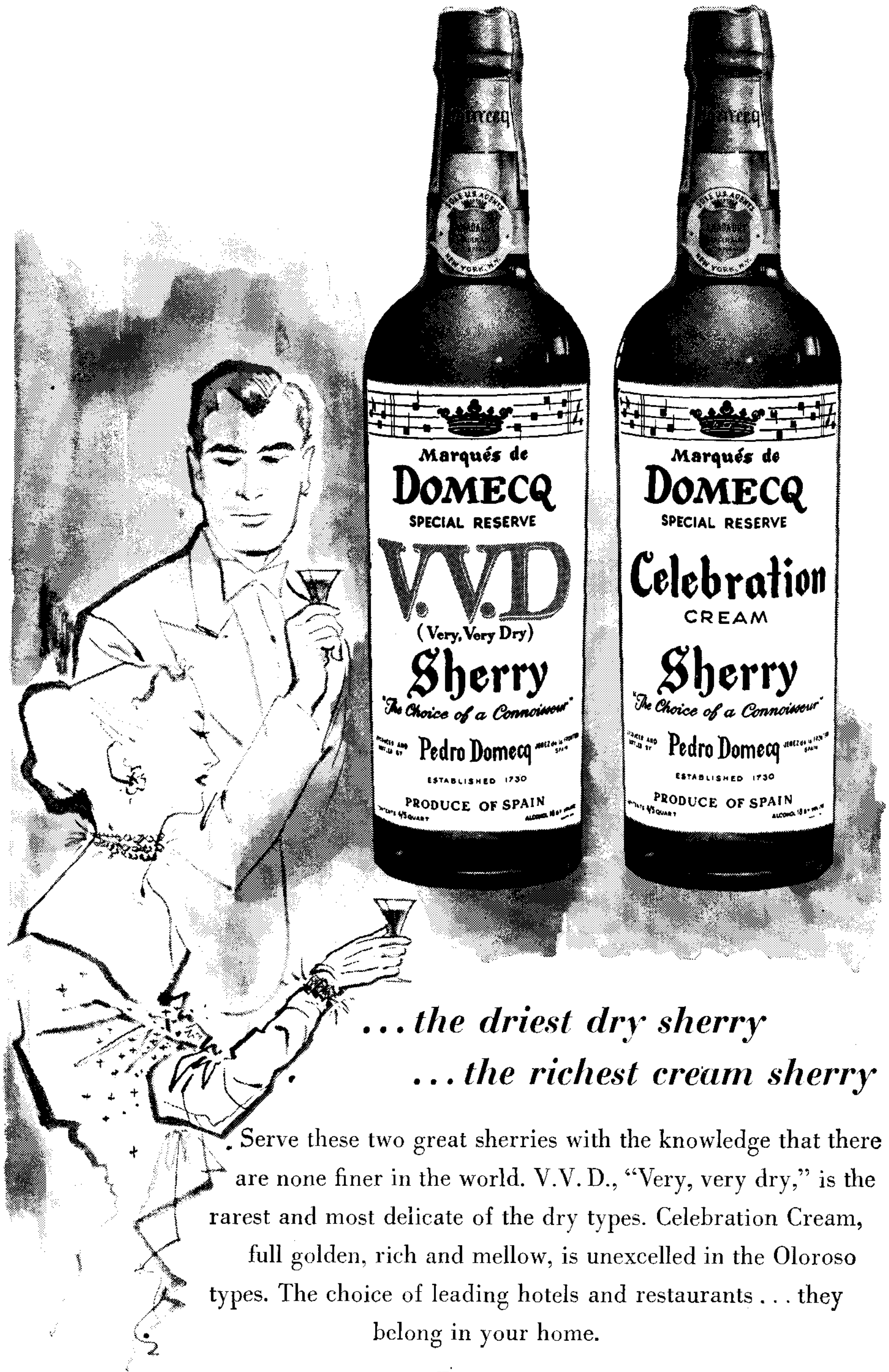
United States might in the end have to set the election down as a net loss. That feeling has, however, pretty much subsided. The general opinion is that if the Churchill government can hold on for a year or two, it will have seen England through what may well be the most difficult period of the burgeoning Western alliance. It is believed that once the alliance is firmly established, and once General Eisenhower's armies are organized, a government headed by Bevan or any other member of the Left Wing of the Labour Party would have as difficult a time undoing the North Atlantic Treaty as the Churchill government would have if it now tried to restore the prewar social structure of England.

There is also a hope that Churchill, if he performs as adroitly as he is expected to, will be able to do a great deal not only to reduce anti-British sentiment here but to dissipate some of the British anti-Americanism that expressed itself in the large votes for the Bevan candidates. For one thing, the Bevan brand of anti-Americanism rests very largely on the belief that the cold war could be brought to an end through negotiation with the Soviet Union and that the chief reason it isn't being brought to an end is the desire of greedy American industrialists to continue operating in a seller's market. Churchill takes a more charitable view of American industry, but he feels that negotiation (especially if conducted by Churchill) is worth trying, and he has pledged himself to put the theory to the test at the earliest possible moment. Since President Truman has pledged *him*self not to put the theory to the test until Stalin agrees to meet him in the White House, it seems likely that Churchill will make at least his first trip to Moscow alone. As a means of putting the Bevan theory to the test, this, it is thought here, might work out very nicely. If the American assumption that the time is not ripe for negotiating is sound, then it would be far better to have the thesis demonstrated in a conference at which this government is not represented and no one is directly subjected to American pressures. Even Bevan, for all his distrust of Churchill, could not say or believe that the Prime Minister had entered into negotiations in bad faith or as what Moscow might call "the errand boy of American capitalism," and the failure of a Churchill mission would prove to large numbers of English voters that the responsibility for the continuance of the cold war could not in its entirety be charged to the United States.

Still, not everyone here is convinced



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that a Churchill mission would be a total failure. To judge by his public statements, the President certainly seems to be of the opinion that no good could come of negotiating, but it is pointed out by even a number of his friends and supporters that he, as were some members of the Attlee government, is in a way a victim of long tenure and of the consistency required of officeholders. Even if he harbored the suspicion that it might be worth while trying to arrange a settlement at this stage, he would be bound by his own declarations to wait for Stalin to take the initiative. And if he is reacting to recent developments in the manner that a great many people here are, he may be coming around to the opinion that now is the time for a big diplomatic push and that the West, though it may not be militarily strong enough to enforce its will on the Soviet Union, is strong enough in morale to be able to withstand the disappointment of another unsuccessful effort at settlement. But the feeling that disappointment is not inevitable has grown in the past few weeks and has been sustained by such things as the tone of Vishinsky's reply to Ambassador Kirk's note, by the new turn the Korean talks have taken, by what appears to be a muffling of Cominform propaganda, and by the thought that Russians must feel as glum as most non-Russians do when they hear of triumph after triumph in the production of atomic weapons. The fact is that if Churchill went to Moscow soon (it is thought that he would visit the President either in Washington or at Key West before arranging for any meetings with Stalin), a number of officials here would regard the mission as potentially more than a mere demonstration of the eternal hopelessness of reaching an honorable agreement, and it is conceivable that among those officials would be the President himself. To be sure, Churchill could not be empowered to negotiate on the President's behalf, but he could be empowered to explore the possibilities and, if he found them good, might take Mr. Truman off the hook that Mr. Truman fashioned with his own words.

If it turns out that the President has been right in publicly appraising the situation as a thoroughly desolate one, and if Churchill is denied the satisfaction of capping his great career with a diplomatic settlement, there is, it is felt here, one great prize that, regardless of Russian intransigence, will still be more or less within the Prime Minister's reach. Unlike the members of the government he has just replaced with his own, Churchill has always been a believer in the need for European unity. He was

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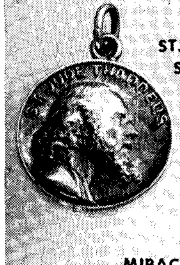

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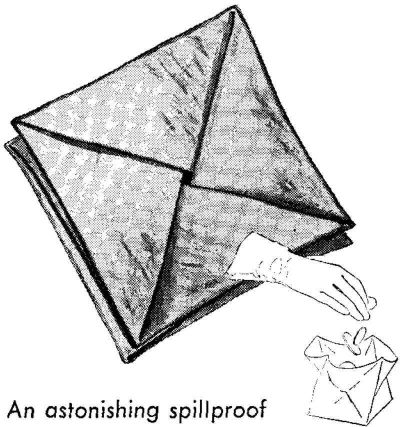

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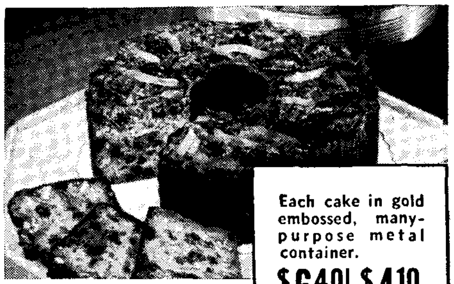

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speaking of it when most of the Marshall Plan administrators who have recently been urging it were schoolboys, and he has rarely passed up an opportunity to describe and discuss what he regards as the "sovereign remedy" of re-creating "the European family, or as much of it as we can, and [providing] it with a structure under which it can dwell in peace, in safety, and in freedom." For years, Churchill's was the only powerful voice urging the integration of Europe, and it must have seemed ironic to him that soon after he was forced to step down from office, our government, faced with the job of supporting a dozen conflicting economies and giving aid to a dozen armies that were allied against a common enemy but at the same time competing with one another for supplies and prestige, saw the wisdom of what Churchill had been advocating and began applying pressure in that direction. It must have been something of a personal tragedy for him that his successors in office, though they were committed in theory to even more grandiose internationalist schemes, became in practice the leading opponents of European unity. The Socialist government, fearing to find itself dominated by a federation of rightist governments, withheld support from the Schuman Plan and, for a long time, from the idea of a mixed army. In fact, except for its participation in the European Payments Union, it either actively opposed or gave only lip service to every plan for breaking down the artificial economic restraints and needlessly competitive organizations of Europe.

It has been suggested that the new Churchill government may make its enduring contribution by putting both its leader's eloquence and its political power behind European unification. If it does this, it is by no means impossible, in the belief of many people here, that Europe will become a single political unit within the next decade or so.

BY all odds, the most peculiar proceedings now taking place here are those being conducted by and before

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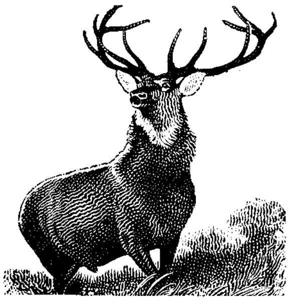

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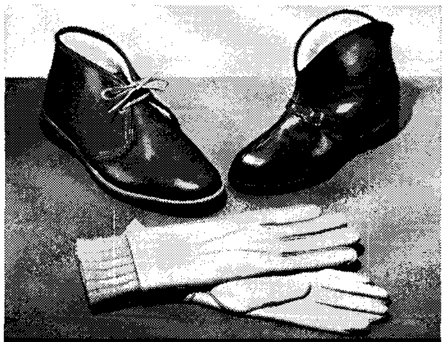

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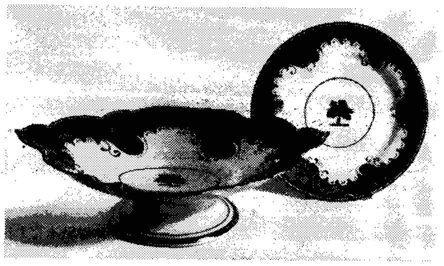
an agency of the government called the Subversive Activities Control Board. The S.A.C.B., as it is known to the small number of people aware of its existence, was created by the McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950 and misnamed in the process of creation. It does not "control" subversive activities, or anything else. It is, at least in intent, a fact-finding body authorized by the terms of the McCarran Act to determine which individual members of organizations should comply with the provision requiring members of "Communist-action groups" and the officers of "Communist-front organizations" to register with the Attorney General. The Attorney General himself, of course, has compiled a celebrated list of Communist organizations, and his assistant, the director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, claims to have the name of every Communist in the country. But the McCarran Act covers the same ground in a different way by setting up elaborate machinery for seeing to it that the Communists required to file their names with the Attorney General in this vast duplication of the F.B.I.'s Communist file are given the full benefit of their Constitutional right to due process of law. The due process is roughly as follows: The Attorney General, consulting his list of Communist organizations, picks one out and petitions the S.A.C.B. to certify it as a Communist organization. The S.A.C.B. then orders the Attorney General to prepare its case against the organization and advises the organization to respond with any defense it cares to make. It then listens to both sides and arrives at a decision. If either petitioner or respondent finds himself aggrieved by the decision, he takes his complaint to the Circuit Court of Appeals. If he doesn't like the Circuit Court's ruling, he goes to the United States Supreme Court. This first step toward countering what is widely held to be the "clear and present danger" of Communism in the United States is bound to take quite some time—a year, perhaps, or two, in each case. But since the act calls for the registration of individuals, as well as organizations, the battle against Communism is not even half won when the Board is upheld in its contention that a particular organization is Communist. The Board must then hear the Attorney General's case against everyone of the individuals he claims belong to the organization. Members have precisely the same rights of defense and appeal as organizations.

At present, the S.A.C.B. is holding

Desserts with a Dossier



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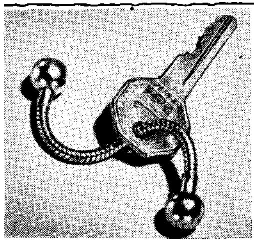

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hearings to determine whether there is any merit in the Attorney General's claim that the Communist Party is a Communist-action group. The Communist Party denies being any such thing. The hearings on this claim and counter-claim are open to the public, but the public doesn't know about them and on most days they are conducted before an audience of one, the Washington correspondent of the *Daily Worker*. At the moment, there is some question about the legality of the proceedings. The S.A.C.B. is a body without a head. The first chairman of the Board, Seth W. Richardson, had to retire because of health. For several months, Charles M. LaFollette, a former Congressman from Indiana, served as acting chairman, but throughout this period, the Senate Judiciary Committee, of which Senator McCarran is chairman, neglected to confirm LaFollette's appointment to the Board, and when Congress went home the other day, LaFollette, too, went home. But the hearings go on. In the approximately eighty-five sessions held so far, the Board has heard the Attorney General introduce evidence intended to show that in every year between 1919 and 1949 the Communist Party has been a Communist-action group. It is anticipated that it will take only a few more sessions for the Attorney General to cover 1950 and 1951. Then it will be up to the Communist Party, whose chief counsel is Vito Marcantonio, former Republican, Democratic, and American Labor Party Representative from New York, to present its defense. This should take no more than a year, and even if appeals are carried to the Supreme Court, it ought to be possible for the Board either to get on to another organization or to begin its study of the Party's members sometime in 1953 or 1954.

It is estimated that there are about twenty-five organizations the Attorney General might ask to have investigated and about twenty-five thousand individuals. It may be, however, that the number of individuals will turn out to be far lower. John Victor Blanc, a witness appearing before the Board this week, gave evidence that suggests there may not be as many Communists in this country as people have heretofore supposed. Up to the time he testified at the trial of the eleven Communist leaders in New York a couple of years ago, Mr. Blanc was an F.B.I. operative in the Communist Party. He was the leader of the Communist cell at the Park Drop Forge Company, in Cleveland. On the books of the Communist

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Party, this cell was listed as having eleven members. Actually, according to Mr. Blanc, it had no members except himself. In order to save himself trouble and at the same time to make the Communists regard him as an alert and aggressive leader, he registered eleven fictitious names with the Party and paid the dues for all of them. If it should develop that the creation of phantom cells was a common practice among the many F.B.I. agents in the Party, it would cast a certain doubt on some of the figures we have been given on the number of Communists in the country. But even if the evidence should reveal—as, of course, it won't—that there are no Communists in the country, the S.A.C.B. would have enough organizations to judge to keep it busy for most of the rest of the century.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPT.

[*From an address delivered by Deane W. Malott at his installation, September 19, 1951, as president of Cornell University*]	[*From "The Student as a Responsible Person," by Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, in the Harvard Educational Review, Vol. 19, No. 2, 1949*]
. . . Emerson . . . best stated the mood of America, at its youthful best, when he asked, "If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution? When the old and new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are stimulated by fear and hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era?"	It is Emerson who states the mood of America at its youthful best, when he asks, "If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution? When the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era?"
If our wish is Emerson's, we have it today. The trouble is that for a number of people, the future is a bit too rich in alarming possibilities, and when they take the old and the new side by side, they would much prefer the old. The fearful ones who hate and condemn the liberalism in our colleges never suggest any additions to the store of human knowledge. . . . They want us to leave out all that is interesting and vital, the great current social issues . . . on which they wish neither professor nor students to take sides. Such a course would not mean free minds. We cannot be free and at the same time preserve ourselves only amid "the gentility of the obvious and the tedium of the uncontroversial." Young people, at least, cannot be expected to reserve their greatest enthusiasm for the status quo.	If our wish is Emerson's, we have it today. . . . The trouble is that for many people the future is a bit too rich in alarming possibilities, and when they take the old and the new side by side, they much prefer the old. . . . The fearful ones who hate and condemn the liberalism in our colleges are more anxious to prohibit ideas than to make them grow. They want us to leave out the interesting and vital parts of education, the . . . current social issues . . . and they do not wish professors or students to take sides. They want us to be careful what we say. We must not offend anyone. . . . We must preserve the gentility of the obvious, and the tedium of the uncontroversial. We must reserve our wildest enthusiasms for the status quo.

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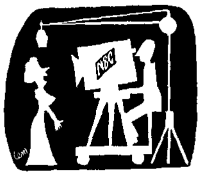
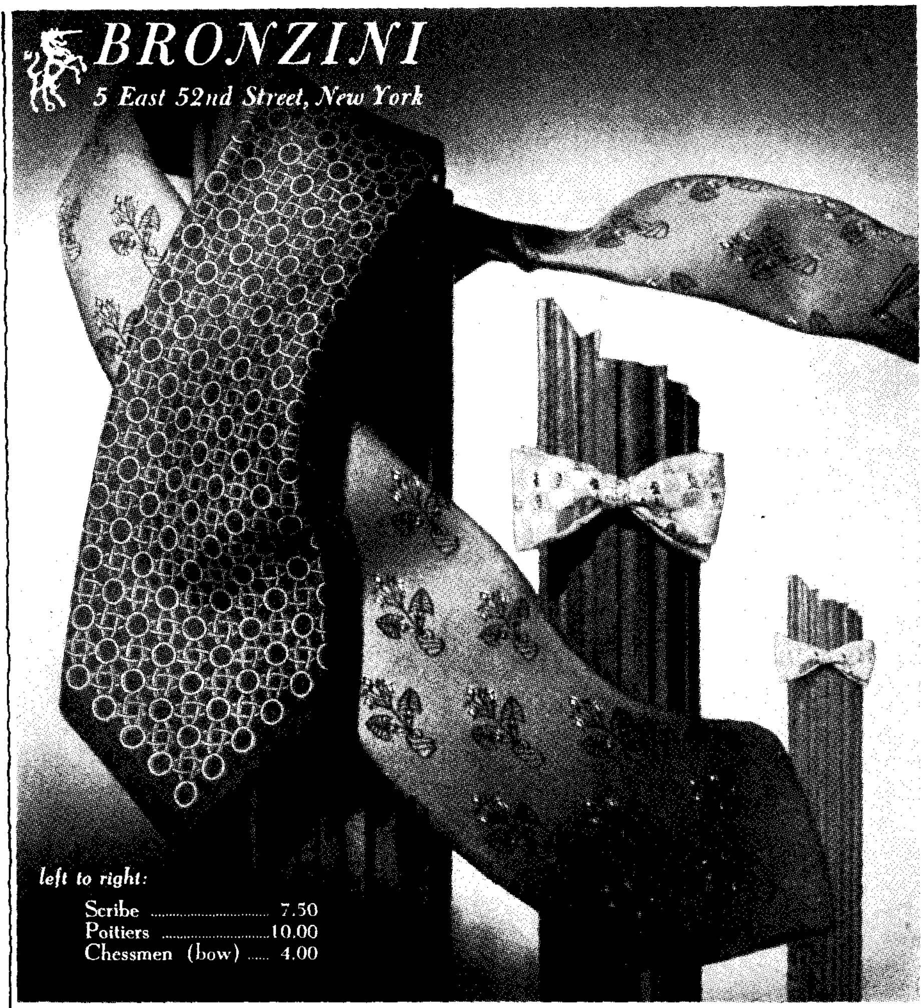
TELEVISION

A Few Statistics



BY and large, television writers are fascinated by death. They do not seem capable of keeping it out of their scripts, and week after week, program after program, death, in one form or another, assumes a major role. Death, in fact, is rapidly replacing Milton Berle as Mr. Television. Over the past year, I have assiduously kept a check list of the death toll on my tiny screen, and the results are, to say the least, appalling. Looking at my list, I find that 16,932 men, women, children, and animals have passed away on television programs since the night of November 1, 1950, most of them in a sudden and quite violent manner. Death by shooting has been far and away the most popular method employed by script-writers to rub out their characters, accounting for 9,652 deaths, or more than half of the fatalities. In television shootings, revolvers have led the field four to one, but since the Kefauver hearings, with their dark references to mobs and mobsters, the machine gun has been coming into its own. Not only do machine guns make more noise on television than revolvers but they get rid of more people, and quicker, too. Mobsters, using machine guns, have sent 894 men across the bar, 762 of them since March 14, 1951, the third day of the Kefauver telecasts in New York. These machine-gunnings usually take place in a gaudy night club or hot spot, and the man behind the gun is inevitably in the employ of Mr. Big, but sometimes they take place in alleys, also a favorite spot for the old-fashioned, or smoking-rod, type of death. My list shows, for example, seventeen deaths in alleys in July alone, five of them by machine guns. All the alleys were dark, and there wasn't a policeman in sight. As a matter of fact, there never *is* a policeman in sight until rigor mortis sets in, but private eyes tumble over one another to reach the scene of a crime. Private eyes, according to my calculations, turned up—late, as usual—in 391 cases of death in the period under scrutiny. Sixty per cent of all these private-eye deaths were attributable to gunfire of one type or another, fourteen per cent to fire (generally of an incendiary nature and mostly in warehouses), twenty per cent to poisoning, and six per cent to miscellaneous causes, including in-



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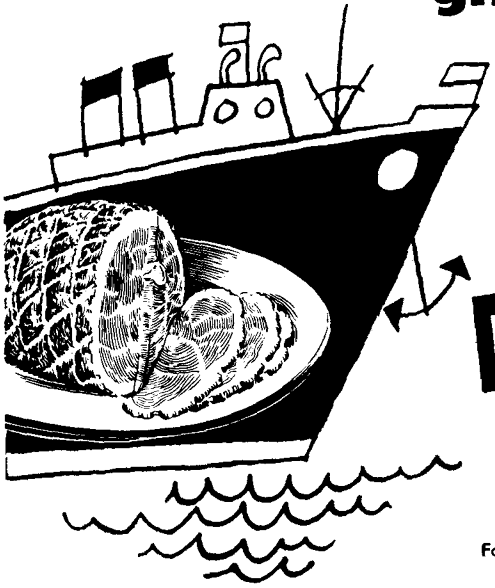

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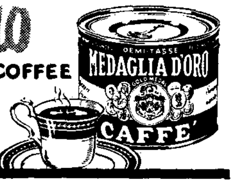

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geniously contrived electrocutions at the hands of simple home appliances. Also under miscellaneous I found deaths from lye-and-cement jobs, and snakebites (three).

When the programs leave the turbulent urban centers of crime and head into the great, clean, wide-open spaces of the Far West, the crime statistics leap upward like a giant bird of prey. I find that no less than 7,358 persons and 249 horses bit the dust out West, either on the range or high in the hills outside town or in front of a saloon or just inside the corral gate. (I find a curious reference in my list to "Possum: Strangulation by Indian 5/13/51" but have no recollection of the incident, and have not included the figure in the over-all total.) Par for deaths on a cowboy program of thirty minutes' duration is forty-six. Cowboys habitually pass on in groups of from ten to fifteen at a time, the most common method of dispatching them wholesale being large boulders rolled over cliffs, customarily by Mexicans with dirty faces. I hasten to point out that cowboy-mortality figures are not completely reliable, for it often happens that a man who has been gagged and bound hand and foot and left in a blazing cabin, along with a dozen or more of his mates, will turn up fifteen minutes later to get it again in the canyon, in the boulder-and-Mexican routine. Strangely, par for deaths on a cowboy program of sixty minutes' duration is not double that of the half-hour program but only sixty-four. Commercials during the second half of an hour-long cowboy program tend to cut down the death rate materially, and it is further held in check by prolonged conversations between the ranch owner's daughter and her blind father. Most of the time, the father, who always wears a nightgown and nightcap and has not shaved since Teddy Roosevelt was a boy, dies of natural causes. He takes a long time going, too, and it is hardly worth the effort, since it adds only one figure to the list.

A few words about animals. I find 102 entries under the heading "Canine Casualties," eighty-five of the victims belonging to small boys. Small boys are always losing their dogs on television. (Small girls take better care of their pets.) Most of the dogs are accidentally run over by cars or trucks, unhappily on the boys' birthdays, but the figures reveal seven cases in which dogs intentionally stepped in front of trucks, heroically sacrificing their own lives to save their little masters. Collies predominate, five to two, when it comes to

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heroics. Scotties get run over more often than any other breed. They don't look where they're going, or something. Bird casualties are negligible. An occasional parrot drops for the final count, and in the winter months sparrows die from time to time, symbolically; eighteen died last year. One night in June, a fawn stumbled onto some railroad tracks and was cut down by a swiftly moving train, but this is the only instance of fawn death in my records. Train wrecks, incidentally, accounted for 114 human deaths, thirty-seven of them on one trestle alone. Iron Curtain deaths (lengthy interrogation followed by extensive bludgeoning) amounted to 153, outstripping deaths at the hands of Nazis (less interrogation, more bludgeoning), which numbered sixty-two. I have arbitrarily entered political machine-gunnings in a category separate from Iron Curtain deaths and mobster machine-gunnings. There were ninety-eight of them, all in Siberia.

During the Yule season, there is a noticeable drop in violent deaths (except in the Far West, where the killings continue, regardless) and a marked shift to a softer and gentler reference to the Grim Reaper. I have in my file 312 references under the heading "Holly Haunts." Holly Haunts are a distinct contribution of the television writer to the Christmas season. A Holly Haunt is usually a dead person who returns home, mostly on Christmas Eve, to mingle with his family, who either (a) hear him but cannot see him or (b) see him but cannot establish communication or (c) are so disturbed by the mysterious blowing of a window curtain or some other manifestation of a presence that they can't figure out what the hell is happening. Some Holly Haunts, though as dead as the others, are unaware of their condition until the close of the program, when a small man in a derby comes and takes them far, far away. In the approaching Yule season, there will be forty-three small men in derbies or my filing system breaks down.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Captain Beadon, a slightly built, Devon-born Englishman, is a veteran of the Royal Navy submarine service in World War I. He recalled yesterday that his closest squeak in that conflict came when the U.S.S. Spaulding laid a pattern of depth charges around his submarine by mistake. This did not, however, prevent him from marrying a girl from Harrisburg, Pa.—*The Times*.

Good try on the Spaulding's part, just the same.

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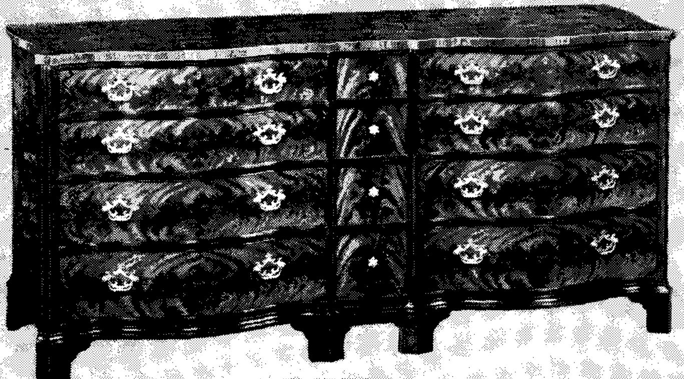

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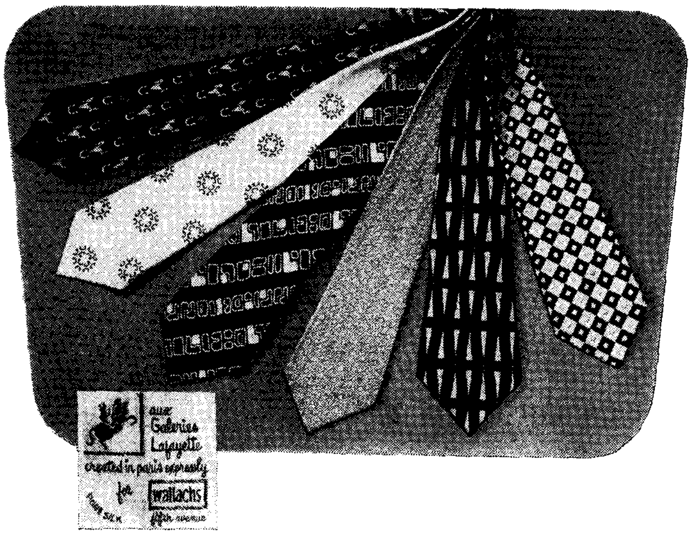

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

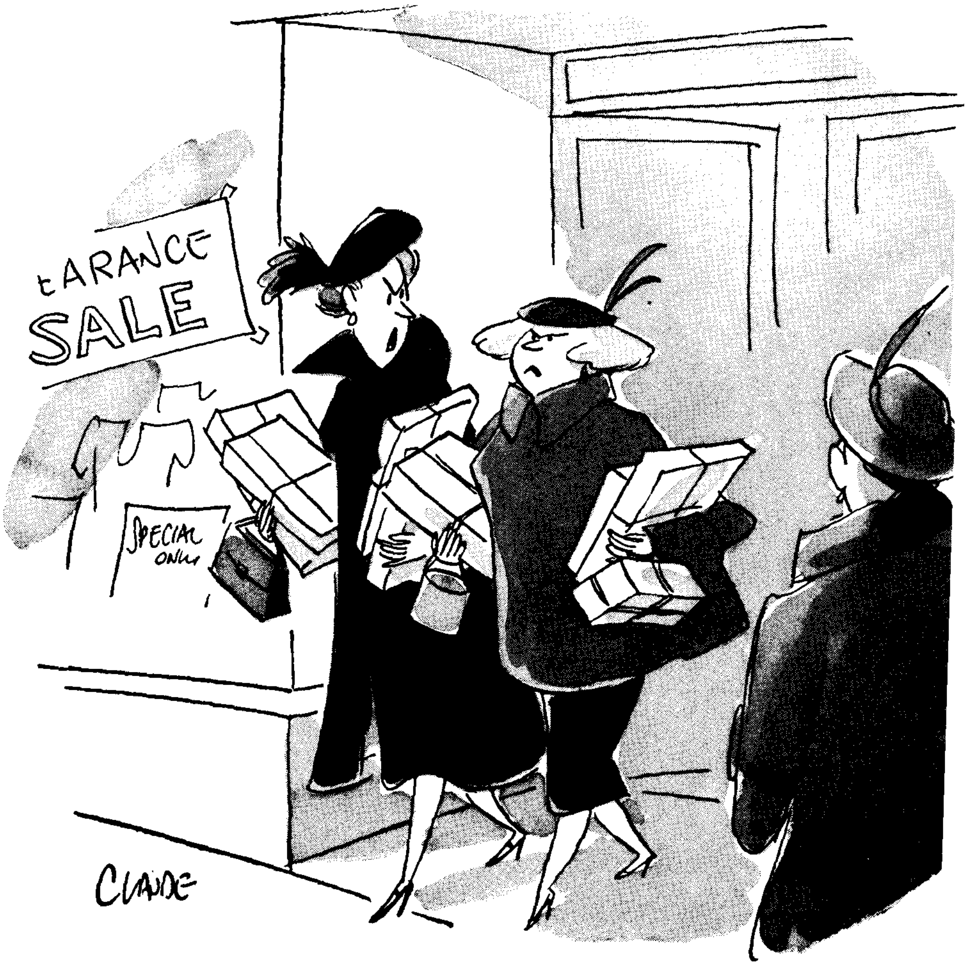
ABOUT THE HOUSE

MORE than once in these columns, I have deplored the lack of some reasonably priced and not unsightly electrical contrivance for lighting pictures in the home. For serious art collectors, or for anyone with a serious bank balance, there is, as I have noted before, the exceptionally fine work of Rudolf Wendel, whose exquisitely focussed recessed spotlights revealed hidden virtues in many a Louvre masterpiece before he brought his talents to this country and put them at the disposal of well-heeled Americans. Only recently, I have become acquainted with some remarkably effective and reasonably priced illuminating devices of the same general type, and, on the chance that I am not the only one who hadn't heard of them, I bring them to the attention of any householder who is laboring with the problem of lighting a painting at not too great a cost.

Kliegl Brothers, 321 West 50th Street, make a hidden spotlight (the genus is known as the pinhole light) that projects, at any angle up to forty-five degrees, a soft but powerful beam through a ceiling opening no bigger than a thumbnail. (A variation of this light, incidentally, gives a straight-down and very striking illumination for a dinner table.) The apparatus is contained in a metal cylinder eight and a half inches in diameter and eight inches tall, which is small enough to fit into any ceiling of standard construction after a moderate amount of excavation. Once the projector is set at the desired angle, the beam is tailored to the desired size and the desired shape—square, rectangular, triangular, or whatever—by the manipulation of four metal slides, or shutters, which are in the front of the projector and which work like so many sluice gates in the light stream. With these, the beam can be adjusted to frame a large canvas or tapestry or to pinpoint a tiny painting. A metal cover plate, with a peephole for the light, snaps onto the base of the cylinder, practically flush with the ceiling. The cover, by the way, can be removed easily for replacing the bulb or for refocussing the light. This appliance comes direct to the customer, without entanglement with architect or decorator, for $40. Kliegl doesn't install it, but the firm's engineering department will go to no end of pains in giving advice to the purchaser who runs into trouble getting it set up.

The cost of installation depends upon so many factors that I shan't attempt to generalize on prices; I know of one case in which a pinhole light was ensconced in a closet and beamed through a hole in the door for $25, and I know of other cases in which the cost ran into hundreds of dollars. One major factor is, of course, how precise a job you hold out for. Any capable electrician can rig the thing so that the beam hits the object to be lighted, but it's doubtful whether anyone but an expert can focus the light to the utmost advantage or deal with out-of-the-way architectural problems. Perfectionists will object that anybody who cares enough about his pictures to want them lighted at all should have the job faultlessly done by an expert, so that no light spills over, by so much as a hairbreadth, onto the frame, or distorts the picture's composition in any way. Even when installed by the neighborhood electrician, though, the pinhole light is so vastly superior to those miserable reflectors that clamp onto the top or bottom of a frame that I feel sure there must be people besides me who will consider this relatively inexpensive way of lighting a painting an answer to prayer, especially if the prayer hasn't stipulated the subtleties of perfection.

Century Lighting, 521 West 43rd Street, turns out several excellent pinhole lights, the most practical of which, as far as the illumination of paintings in the home is concerned, is another that uses shutters to confine the light precisely to a given surface. This one, however, has lenses that focus the light and govern its intensity. The layout I inspected had been set up by an electrical engineer, and its illumination of a small Japanese water color under glass (a glass-covered picture naturally presents extra lighting difficulties) left absolutely nothing to be desired. Century doesn't like to have its fine in-



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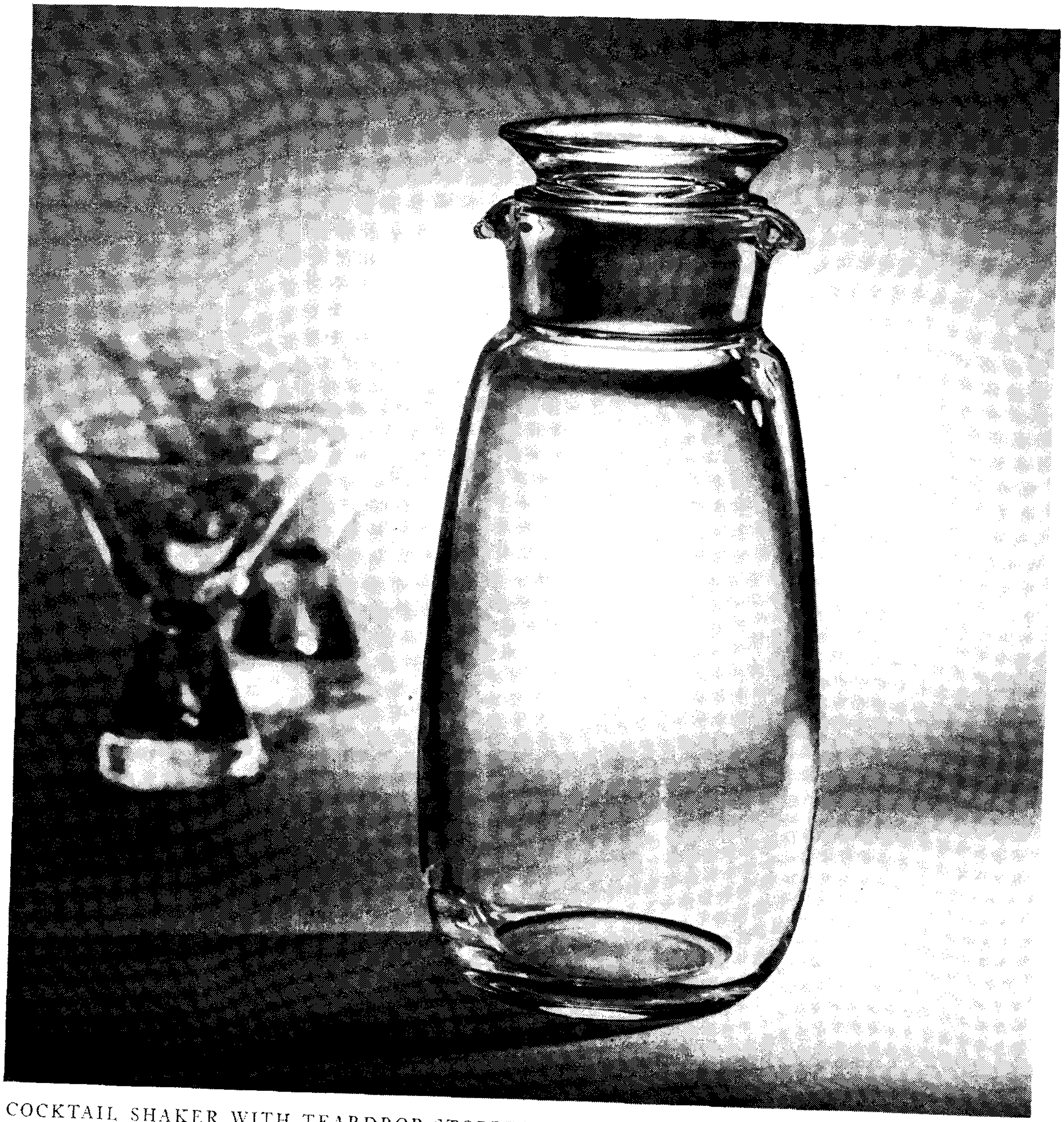

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struments entrusted to inexpert hands, but you don't have to send to M.I.T. for somebody who can put one of them into operation; I daresay one's apartment-house electrician could do it. The unit I saw—it costs $55, and there are others for between $40 and $60—is twelve inches deep, and therefore requires a bit more ceiling space than the Kliegl light; its cover is somewhat similar to the latter's. Either fixture can be taken down without much difficulty if the owner moves away or wants to set it up somewhere else.

ANYBODY who insists that a recessed light bring out every last bit of artistic value in his work of art should, of course, have no truck with the neighborhood electrician but turn the job over to a specialist. Kliegl and Century agree (they don't agree about much else) that Thomas Smith Kelly, a designer and electrical contractor at 115 East 60th Street, is one of the ablest practitioners in this field, and certainly the Kelly lighting that I have seen would indicate that it is well worth the added expense to get the benefits of such conscientious craftsmanship. While Kelly performs wonders with the pinhole spotlight, he is also happy to deal with other kinds of concealed lighting in the home, and some of his provisions for general illumination are exceptionally well thought out—marvels of artistic perception, in fact. For example, a strip-lighting setup of his, in which an entire wall is illumined by a row of bulbs recessed in a false molding, each covered with a lens that manages to focus and diffuse light simultaneously, is a most interesting and impressive lighting arrangement. Mr. Kelly's principal concern is built-in lighting, but he occasionally designs and makes portable appliances, some of which are on view at his offices. One of these—it is unique, as far as I know—is a powerful spotlight, small enough and good-looking enough to need no camouflage. It resembles a miniature brass telescope; the tube is five inches long and an inch and a half in diameter, and is mounted on a flat base with a swivel joint, so that the beam can be aimed in any direction. Set on a table or a shelf, the contraption, which costs $75, is no more noticeable than a cigarette lighter or a paperweight, and the beam, which is inconspicuous when other lights in the room are on, can be put to all sorts of chores, including, of course, the illumination of art objects. Another portable Kelly model is a pleasing compromise between the pin-

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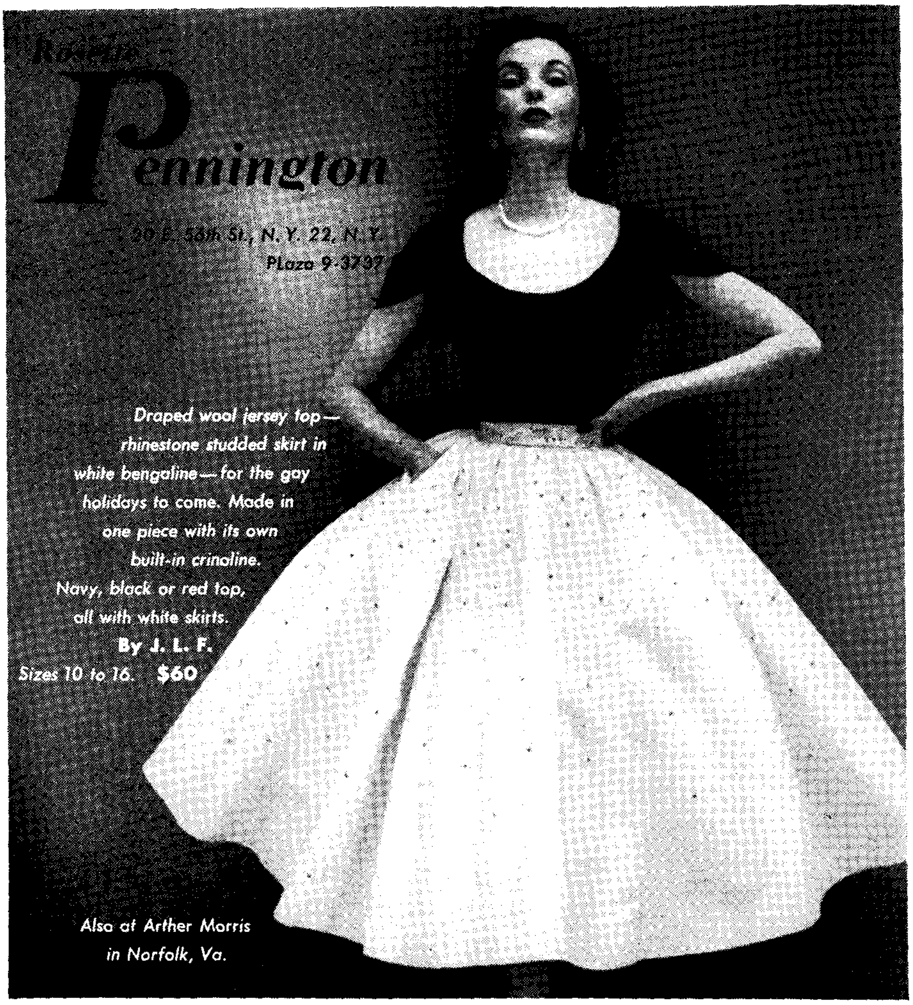
hole light and the clamp-on reflector; this is nothing more than a narrow, metal-lined mahogany box, vaguely Chippendale, containing two bulbs with built-in reflectors. The light escapes through, and is fairly well focussed by, louvers in the top of the box. The unit, which costs $150, is meant to be placed on a shelf or a chest and, naturally, lights a picture only from below; it is probably no more efficient than the old-style reflector, but it is considerably better-looking, and it seemed to be doing a good job beneath a portrait in the Kelly offices.

To get back to the handsome and dramatically lighted interiors achieved by Mr. Kelly, and by others in his field, I think I shall keep my head about that sort of illumination and not banish the decorative portable lamp from the home—not by any means. Already the overworked theatrical effect of shadow relieved only by recessed lambency seems just a little boring. It's coming to be felt, I think, that the two means of lighting—the recessed and the direct—need each other urgently.

A REALLY inexpensive recessed ceiling spotlight, which makes no pretensions to the trick performance of the pinholes and casts only a downward beam, is the Midget-Toplite, put out by the Swivelier Company, 30 Irving Place. It consists of a cylindrical steel housing, a trifle under seven inches tall, that is set into the ceiling the same way the more expensive spotlights are. Instead of a pinhole opening for the light, however, this one has a five-inch opening, masked by a circular metal louver composed of concentric rings. That's all there is to it, but for what it aims to do—light a dinner table or a card table or a desk—it's very effective. The Toplite, complete with louver, is $8.95 and can be ordered through any electrician.

SUSPECTING that there might be something amiss in my approach to the subject of electric-light bulbs and my impression that one bulb is distinguished from another mainly by a wattage number, I have recently undertaken to inform myself of advances in this field. Some instinct warns me that most people have kept better track of such matters than I have, but I can't resist reporting on a few of the advances in bulbs intended for home lighting. Since it is not easy to make a complete roundup of the new items by shopping around town (the average electric or house-furnishings store seems to display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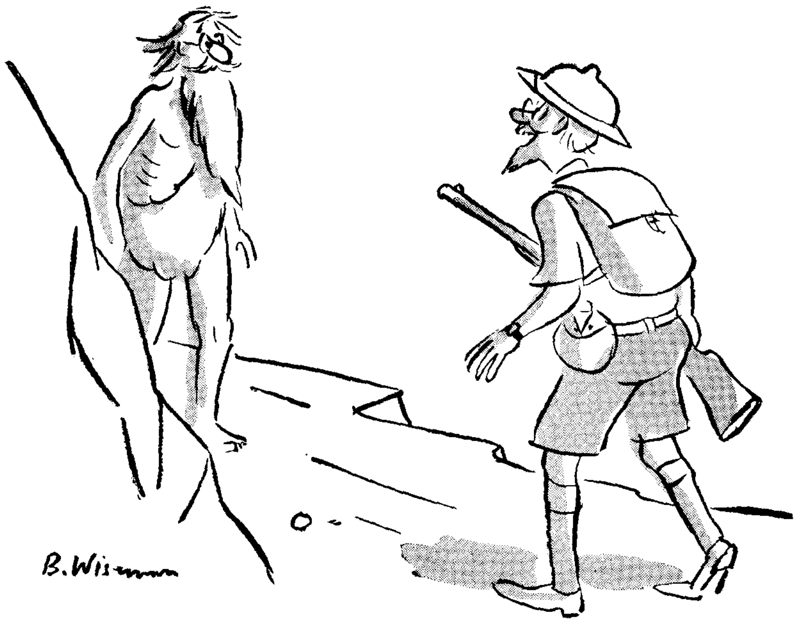
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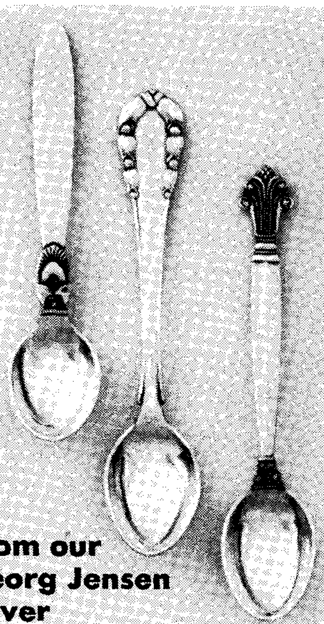
just about the same old models that lighted our nurseries), I have made sure of seeing what's new by visiting the Westinghouse and General Electric plants. This doesn't mean that the householder in search of better bulbs has to entrain for Bloomfield or Schenectady; if you know what you want, and are willing to wait a day or two, almost any electric store can get it for you.

If you have wondered why those harp-shaped supports for lampshades have suddenly grown wider, you will be interested to hear that they are being manufactured to accommodate an extremely serviceable mushroom-shaped bulb (150-watt), called the White Indirect-lite, which is put out by both Westinghouse and General Electric for $1.15. The sides of the bulb—it is meant for use standing upright in a table or floor lamp—are heavily coated with a porcelainlike finish, which reduces direct glare. The large end, which looks swollen in comparison to the ordinary bulb, is thinly coated with the same stuff, so that it emits a strong upward light. The total effect is like that of good indirect lighting. There is, moreover, a grid between the filament and the bowl end that collects whatever it is that discolors a light bulb, and appreciably reduces clouding during the bulb's life span, which is a thousand hours. The bulb also comes in a three-way model that can be switched from fifty to a hundred to a hundred and fifty watts; $1.26 for this.

Although the appearance of the outsize type of bulb seems to contradict the fact, bulbs are, I have learned, growing progressively smaller—at least the sixty- and seventy-five-watters are now being made in the diminutive size that used to be reserved for the forty. Much more important than the change in size, though, is the trend toward putting a new and heavier inside frosting, and sometimes an additional outside coating, on ordinary household bulbs. This somehow distributes the light evenly over the entire surface of the bulb, eliminating both the painfully intense spot of brightness in the middle and the shabby spot of darkness at the base that characterized the old kind. I tested, in my own fixtures, some of the bulbs with frosting both inside and out, and they proved not only to be highly efficient for desk work and reading but to do a lot for the general looks of a room. The kind I got is called White-lite, and is made by both Westinghouse and General Electric. It comes either in a hundred-watt size, which is twenty-three cents, or as a



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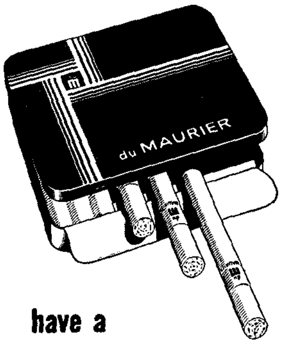

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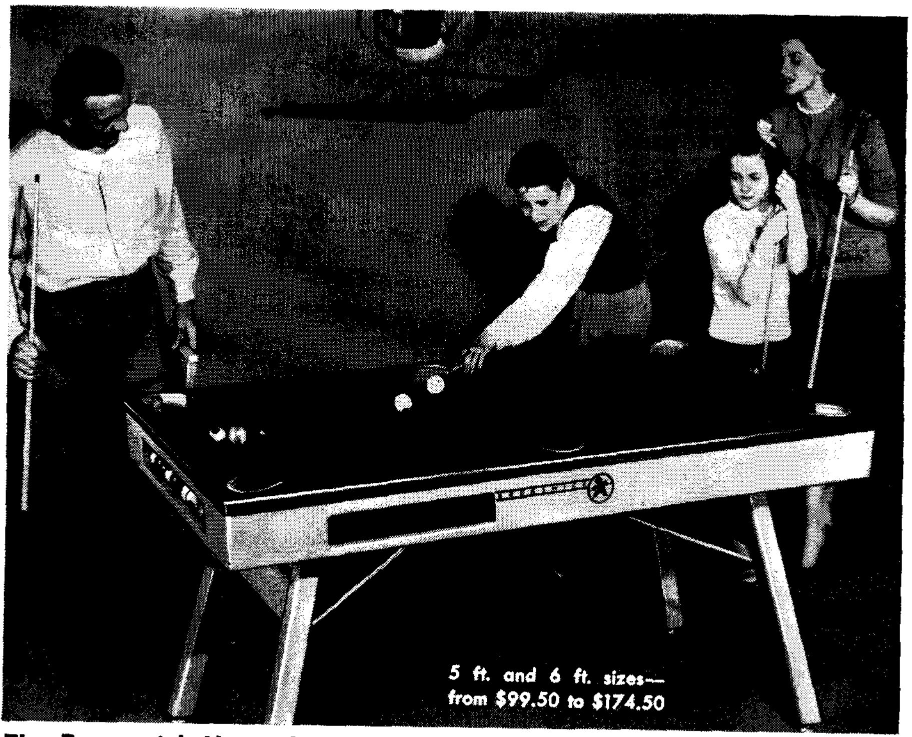
three-way bulb (this time one, two, or three hundred watts), which is sixty-six cents.

If, for one reason or another—because you must or because you like it—you use one of those chandeliers or ceiling fixtures with unshielded lights pointing downward, you unquestionably should know about a new bulb, identified as the 50-GA by General Electric and the GA-25 by Westinghouse. (By either name, it costs forty-four cents.) This is a small bulb that when screwed, base up, into a ceiling fixture, looks something like an inverted mushroom—a different variety of mushroom from the White Indirect-lite, but a mushroom all the same. This shape, it seems, serves to direct two-thirds of the bulb's light upward through the uncoated stem, giving a stylish effect of indirect lighting; the effect is intensified by a pale-yellow enamel coating on the bowl, which also protects the eyes from glare. A delicate bull's-eye etched in the enamel at the bowl end gives the bulb a slight, attractive sparkle and provides a degree of clear down light—not enough to impair the nice softened glow, which is surprisingly becoming to complexions.

This whole question of what's becoming, both to people and to decorations, is, by the way, something that one should explore thoroughly before choosing a light—especially a fluorescent light. There is a fluorescent bulb suitable for every field of human activity (standard white for kitchens and laundries, soft white for bathrooms, de-luxe warm for living rooms, and so on), and there is even a lovely pinkish light, developed for butchers' showcases, that is as flattering to complexions as it is to beefsteaks. —S. H.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

WE realize that at this early date, when the holly berries have barely turned red on the trees, it probably sounds precipitate of us to start talking Christmas, but never mind that. We have cheerfully undertaken—as we do every year, you know—to point out to our readers the best pickings in the dazzling stream of gifts that comes pouring out of the cornucopia at this season. Well, a lot of them are custom-made, and if our enterprise is going to do you any good, we'd better list them forthwith, because it takes a long time these days to have anything made to order or monogrammed. Many of our suggestions this week concern custom clothing of one sort or another (we have some ideas about custom-made jewelry,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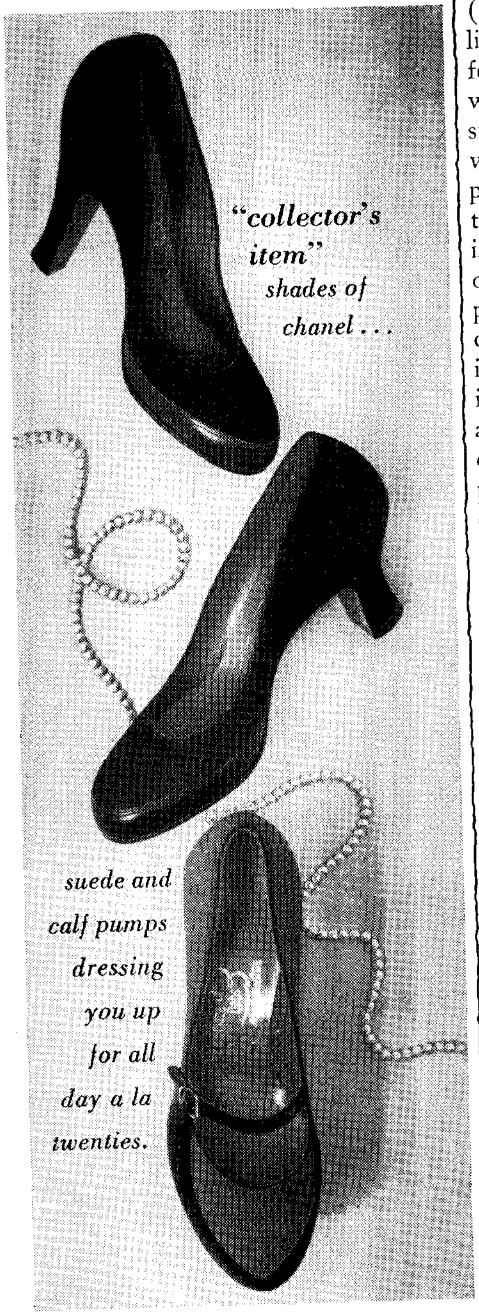
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too), and custom clothing raises a number of problems for the giftgiver besides the fundamental one of time. Measurements and preferences, for example. (What size nightgown does Aunt Caroline wear? What are Uncle Steadman's feelings about pleated shirts?) Anyone who doesn't keep an up-to-date file of such statistics (and who does?) and wants his Christmas offering to be a surprise (and who doesn't?) will have to take surreptitious steps to assemble this information without alerting the object of all the attention. We mention this point because dressmakers and tailors demand all kinds of specifications, and it's best to go prepared. Then, there is a problem—this one is ours—that arises from the very nature of made-to-order gifts: We can't describe, much less pass critical judgment on, things that don't yet exist. All we can do is transmit to you the ideas that are circulating in the custom places, discuss the materials and the models on display, and give you a notion of prices. (The prices mentioned herein, by the way, include luxury taxes.) Armed with all this intelligence, your Christmas ordering should be a cinch. Forward, then, to the stores.

Custom Gifts for Women

FOR women of all ages, that is. If your Yuletide responsibilities include a clothes-minded little girl who likes to keep her mother looking equally spruce, you might try Julia Marshall, 435 Park Avenue (55th); she makes dresses for children and then matches them in blouses for Mama. One design, which is particularly fetching in purple linen, has a modified turtleneck and hemstitched bands down the front. Another, in broadcloth with a tiny white linen collar, has fine pleated detail, accented with white string bows down each side. The dresses are $22.75 in sizes 2 to 6, and $27.50 from there on to size 10; the blouses are $35. Brand-new babies can start off dressing like their mothers in a sack and bonnet ($35 for both) of white organdie and Val-type lace that match Mama's bed jacket ($35). For fastidious babies, there's a short christening robe of tucked, lace-trimmed batiste, entirely handmade; $29.75. Some engaging dresses for girls under three are made of white lawn; they're unbelted and pleated all around and have two front panels embroidered with colored dots; $17.50. Then, there is a little girl's red velveteen dress (what's Christmas without a red velveteen dress?) with a very full skirt and a frill of red-dotted white organdie around the collar and down one side of

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the bodice; $35 to size 6, $42 on up to size 10.

For girls under six, Léron, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th), offers a delightfully frivolous party dress of white batiste; the ruffled collar, the cuffs, and the hem are embroidered with blue scallops and pink rosebuds, and the bodice is circled with embroidered rabbits, lambs, and children's blocks; $42.50. For after the ball, the same motifs appear on a percale crib sheet and pillowcase; $21.50 the set. . . . A more sobersided child, who puts in a hard day at the finger-painting board, might enjoy a useful cinnamon-brown smock of cotton broadcloth, with a darker-brown pocket across the front embroidered to look like a blackboard complete with writing, arithmetic problems, and sketches of pussycats; $5.75, in sizes 4 and 6, at Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th). The same shop makes children's long-sleeved nightgowns of rosebud-sprigged white cotton flannel, with pink or blue ruffled yokes and high ruffled collars. Sizes 2 to 6 are $3, and 7 to 14 are $3.95; matching gowns for small fry's small fry are $1.25. Another long-sleeved flannel nightgown, this one light green or yellow, is embroidered with a dog who is on his way upstairs carrying a candle—a French dog, presumably, since the message "*Bon Soir*" appears above his head; $4.95 from 2 to 6, $5.95 on up to 14. For grown-up girls, Gale has street-length wraparound robes of terry cloth in poodle colors—black, brown, gray, or a Tintair red—with dog-leash belts of contrasting artificial leather; $12.95. Three dollars more pays for a monogram, in a color to match the belt.

Emma Maloof, 444 Madison Avenue (49th), does a beautiful job with handmade nylon crêpe or tricot lingerie. A lavish nightgown with a shirred bodice, an Empire waistline marked with satin scallops, and an edging of narrow Alençon-type lace comes to $27. A

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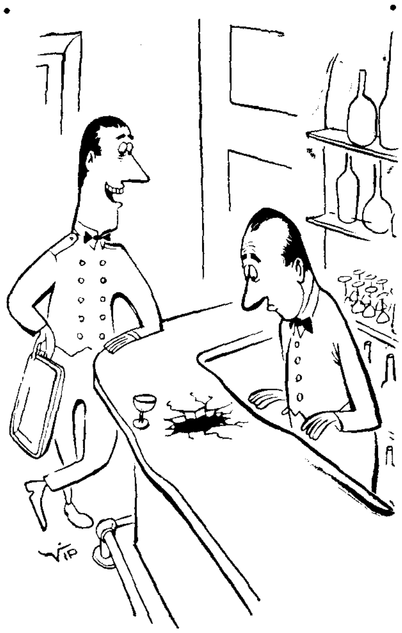

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SCHINE HOTELS

matching slip is $18, and a bishop-sleeved peignoir is $55. A nightgown trimmed with nylon net and appliquéd satin bluebells is $39.50 and a slip to match is $22.50; a wrap-around robe that completes the set is $65.

Charlotte, 38 East 57th Street, seems to be one of the few places around that offer *narrow* rayon taffeta petticoats. These have four splits at the hem to allow room for walking, and cost $9.95. Rayon taffeta slips, fitted through the body and flaring at the hem, with a piping of contrasting scallops top and bottom, are $14.75; the slips and the petticoats are machine-made. Among the handmade things here is a short rayon satin nightgown with hand-run Alençon lace on the high-necked top, the edges of the short sleeves, and the tops of the pockets, all of which are silk sheer; $19.95. A black chiffon nightgown with a bodice of Alençon-type lace has pastel satin shoulder straps, and satin bowknots in the same pastel are scattered over one side of the skirt, which is wide and full-length; $29.95. . . . Atelier Chic, at 50 East 64th Street, which is particularly good at custom clothes for children, whips up little girls' party dresses of tie silk. One, with a turnover collar, has narrow black velvet bows on the chest and on the short sleeves, and a black velvet sash above the wide, gored skirt; $39.95. There are several other models at the same price. This shop also makes women's blouses, in everything from Viyella flannel ($25) to Siamese silk (of a heavy shantung type) in unusual plaids; one constructed of the latter, with a wide V neck and a diagonal closing, comes to $42.50, just about the top price here. Tailored belts of printed silk are $6 and matching neckties are $2. . . . At Eleanor Beard, 446 Park Avenue (57th), you may order a rayon crêpe blanket cover with the prospective owner's name in the middle, executed in the kind of intertwined letters usually used for the more baffling monograms. Prices start at $17.75, for the single-bed size.

If a sumptuous handbag is what's wanted, call on Miss Penn, at 207 East 49th Street. Among her newest is an envelope bag (six by nine and a half inches) made in the shape of a book, of black or colored levant leather with a gold-tooled back; inside are two compartments and numerous pockets of pin seal in a contrasting color; $72. A large pouch bag of black antelope has six outside pockets—two with satin flaps, two with antelope flaps, and two with faille flaps; the clasp is onyx and marcasite, and the price $125. Miss Penn's

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perennial pillow bag, a foot wide and more than a foot long, now comes in brown, black, or navy silk gabardine, bound with morocco; $60. Excellent leather wallets for women are available at from $12 up. . . . Mme. Thea, 333 East 79th Street, devotes herself to custom-made leather belts, using either her ideas or yours, at prices running from $5 to $18. A quarter-inch-wide dog collar ($2) to hold a high-necked sweater in place is a strange new fad with young girls. A tall woman would probably be delighted with a wide, shaped belt that ends in a large semicircle at one side; the semicircle can arch above or curve below the waistline, whichever way the wearer wants it; $10 in cowhide, $12 in antelope or pony fur.

Edouard, 18 East 53rd Street, has a cellarful of transparent flexible plastic, and will, at the drop of from $15 to $28.50, make some of it up into a belt. This may be adorned with a name or a message spelled out in rhinestone studs, gold-metal nailheads, or a new kind of seed-pearl string that doesn't come apart if one bead falls off. Another sort of plastic, which resembles black leather or gold or silver lamé, comes in the form of minute tubing and is worked in looped or knotted openwork patterns to make belts about an inch and a half wide that allow the color of the dress to peep through; $15. The same thing done with seed-pearl strings is $35. . . . Milton Hefling, the handbag-and-belt fellow at 987 Lexington Avenue (71st), now has a branch at 175 West 4th Street. Both shops produce custom-made bags for from $12 to $49 and belts starting at $5. His favorite bag clasp, a sort of bird cage of gold-metal wire that fits into a large brass eyelet, appears on a ten-inch pouch of smooth or grained calf in any color you ask for, or of navy, black, or brown buckskin. This, with an adjustable rope handle of the same leather, is $24. A wide, reversible belt with this clasp is $10. Then, there's an eleven-inch pouch, in antique-stained calfskin; the top flops over to one side and fastens with a gold-metal log; $18.

Jo Hughes, 10 East 56th Street, has a highly festive and varied repertory of skirts, made to order in felt, velveteen, poplin, or piqué. One, in black velveteen, has red roses and green leaves sewn in a trellis pattern up three front panels. A felt skirt, in any color, is appliquéd with felt tennis players, racetrack motifs, matadors and bulls, or other symbols of outdoor life. Those whose hobbies are of a less energetic nature might take to an appliquéd

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Romeo and Juliet and their inevitable balcony, or even a Tree of Life with a large green serpent in its branches. All these skirts have high, stitched midriffs, smooth hips, and swirling hems. The prices run from $55 to $110; snug blouse tops to accompany them are $22.50 to $25. . . . Amie, 715 Madison Avenue (63rd), goes in for hand-painting messages or designs on belts, bags, and sweaters. Imported wool pullovers have grosgrain appliqué at the collar and short sleeves, and the Amie artists will inscribe on the grosgrain any message you care to impart or any design you fancy; $29.95 and up, sizes 10 to 16. Painted grosgrain belts with leather buckles cost $14.95, and small envelope purses of velvet, taffeta, or satin with painted flaps are $19.75. This shop also has some good-looking polka-dotted wool sweater blouses—white with navy dots, navy with red, gray with white, or white with blue. The small, rolled collars are in solid colors, and the sleeves push up to become lantern sleeves; $29.95, sizes 10 to 18. And for the woman who loves accessories, there are handsome tailored belts of taffeta, satin, or tie silk, with matching scarves that slip through the belt and fall in points down one hip; $14.75. . . . Princess Anna Schwarzenburg, of Bethel, Vermont, is accumulating a wide circle of friends for her custom hand-knit sweaters. They take four weeks (so hurry), cost from $30 to $75, and can be ordered at Nastopil, 128 East 54th Street. In the $40 bracket is one in popcorn stitch, the nubs resembling polka dots—bright navy, say, with red nubs. Matching mittens are $7.50. Cashmere cardigans and pullovers in a dotted pattern, made with tiny collars, are $48 each. Other cashmere cardigans, lined with shantung, come to $75.

Custom Jewelry

In many a safe-deposit box, bureau drawer, or shoebox, there lie worthy jewels that haven't been worn for years because their settings have gone out of style but haven't yet acquired a sufficient degree of quaintness. A fine Christmas gesture, to our way of thinking, would be to spring a handful of such derelicts, rehabilitated and assembled into one majestic piece, on an unsuspecting wife, mother, daughter, or fiancée. B. Harris, 25 East 48th Street, is an expert in antique jewelry; just take him the stuff and tell him your ideas or confess your lack of them, and he will submit a design for your approval. Harris also makes up from

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scratch silver tie clips or money clips that bespeak the prospective owner's interests—dogs, for instance, or (lucky fellow!) oil wells, or airplanes. The clips cost from $18 to $75. Among some antique jewelry on hand here are a number of unusually fine garnet pieces, as well as enamel, cameo, or Victorian engraved gold earrings. . . . Gerry Higgins, 665 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is well known for her redesigning and resetting of jewelry for girls with very up-to-date tastes. Her own inventions include a gold ring that can double as an earring. The ring starts out encircling the finger as a plain strip of gold; at the top of the finger, the two ends of the strip miss connections—something like a spiral—and the end that overlaps has a cultured pearl at its tip. To make an earring of the ring, the ear lobe is inserted between the two ends, with the pearl on the outside. Now is that perfectly clear to everyone? If not, the price will be: $66 a pair. Halves of giant cultured pearls, set in deeply fluted gold, make very impressive earrings; Miss Higgins will turn them out on two weeks' notice for $282. A matching ring costs $180. Clover- or heart-shaped gold scatter pins, set with tiny sapphires or rubies, are $36 a pair. A particularly good-looking clip consists of an arch of platinum poked full of holes, many of which are then plugged with rubies, sapphires, or emeralds; $300. . . . Ed Wiener, 27 West 55th Street, is modern without being aggressive about it. He's fond of making necklaces that lie around the throat like collars, in silver, silver and gold, or not too glaring brass. Some of them incorporate cabochon crystals, which reflect the color of the wearer's dress. Prices run from $20 to $75. Among a collection of made-to-order pieces that have some of the characteristics of mobiles are three-tiered chandelier earrings of gold, set with good-sized cultured pearls, sprigs of coral, or semiprecious stones; $60. Magnificent silver belts are made to measure for from $90 to $120; some of them take their design from medieval

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News and Noteworthy

at Roger Kent

IN REVIEWING a recent play, every critic commented with relish on the ravishing wardrobe of the feminine star. But did even *one* mention the men's clothes? Nary a one—although the men in the cast wore unusually handsome outfits.

This sartorial astigmatism should be corrected. We say this merely out of a sense of fair play, and not because we supply many prominent actors with their personal and stage wardrobes. It is a fact, however, that if we had more Smithfield's *prosciutto* in us, we could display a gallery of celebrated clients that could very easily rival Sardis'!

Case in point: a famed comedian burst into ROGER KENT with a crisis. Due to last minute script changes, he needed a tuxedo for his opening that night. Our staff—drama lovers all—promised that he would be impeccably dinner-jacketed by 8:40, and so he was.

We suggest, however, that you choose *your* formal wear leisurely. Its selection requires time, thought, and adherence to the principles of authenticity and good taste.

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gear of Barbarossa's period and some from Mayan relics. Women who wear chignons should like a pair of three-and-a-half- or four-and-a-half-inch hairpins with mobile looped tops; $8.50 or $12.50 in silver and $40 or $50 in gold. . . . Arthur King, 679 Lexington Avenue (55th), has as many precious and semiprecious stones on hand as a hard-working maharajah, and for a modest fee will convert them into striking, chunky jewelry. As examples of his art, there are rose tourmalines cut in an irregular heart design and wrapped in silver wire or gold-plated wire to dangle as earrings; $12.50. Matching pins are $15.50. Other earrings are made of rough-cut aquamarines and tourmalines wrapped in silver wire; $10.50. Silver cuff bracelets cost from $8.50 (an inch and a half wide) to $27.50 (four and a half inches wide).

Custom Gifts for Men

OUR collection of made-to-order gifts for men starts out with a couple of things to put on the poor fellows' backs. Of course, the ideal method of buying custom-made clothes for a man without his knowing about it is to enter into a conspiracy with his tailor, who not only has his precise measurements on file but has a sound idea of the sort of thing he inclines toward. If that isn't feasible, the next-best thing is to snitch a counterpart of the article you have in mind from your man's wardrobe—a coat, a shirt, or whatever—and take it along as a yardstick when you set out for the stores. That, and a realization that from two to four weeks are required for delivery of practically anything mentioned in this exercise, should see you nicely through this phase of your Christmas shopping.

Brooks has assembled some splendid English cashmeres in plain twill and in diamond or irregular-herringbone weaves, and will make them up into country jackets; $175 for one in the plain cashmere, $195 for one in a pattern. Brooks also has a Tattersall-checked fabric in a hand-loomed, hard-finish basketweave, which makes a much handsomer waistcoat than does the flannel these radiant garments usually come in; $40. Waistcoats for black-tie occasions, made of French silk brocade, are $55, and waistcoats for white-tie occasions, made of English bird's-eye piqué, are $35. . . . Charvet, 18 East 53rd Street, boasts an elegant new stock of thin French linens, in blue, gray, green, tan, and a good-looking oxblood, and stands ready to turn them into

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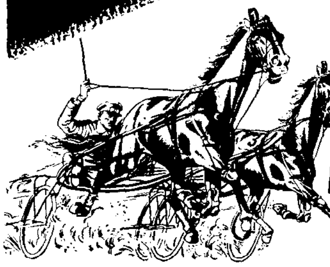

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shirts ($37.50) or pajamas ($37.50 to $53.50). Here again, the purchaser should be prepared to answer some searching inquiries on the dimensions and preferences of the party the shirts or pajamas are intended for. What type of collar on the shirts, and what type of cuffs? Drawstrings or buttons on the pajama pants? Long- or short-sleeved pajama coats? An old Charvet favorite, very fine batiste with wide, satinlike stripes, makes a sumptuous pair of pajamas, for $53.50. Three-letter monograms, in inch-high block capitals, cost $1.50; big lower-case letters embroidered in a heavy satin stitch come to $5 a set. . . . Speaking of letters, a bookish man would surely be delighted to count among his Christmas-morning blessings a really fine new binding on a tattered favorite. For about $15, the PEM Bookbindery, at 65 West 56th Street, will equip an average-size book with three-quarter bindings of morocco or calf in almost any color and will lavish gold tooling on it. In half morocco, with marble paper, the job will cost $12. Taking the chassis of a plain Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, this house will, for $40, convert it into a low-slung, sleek-looking job with elaborately tooled leather covers, moiré silk end papers, and other refinements. Luxurious slipcases for books or prints start at around $10.

Albert Leonard George, 620 Fifth Avenue (50th), has what are probably the most durable winter slacks you've ever laid eyes on; they are made of sixteen-ounce, sand-colored covert cloth and are silk-lined at the knees and the seat. They're $79.50 a pair. A country jacket that is rugged almost to the point of indestructibility comes in either hard-finish, hand-loomed checked worsted (brown with gray or olive green) or a Shetland tweed of wool and cashmere; the worsted one is $185, the tweed $175. . . . Knight's Castle, 997 First Avenue (55th), makes up sets of chessmen modelled to represent historic enemies. Richard Cœur de Lion and Eleanor, say, can be arrayed against Saladin and Fatima; the Duke of Lancaster and his lady against the Duke of York and his; Henry VIII and his six ladies against the combined forces of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Lincoln, and the Earl of Wheyhe; Richard III against the Earl of Richmond; and so on. Bishops, knights, and the others, right on down to pawns, are dressed in accordance with their rank and their times. A set in lead, painted by hand, is $75; in silver or ivory, $2,500. . . . Sulka's opulent silk moiré,

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480 L

made on Sulka's own looms in France, is tailored to order, in the firm's domestic premises, which are at 661 Fifth Avenue (52nd), into rather severe, formal-looking ties of any length; with satin stripes, they are $10; without, $8.50. Black silk moiré evening ties with a small brocade pattern are $4.50. Striped or checked flannel sports shirts with two pleated, button-down breast pockets, long sleeves, and two-button cuffs are $41, and white wool shirts, cut like ordinary daytime shirts, are $35.

If you have a quota of skiers, men or women, to take care of, you need look no farther than André, at 49 East 47th Street. The favorite parka here, devised for Sun Valley instructors but really suitable for any skier, is made of windproof and waterproof nylon taffeta, which comes in numerous colors that look good against a background of snow. It has an attached hood, a zippered front, and zippered pockets, and, furthermore, a pocket set into the outside of one sleeve for cigarettes, tow-line tickets, group-hospitalization cards, and such. This specimen is $28.50, and reversible—say, a bright color on one side and a sober one on the other. Trousers of Bilgeri gabardine, a Swiss fabric greatly respected by skiers, are $55. A ski jacket made of two thicknesses of nylon will rebuff the cruelest wind, has a cross-zippered breast pocket, a sleeve pocket, and a separate hood; $40. . . . Gerry Cosby & Co., 12 West 48th Street, an establishment largely given over to the production of equipment for hockey players, makes hockey boots of kangaroo hide that are highly spoken of among the knowing. All you'll have to provide, in addition to the $58.50 they cost per pair, are measurements of the recipient's ankles, the balls of his feet, and each instep, and outlines of his feet. How the would-be donor can obtain these dimensions without somebody's catching on poses certain probems, but none that a person who enters into the jolly nature of the season cannot surmount, even to filching an old pair of the prospective skater's street shoes.

Alexander Shields, 15 East 60th Street, offers something new in the way of a sports coat. The material is handoomed silk, imported from India. It has the appearance and the warmth of Shetland tweed, and is the color of raw silk. Made up into one of Shields' unpadded jackets, lined with heavy Chinese silk, it should evoke a beamish smile on Christmas morning; it costs $150. Coats made of checks, plaids, or heathery fabrics that not only look like Shet-

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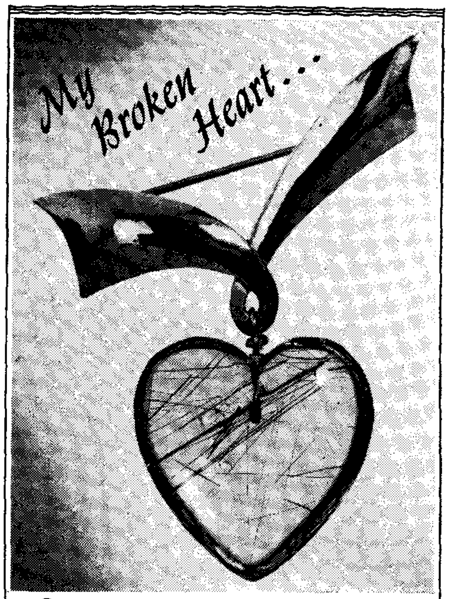

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week for the millions of rumblers when he gave *la belle France* one of the most paternal and justified tongue-lashings she has had in a long time. President Auriol was supposed to be making only a ceremonial provincial tour in connection with some patriotic monuments, but what he said to the citizens in the town of Chasseneuil was, "Why should I hold my tongue about my apprehensions concerning unchained selfishness, private and collective, and concerning this impatience to build quick fortunes on the ruins of *la patrie* and the poverty of the people? To everybody maneuvering to boost prices in order to realize excessive profits, only to complain afterward about heavy taxes, which they cheat on, I say, 'With your greed and your lack of conscience, you are, by ruining the country, making sure of your own destruction.' " To reportedly delirious applause, he added, "I know what makes people most impatient today—too evident injustices. People would not complain so much if they didn't see such shocking social inequalities. Too much luxury, too much comfort, too much ease, side by side with too much poverty and penury. This must come to a halt. It is high time for social justice to become a fact, and for each person to have his share in the well-being and wealth of increased national production."

This illuminating and disinterested comment from the man in the highest public office was published only in part by most of the Paris newspapers, and not elaborated on. Five informative generalities must be considered as footnotes to this extraordinary speech, especially now that the French budget is coming up. No. 1. Only employees—*les salariés*—pay their full taxes, doubtless because full taxes are taken out of their pay, and they can't help themselves. No. 2. Nobody else in France pays them fully, or apparently ever has, it being *au fait* to wiggle out. No. 3. This means that a big burden of taxation falls on the modest-pursed or poor, who are neither in a position to pay so disproportionately nor able to wiggle at all, which makes them worried when prices rise, or angry, or sometimes Communist. No. 4. French business takes very high profits. No. 5. In capitalistic France, as in all of Western Europe, business is not based on participatory capitalism, as it is in the capitalistic United States, where the high-paid workmen who are producers are also consumers of what they produce. In France, the workman makes it but can't afford to buy it. Other French people buy it. Such "social inequalities" and

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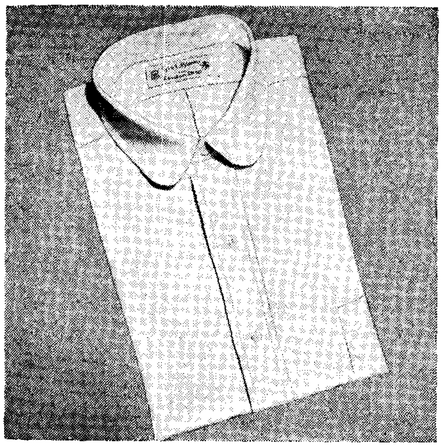

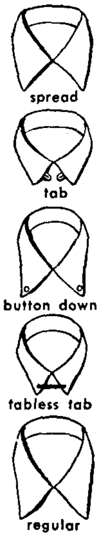

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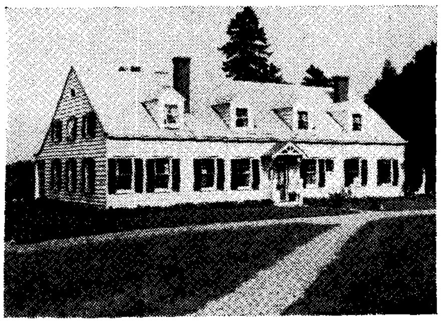

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"evident injustices," as Auriol put it, in a twentieth-century democracy help make a large number of French workmen vote for a French Communist Soviet.

THE annual mushroom show for mycologists—and for plain Sunday mushroom-hunters in the local woods—put on in the Cryptogamic Laboratory of the Jardin des Plantes, has just finished. It seemed even more morbidly exciting than usual. In the main hall was a big sign that announced,

THESE AFFIRMATIONS ARE RIGOROUSLY FALSE!
THAT SILVER WILL BECOME BLACK NEXT TO VENOMOUS MUSHROOMS.
THAT THEY WILL TURN MILK.
THAT THE KIND SNAILS WON'T EAT ARE GOOD.
THAT THEY HAVE A DELIGHTFUL ODOR.
THAT POISONOUS MUSHROOMS CHANGE COLOR WHEN CUT;
THAT THEY DON'T CHANGE COLOR WHEN CUT.

The exposition then got down to set-piece displays of different sorts of mushrooms under the kind of tree or in the particular dank autumnal setting they favor, plus hundreds of platefuls of other varieties, many sent in fresh daily by mushroom fiends from all over France. Each kind was labelled in one of five ways: comestible, mortal, dangerous, laxative and bitter, or indifferent. For mycogastronomic Parisians, the displays of the half-dozen edible types now to be found in local forests were like meeting old friends. There was the *chanterelle*, or *girolle*, from under birches and chestnuts, excellent sautéed with rosemary; the cat's-nose, or *lépiote*, which looks like an umbrella inside out; the dear old international pasture mushroom, *Pratella compestris*; the *Amanita rubescens* of connoisseurs; and, most beauteous of all, the poor man's truffle—*la trompette des morts*, like a fragile black autumn crocus of pleated tulle, a dish for a queen when served in sour cream. The local manna is the *cèpe*, or boletus—ugly, big, brown, and thick-capped, delicious though slimy, and best when broiled with a dash of olive oil, garlic, and basil. If you can find the lucky oak tree that inspires them, you can now gather them by the bushel, for the Indian-summer sun and odd showers in the Ile-de-France lately have given mycologists first-rate hunting.

A special display was an intelligent, timely one of the sclerotial rye ergot, the black growth on grain heads that has been officially held responsible for the recent outbreak of madness and death in the Midi village of Pont-Saint-Esprit. The ergot stand showed medicines made

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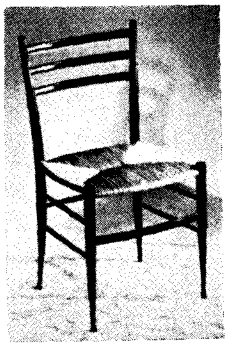

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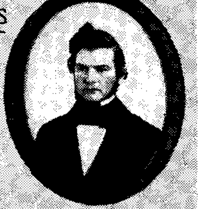

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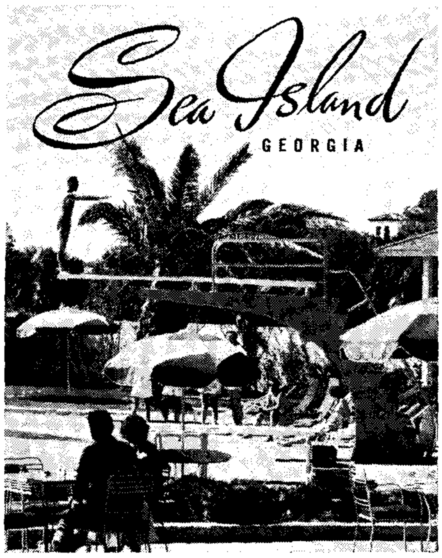

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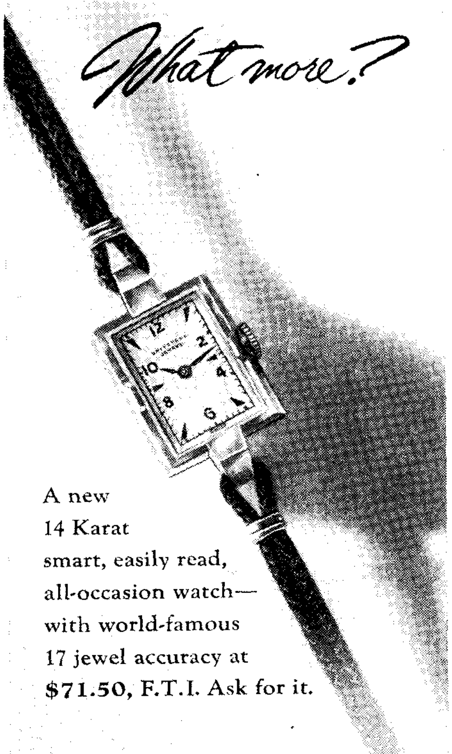

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LETTER FROM PARIS

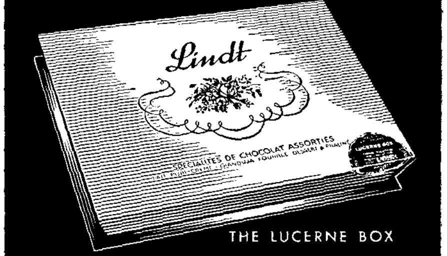
OCTOBER 30

THE enormous neighborly interest Parisians took in England's election turned into something like family sympathy the next day, when the returns were in. England, with only two big political parties, like fighting twins, had no more been able to fix up a dominant majority voice in her house than can the French with a raucous brood of nearly half a dozen. As a further domestic parallel (since France is having her own hard times), it seems—at least to the non-Socialist French—that the bread-and-butter of the British economy, which was butter side down under Labour and will obviously be butter side up under the Conservatives, must remain the same slim, thinly smeared, worrying slice. In other words, the French seriously wonder not only what Prime Minister Churchill will be able to do about British living conditions, the weakening pound, the coal shortage, etc., etc., but what he will be able to think up, in a grand phrase, for Suez and Cairo, which, like Prime Minister Attlee's Abadan, right now seem almost as much a part of Western Europe's alarming economic fare and fate as of England's.

FOOD as a simile for everything is uppermost in French minds at the moment, because prices went up a lot again last week, because wages went up some last month. Milk for little children to drink went up more than fifteen per cent, and gasoline for little French automobiles to drink—from now on, hardly anyone will be able to afford to operate the big American cars—was upped nineteen per cent, to sixty-nine cents a gallon.

General disquiet over this latest price jump has once more brought to the surface the general rumble of bitter criticism that the millions of French on fixed salaries, from professors down to salesgirls, have been increasingly letting loose against their country and countrymen, which nobody has paid any attention to but which nobody but fools and the deaf can fail to hear as an important sound of discomfort. Then, unexpectedly, the President of France, who ordinarily says nothing, even for himself, spoke last

Good taste
HAS NO SUBSTITUTE



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land tweeds but actually are cost $110.

At the Angler's Roost, in the basement of the Chrysler Building, a battery of six fly-tiers is ready to assemble the exact lure for the fisherman you want to please at Christmas; it's up to you to know where the man fishes, and when, and what he wants to catch. To give you an idea of prices, streamers—that is to say, minnows—are $12 a dozen, and Buck Tails $9 a dozen. . . . Knize, 24 East 56th Street, contributes first-rate dressing gowns of silky, absorbent, double-faced terry cloth imported from England. These are cut like polo coats, and can be had in two shades of yellow or in light and dark blue; $65 and $75. Shirts of beautifully woven English broadcloth, as light as cambric, with attached collars and French cuffs, run from $16.50 to $36.50. With pleated bosoms for evening wear, they fetch up to $33.75. Fringed cashmere scarves, lined to your order with English gum twill tie silks, are $29.50. . . . A man who fancies coins, medals, military buttons, or the like, and hasn't made provisions for housing them, will undoubtedly be overwhelmed with gratitude and with respect for your thoughtfulness if you give him a shadow box of the type worked out by Max Granick, of 52 West 56th Street. A case sixteen inches long, twelve inches wide, and two and a half inches deep, with a gilt frame and a velvet lining, is $40. The glass cover can be removed easily so that the contents of the box can be got at.

Newell's, 290 Park Avenue (49th), makes shirts of a closely woven white Japanese silk, known as Schioze, which washes and endures superbly; for day, $23, and for evening, $28. Versatile sports shirts, to be worn with or without a tie and inside or outside trousers, are constructed here of an exceedingly thin French voile, in pleasantly subdued colors like brown and pale gray, as well as navy blue; $27. The dyes, by the way, are as nearly fast as any you'll find. . . . At Bronzini, 5 East 52nd Street, the dressing gowns are all cut from the same pattern—something like a topcoat. The lapels are peaked, and a deep pleat down the back allows plenty of room for first-class lounging. In steel-gray or white tie silk, enlivened with blue First Empire helmets, or in dark blue with red helmets, they're $165. In cashmere broadcloth lined with patterned China silk, they're $225. A connoisseur of waistcoats would probably be pleased with one here that is made of ribbonlike silk in a handsome basketweave; $65 in gray, brown, or blue monotone plaid. . . . John Pringle, 40 East 51st Street, has a service for ladies who can think of nothing more warmly satisfying than knitting their men a pair of socks but who don't know how to knit. What Mr. Pringle does is knit them himself of English wool in any colors desired, and in any design and length; $11 a pair.

Let us now consider a spectacular fountain-pen set that Georg Jensen will run up for you. Once you have wheedled your man into committing himself on his fountain-pen requirements, or once you have settled in your own mind what is best for him, you can start considering the following ingredients: a base anywhere from seven by ten inches to ten by twenty inches, of either green onyx or white Mexican marble; a superstructure involving (1) an eight-day clock, (2) a barometer-thermometer combination, and (3) figures of game birds and hunting dogs in (a) bronze or (b) gold-plated metal; and two fountain pens, silver or gold. You can assemble a set out of these parts for as little as $400 or shoot the works and get them all for $700.

• •

OLD WARS

How comforting are old wars with their flags
Rotted, their lances all historic rust.
Their treaties are the yellow parchment rags
Museums house. The combatants are dust.

Only in chronicles do armored steeds
Spill gory knights and trample on the slain.
How comforting are old wars. These red deeds,
At least, will never harrow us again.

Thankful for this, we close the histories.
The gentle radio beside our bed
Tonight will drone of new hostilities,
New treaties tattered, new, unmoldered dead.

—JOHN NIXON, JR.

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THE RACE TRACK

Horse of the Moment

Any lingering doubts about Counterpoint's being our best three-year-old were scattered with the snowflakes at Jamaica last weekend. I regard his performance in the Empire City Handicap, at a mile and three-sixteenths, as one of the top three this season, but it'll be all right with me if he doesn't come through with another one like it. It's too hard on the nerves. Counterpoint carried a hundred and thirty pounds, giving from six to twenty-six pounds, which is no mean feat on a muddy track. (Barring Man o' War, I can't recall another three-year-old shouldering as much weight in a race at more than a mile.) He had to do it the hard way, too, because he drew the outside post position in the field of thirteen, and lost a lot of ground at the first turn. After covering half the distance, he was still next to last. Leaving the backstretch, he moved up, but turning for home, he had to go very wide again. As I watched him through the murk, I couldn't tell exactly how many lengths he lost at that point, but I wouldn't have taken 50–1 on him then. Even when he was halfway down the stretch, I hadn't much hope, but a bit farther on, going lickety-split, he passed Hall of Fame and took the lead. It was Counterpoint's fourth victory in a row, and his share of the prize money, $41,500, brought his earnings this season to $250,525 and made him the top money-maker of the year. Nice work for a colt nobody except Syl Veitch, his trainer, thought would ever come to the races. I'd like to say a word for Dave Gorman, Counterpoint's jockey, who handled him so cleverly he almost had me believing that a curved line is the shortest distance between two points. C. V. Whitney, Counterpoint's owner, may send him abroad next year for the Prix de l'Arc-de-Triomphe. I'd like to see him run for the Ascot Gold Cup, too.

As for Hall of Fame, I thought he ran well, even though he was in the heavier going along the rails all the way. The big disappointment to many—but not to me—was Bold, the winner of the Preakness, a showy, speedy fellow with weak ankles. All the wiseacres were sure the advantage in weight he had would help him. It didn't; he finished

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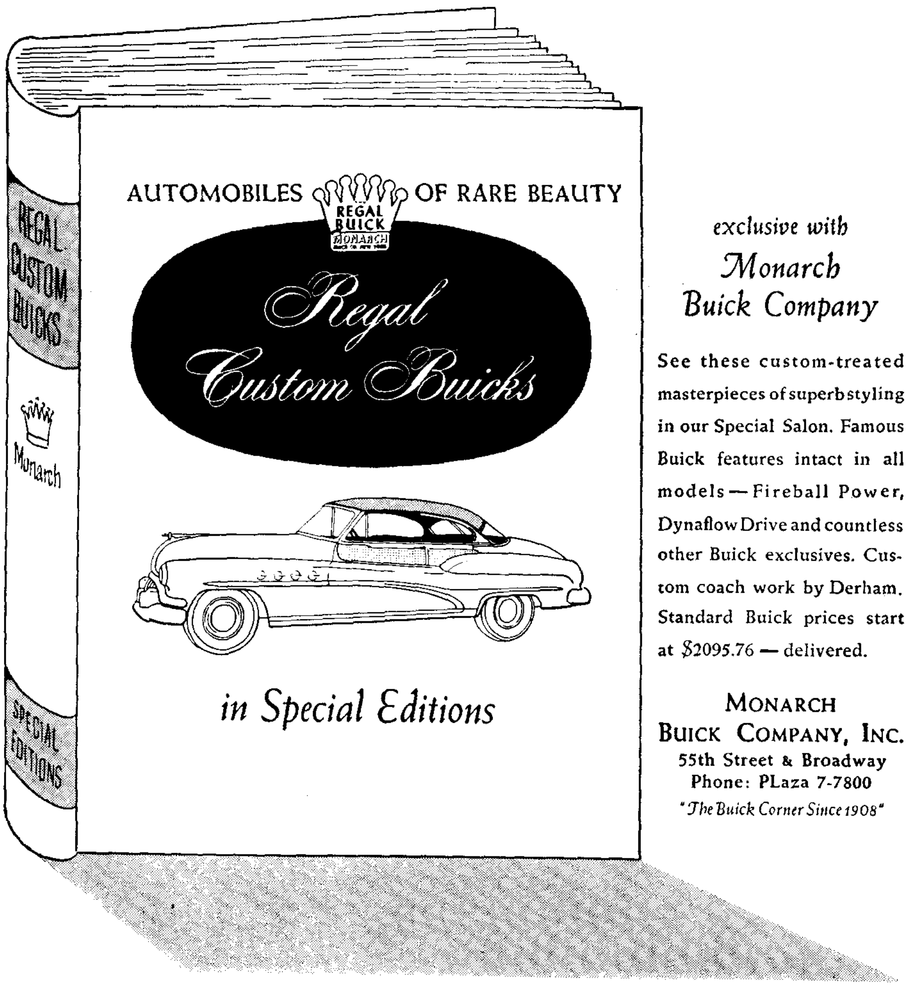

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IN NEW YORK—LORD & TAYLOR—FOR LEBOW CLOTHES

next to last. And an outside man, watching General Staff being saddled, remarked that his owner, Larry MacPhail, would never have sent his ballplayers out in such weather but maybe it was all right for his horse. Well, General Staff was fourth.

I HARDLY know what to say about the fadeout of Hill Prince, who finished fourth in the fifty-thousand-dollar Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park last Saturday. Call Over won. To judge from the chart, Hill Prince showed no speed at all. Maybe he didn't fancy the track, but it's more likely that he's fed up with the routine of training. By the way, one of the also-rans was Palestinian, who hadn't raced since he won the Brooklyn Handicap last July. Those fat purses certainly bring out the old codgers.

AS a rule, it's fun to go to Pimlico, but you'd have to think back at least ten years to find a more inclement afternoon than last Friday. Also, it's useless to be polite about this year's Pimlico Futurity, in which Cajun brought off a 16–1 chance; the runners were the poorest lot I've ever seen in that race. It was exciting enough, though, for Cajun, after starting off slowly, came up along the rails in the last furlong and beat Lord Priam, who had led all the way. Inyureye (now, I ask you, is that a name for a race horse?) was third. Cajun, a light-bodied brown colt by Menow, is owned by Hal Price Headley. He hasn't done much racing; in fact, he won for the first time only about a fortnight ago, at Jamaica. Incidentally, I'll remember Cajun for quite another reason than the way he won. When Tom Fool, who also is by Menow, was withdrawn from the Futurity because the track was muddy, Mr. Headley, who seldom talks about a horse he's going to run, said to a horseman he knew, "*My* Menow colt is a good mudder." Pennies from heaven, you might say. And, getting back to Tom Fool, I was delighted that he was scratched. He's a nice colt, even though he's strictly a fast-track one, and it would have been a pity to see him finish down the course, as I'm sure he would have done if he'd gone to the post.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a secret length dress of Winter white.—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

Who do you think *we* are—Paul Pry?

IN HOLLAND, THEY SAY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE

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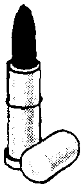

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both from and against it, newspaper clippings about the Pont-Saint-Esprit disaster, literature ancient and modern, and art. It seems that Virgil spoke in his "Georgics" of the fiery disease it causes.

The Pont-Saint-Esprit mystery has grown murkier. There is still talk of crime. There is a new theory that polluted water was really responsible. Some of those who survived claim they never ate baker Briand's poisoned bread. The village has become a hotbed of suspicion, accusation, and nasty anonymous letters. In the meantime, those villagers who were sick but still live, with ruined digestions—fourteen in all, including two little boys—have formed an Association pour la Défense des Victimes Intoxiquées par le Pain de Pont-Saint-Esprit, which shows their opinion on what drove them crazy. In their returned lucidity, they have retained for their group the services of Maître Vincent de Moro-Giafferi, one of the biggest lawyers in France.

AN American choreographer has just scored a revenge on Paris critics with a ballet named "Revanche," emerging with a victory and twelve curtain calls the opening night. Ruth Page, the American dancer, was roughly treated here last year for her "Frankie and Johnny," which, with its cakewalk funeral, outraged the French. She has now made a big hit as guest choreographer of the Ballets des Champs-Elysées with her excitingly romantic choreography for "Il Trovatore," complete with Verdi's music and plot, and four brilliant stage sets by the Cubist painter Antoni Clavé. She has renamed it for the revenge that the doomed young lovers, Manrico and Leonora, inflict on Count di Luna. Probably because it is danced opera and maybe because Clavé also did the exceptional décors for the ballet "Carmen," there has been a tendency to say the two ballets are alike, whereas they couldn't be more different. "Revanche" is romantic love in the high ballet narrative tradition, in which poetry is traced by the lovers' leaping limbs. Vladimir Skouratoff, a six-foot Belgian star, was a towering and tragic Manrico. The company's repertory also includes "La Création," David Lichine's ballet without music, rarely seen here, which is admirably performed, with the dancers moving as precisely as metronomes.

PABLO PICASSO has just passed his seventieth birthday. To fête him, the Communist literary weekly *Les*

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P.S.: *Our local travel agent handled all the details . . . so helpfully. He told us about Canadian Pacific's trans-Pacific air service to Tokyo, Hong Kong and the Far East . . . on* pressurized *Empress planes all the way. Another Canadian Pacific vacation to look forward to!"*

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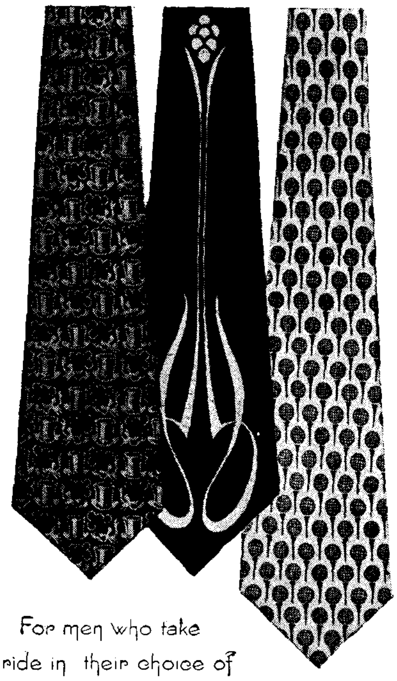

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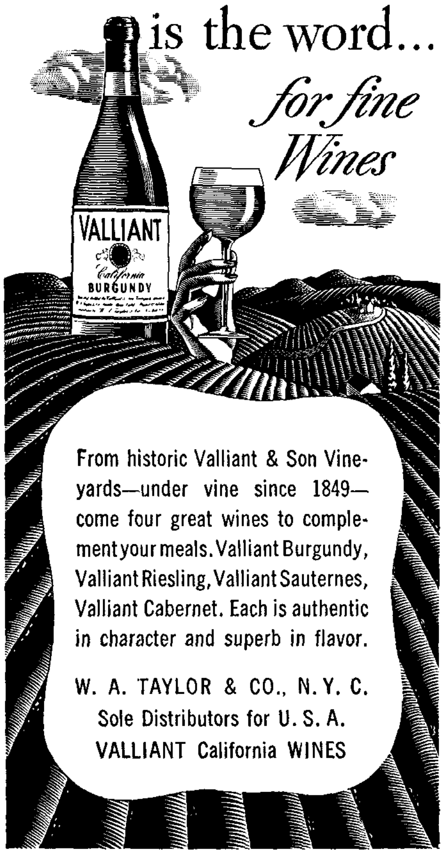

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VALLIANT California WINES

Lettres Françaises gave him half its front page and all its back page. On the front page were birthday greetings from non-political friends, like Jean Cocteau and some Goncourt Academicians, and also greetings from the paper's chief typesetter, representing the proletariat. The back page carried a reproduction of his celebrated 1937 canvas of the bombing of Guernica (now in the New York Museum of Modern Art), which was first shown here during the Spanish War, at the Republican Spanish Pavilion of the Paris International Exposition. It also featured his new war work, the 1950 "Massacres in Korea," shown at this year's Salon de Mai. It is naturally an extraordinary sight. At the left of the canvas is a small standing group of naked mothers and children, some screaming. At the right are advancing male robots with guns, some of which have multi-nozzled barrels rather like plumbing pipes.

The page also contained a brief statement on the duties of the artist, by Picasso himself, which will undoubtedly have repercussions here. Picasso says, "What do you believe an artist is? An imbecile who merely has eyes if he is a painter, ears if he is a musician, or a lyre at each level of his heart if he is a poet, or, even if a pugilist, merely muscles? He is, on the contrary, also a political being, constantly alert before the harrowing, fiery, or gentle events of the world, remaking himself wholly in their image. How could it be possible to disinterest oneself in other men, and by virtue of what ivory-towered nonchalance can one be detached from the life they so copiously offer? No, painting is not made to decorate apartments. It is an instrument of offensive and defensive war against the enemy." Picasso's statement was flanked by three new versions, drawn by him, of his famous Stockholm propaganda peace dove—the dove, as those well-known posters here say, that goes boom. —GENÊT

•

The Dean Memorial Missionary Society is giving this Christmas Party in the interest of providing Christmas gifts for our Missionaries in Africa, India, Alaska and South Carolina.—*From an invitation to a church party.*

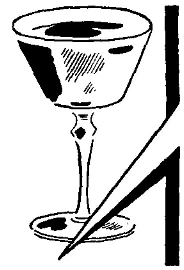
Far-flung, aren't they?

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Illinois Health Messenger*]

The human body contains almost enough sulphur to kill the fleas on the average-sized dog.



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Jamaica Rum

The most flavorful and satisfying base for a rum cocktail, swizzle, highball, old fashioned, collins, planter's punch, or cup; or unmixed as a liqueur Jamaica Rum, whether full-bodied or light-bodied, is always of the finest quality, distilled by the Jamaican method used since 1661. Always be sure "Jamaica" is used.

JAMAICA COCKTAIL

1 jigger Jamaica Rum
½ jigger dry Vermouth
Plenty cracked ice, stir well

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION
(OF JAMAICA), LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

A CALL FOR HELP

Jerry is the product of a broken home. His mother ran away when he was still a child. His father beat him. Somehow, Jerry managed to get through junior high school.

What next? More education? Training? A job? If so, what kind of a job?

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Wintering with Haydn

ONE evening last week, in the Theresa L. Kaufmann Auditorium, at Ninety-second Street and Lexington Avenue, the Schneider Quartet gave the first of sixteen concerts, in the course of which everything Joseph Haydn ever wrote for a string quartet will be played. This project, which is advertised as "unprecedented in scope," a boast I see no reason to doubt, will keep the four musicians pretty well occupied until next May 5th, the date of the final concert. (They won't have much time for lolling around in between concerts, either, because the Haydn Society is having duplicate performances played for recordings.) If you count a couple of early works in which the fiddles are augmented by two horns, Haydn composed seventy-six string quartets, and the way things work out, you get five per program up until the closing one, which will comprise one quartet, one symphony, and "The Seven Last Words of Christ." You can't weasel out of the series after, let's say, the fifth concert and feel secure in the knowledge that you have heard Haydn's first twenty-five quartets, because the works are not being played chronologically; each program contains illustrations of different periods of Haydn's career. The first concert, for example, consisted of Opus 2, No. 3, Opus 1, No. 1, Opus 17, No. 4, and then, after the intermission, Opus 50, No. 4 and Opus 74, No. 1. There was on hand an audience of what I should call comfortable size to watch the musicians go matter-of-factly about their business in the center of the brightly lighted stage. Only at the end of each number, when they rose and bowed in acknowledgment of the applause, did the musicians show any awareness that an audience was there at all. For my part, although I was interested to hear the music and pleased now and then by an especially graceful melody or by the sudden confluence of four vigorous musical lines, I didn't find the performances very well integrated. Alexander Schneider, the first violinist, played in a kind of brusque style that was matched in assertiveness, though not in ease, by the work of the violoncellist,

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Madeline Foley. The gentler but able playing of Isidore Cohen, the second violinist, was more to my liking, and I think I would have preferred an ensemble effect closer to it in spirit. The fourth member of the group, Karen Tuttle, a slender young viola player, seemed, I'm afraid, reticent and ineffective. Of course, it may be unfair to assume that all sixteen concerts are going to be characterized by the same disjointedness; if the performers weren't relaxed that night, perhaps it was because they were still trying to get used to one another.

MARTIAL SINGHER, the French baritone, who will be back at the Met this season after an absence of several years from these parts, presented the second of three recitals at Town Hall last week. Each is given over largely to one song cycle or another, and this one dealt entirely with Schubert songs, mostly the long and lovely series that tells the story of "Die Schöne Müllerin." Singher was accompanied by Paul Ulanowsky, a sensitive pianist and an old hand at this music. Singher himself is an extremely artful interpreter and he knows how to express the delightfully fluctuating moods of Schubert's pieces, so the evening was, in many respects, a distinguished one. His voice wasn't everything it should have been, though. He was all right when he was going along in the middle of his range, even when he let his voice out, for it sounded fine and full then, but his top notes were forced, his low ones were scarcely audible, and he couldn't seem to sustain the very soft passages. It was, I'm sorry to say, a remarkably uneven vocal performance.

THE Iturbis—José and his sister Amparo—presented a two-piano concert at Carnegie Hall one rainy night last week. A lot of coughing punctuated their efforts, but they seemed reasonably indifferent to it. They did some neat, if pedestrian, work in Mozart's Sonata in D Major, which opened the concert, and followed it with a moderately appealing rendition of Debussy's "En Blanc et Noir." They closed the first half of the program with an enthusiastic performance of "Three Andalusian Dances," rhythmic Spanish pieces composed for them by Manuel Infante. For the second half, they got off Darius Milhaud's bright, tuneful, cocktail-hourish "Scaramouche"—a tiny suite of three pieces—with a flourish, and then went to work on some South American selections, each notable for a recurrent figure in the

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bass and for a none too lively imagination in the treble. The evening wound up with the Iturbis' four-hand version of George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." This differs from the two-hand version mainly in that each Iturbi had about half as much work as either one would have had doing it alone. He'd play a few minutes, then she'd play a few, and so on. When they played together, it was principally to divide the music, to no apparent advantage. It was fun to hear the piece, though, and the playing of it in this manner made it quite plain that technically, at least, José is twice the pianist his sister is. —DOUGLAS WATT

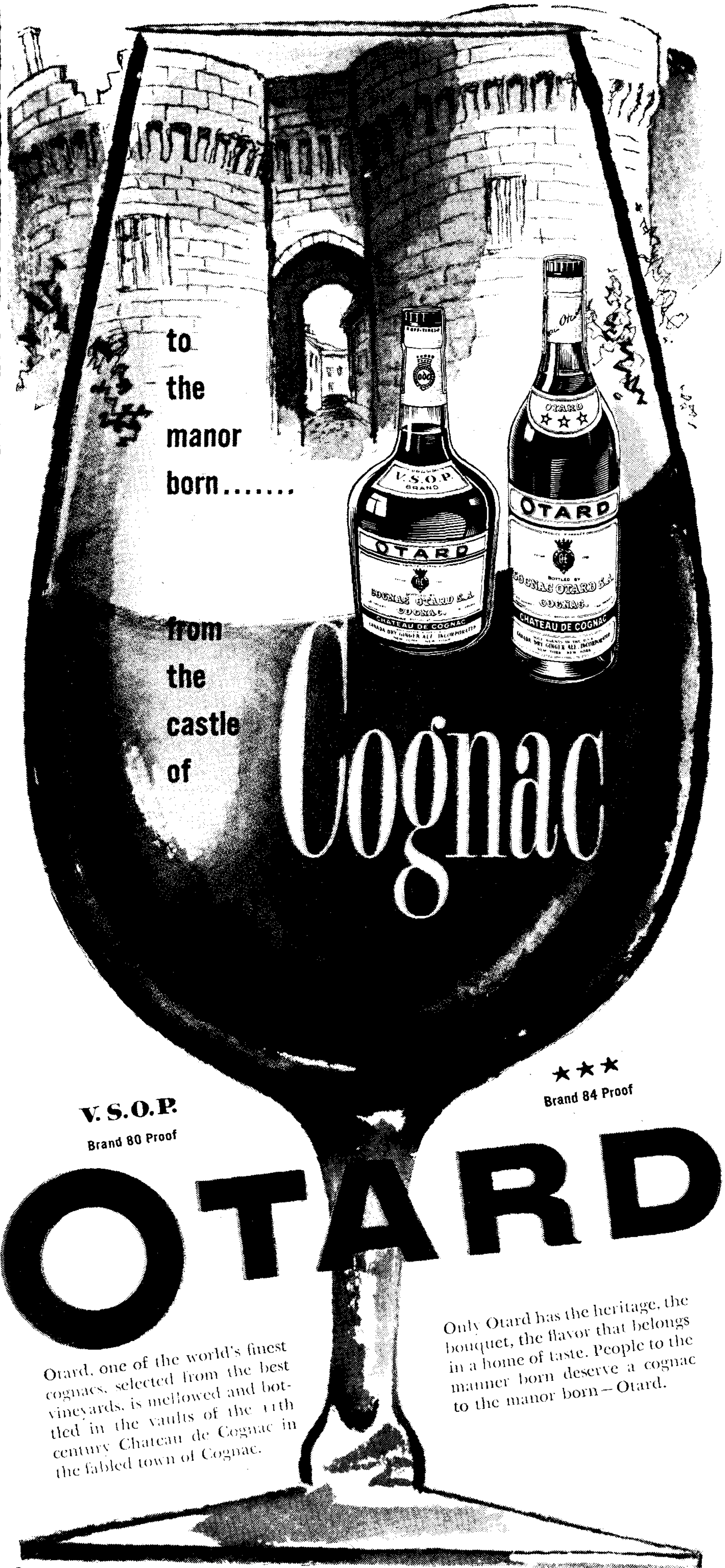
CONCERT RECORDS

A Popular Masterpiece

THE first complete recording of George Gershwin's opera "Porgy and Bess" has just been issued by Columbia. True, minor cuts have been made in the score, but there were comparable deletions in both Broadway productions of the work—the one in 1935 and the one in 1942—and neither of them included "The Buzzard Song," which is heard here. Furthermore, some of the recitatives that were dropped from the 1942 production in favor of spoken dialogue have been restored. All in all, then, this is a full rendering of an opera that has heretofore been represented on records only by excerpts.

Although "Porgy and Bess" has proved enormously popular with theatre audiences all over the country, it still occupies an equivocal position in the operatic world. Many critics, distressed by vulgarities in Gershwin's style and crudities in his technique, have dismissed him and this, his most important composition, from serious consideration as opera. This particular recording is perhaps not the best possible presentation of the work, but it is good enough for the listener to get at least a fair idea—and in some respects an excellent one—of the opera's quality. Hearing it all the way through, without the distraction of stage movement, one quickly becomes aware that Gershwin was no master of the operatic form, which he used for the first, and only, time in writing "Porgy and Bess." The orchestration is choppy, the choral writing is undistinguished, and musical ideas are tossed around too freely and too briefly.

One thing, however, makes up for all these shortcomings—the unceasing vitality of the music. Gershwin, with his musical-comedy background, may have



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had insufficient knowledge of the requirements of the operatic stage to be able to develop his musical ideas gracefully, but his background did make him instinctively provide "sock" numbers at close intervals throughout the story, and the "Porgy and Bess" script was just right for such treatment. The strong story line, the simple but memorable characters, and the colorful setting called for straightforward, vigorous musical expression, and Gershwin was the man to supply it. The story is an urgent one, and the music is always prodding it along even more urgently. The virility of the songs is evident in the fact that, in spite of the merit of the play itself, the music continually reinforces the scenes, so that once you have heard the music, those very scenes are unimaginable without it.

Lawrence Winters and Camilla Williams, both regular members of the New York City Opera Company, are heard in the name parts in this recording. Of the two, Winters is by far the more effective. He has a good baritone and his words are generally understandable. Miss Williams, with an agreeable soprano voice and lots of power in the upper half of her range, seems to be concerned more with her vocal production than with the sense of what she is singing, and she is generally unintelligible. Also, Winters manages to create some sort of impression of Porgy, whereas Miss Williams is never a character, only a voice. Unfortunately, Winters hasn't troubled to present a complete portrait of Porgy, and—more's the pity—what he does offer lacks the warmth and sweetness that originally characterized Porgy; without these qualities, the relationship with Bess loses some of its appeal and persuasion. The best performances are given by Avon Long, whose Sportin' Life is a gem of insidiousness, and Warren Coleman, whose Crown has genuine menace. Both men appeared in the opera on Broadway, and thus have an advantage over Winters and Miss Williams. In lesser parts, Inez Matthews, as Serena, and June McMechen, as Clara (she sings "Summertime"), do some superb work. Helen Dowdy and Eddie Matthews, regulars in previous "Porgy and Bess" companies, are back in their old roles of the Strawberry Woman and Jake. A chorus trained by J. Rosamund Johnson, who also plays a small part in the cast, sings clearly and forcefully but without the passion that distinguished the work of the original group, the Eva Jessye Choir. The orchestra, under the direction of Lehman

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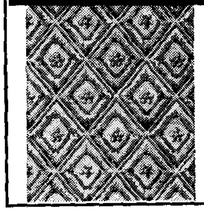
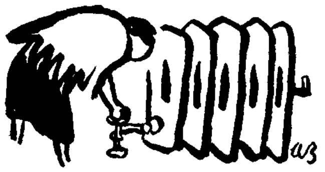


Engel, is splendid—the best I have ever heard play this music.

"Porgy and Bess" was, I believe, the first important opera achieved by this country, and it came up in the right way to be enduring—in the popular lyric theatre, as a natural outgrowth—through a man of tremendous talent—of the development of a handful of first-class musical-comedy composers. They all happened to be contemporaries of Gershwin. In the case of one of them, Jerome Kern, this development led to the creation, almost a decade before "Porgy and Bess" was written, of the most unified and impressive Broadway musical play up to that time—"Show Boat." In the case of another, Richard Rodgers, it led to such recent glories of the commercial theatre as "Oklahoma!," "Carousel," and "South Pacific." None of these works, of course, is in the same league with "Porgy and Bess." Only the late Kurt Weill's musical version of "Street Scene" can be likened to it in quality of accomplishment, and "Street Scene," absorbing as it is, falls short of Gershwin's opera in that it is more sophisticated and possesses less inner vitality. In "Porgy and Bess," vitality is all.

THE rhythmic excitement contained in Gershwin's Second Rhapsody and in his series of variations, for piano and orchestra, on "I Got Rhythm" is well projected by Oscar Levant and an orchestra under the direction of Morton Gould on a Columbia long-playing single. Gershwin's three piano preludes, acceptably played by Levant, fill out the record. . . . Jussi Bjoerling sings six popular tenor arias with great skill in a new Victor album. Two of the selections—the flower song from "Carmen" and "Addio alla madre," from "Cavalleria Rusticana"—were recorded in England last year; the four others, recorded here this year, are "Vesti la giubba," from "Pagliacci;" "Salut, demeure," from "Faust;" "Che gelida manina," from "La Bohème;" and "O Paradiso!," from "L'Africana." All well-known chestnuts, as you can see, but rarely have they been so flawlessly sung and played or so perfectly recorded. The strength of Bjoerling's voice, the artistry with which he uses it, and the ease with which it is produced make



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these interpretations admirable in every respect. . . . A recording by Victor of the broadcast performance (in December, 1946) of Verdi's "La Traviata" conducted by Arturo Toscanini, has just been released. Licia Albanese, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill sing the three leading roles in this slightly trimmed version, and the orchestra is the N.B.C. Symphony. The soloists are commendable, and so is the work of the orchestra, but somehow the performance as a whole seems to lack spontaneity. Perhaps this has something to do with what the engineers call "recording balances;" whatever the cause, the result is disappointing. —D. W.

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THE MILITARY LIFE

[*Letter received by an Army private on his first leave*]

HEADQUARTERS 109TH INFANTRY
Camp Atterbury, Indiana
4 October, 1951

DEAR FELLOW MEMBER OF THE 109TH REGIMENT:

I sincerely hope that you are enjoying the leave granted you a few days ago. The Camp is a little deserted and perhaps a little lone—with so many away. However, we here cannot begrudge you, for we remember that only a short time ago, we too, were enjoying time spent among families, old friends, and familiar surroundings.

Your leave will soon be ended. As the time has already come for those of us here, so it will come for you, too. Surely it is not necessary to remind you of the importance of returning to this station by the exact time specified. Of course, you realize that the leave ends as of 2400 hours on 14 Oct. 51 and the day of grace expires at 2400 hours on the following day, the 15 Oct. 51. With the great task of preparation for our duties ahead, we must all work together in order to meet the final date set for readiness. Therefore, I am expecting your full cooperation in returning on time.

You MUST return not later than 2400 hours 15 Oct. 51. Most men do return promptly. All the good ones do. They realize that in all fairness to themselves that the ones who do fail to return should have to be penalized. I am sure that you will be interested in the policy which has been set up to handle cases of belated reporting back from this leave. A roster of all those who are late will be compiled and held on file in this Headquarters. Anyone whose name appears on this list will automatically become ineligible for any promotion for a period of six (6) months. In addition, disciplinary action will be taken. A reduction in grade, if applicable, is a certainty.

Meanwhile, continue to enjoy yourself; rest, relax and return to duty more fully prepared to face the task ahead of us. Roll on 28th—the 109th is leading the way!

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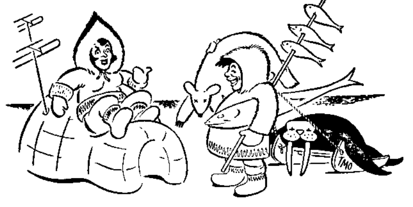

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LETTER FROM LIBYA

TRIPOLI

LIBYA, Mussolini's former colonial show place in Africa, and a country almost three times the size of Texas, may go down in history as the scene of the United Nations' first successful effort to set up a brand-new independent federal state. On the other hand, if things don't work out as planned, perhaps its greatest claim to fame will be that of having constituted one of the larger stumbling blocks in the uneven path of the United Nations. People here who foresee the latter outcome say that Libya is about to become just one more demonstration of the fact that in international affairs, as in everything else, good intentions aren't enough, and they profess to discern an uncomfortably close parallel between the situation here and the situations precipitated at Versailles thirty-some years ago and at Yalta and Potsdam more recently.

Libya consists of three territories—Cyrenaica, Tripolitania, and the Fezzan. Wide deserts serve as boundaries between them. Cyrenaica's three hundred thousand citizens have a limited amount of self-government under their Emir, who is advised by a British Resident. Tripolitania, with eight hundred thousand inhabitants, is by far the most populous part of Libya and is being administered by the British, who allow it, too, a degree of self-government. The Fezzan, a desert vastness nearly three-quarters the size of France and inhabited by an estimated fifty thousand people, is under French military administration.

Libya's postwar history serves as a striking example of the nature of the spoils that belong to the victors nowadays. After the fighting stopped, the question of what to do about Italy's former colonies was first put up to the Big Four's Council of Foreign Ministers. The efforts of these gentlemen to reach an agreement were stalled when the Soviet Union demanded the trusteeship of Tripolitania—possibly, it was said at the time, because it wants to use the territory as a base for propaganda operations inside the Moslem world. Further complications arose, and, as so often happens in an international stalemate of this sort, a commission was finally dispatched to "investigate local conditions." The commission, in its turn, reached a stalemate, and on September 15, 1948, the Libyan question, along with the question of Italy's other former colonies, was dumped into the lap of the United Nations General Assembly. Count Sforza and the late Ernest Bevin then got together and suggested that a ten-year trusteeship be established for Libya, making Italy responsible for Tripolitania, Britain for Cyrenaica, and France for the Fezzan. The Soviets, characteristically, came up with a more drastic proposal: Why not withdraw all troops from the disputed territory and give Libya immediate independence—or, as many who were familiar with the problem read it, immediate chaos?

After countless proposals and counter-proposals by various United Nations committees, the General Assembly, at its two-hundred-and-fiftieth plenary meeting, on November 21, 1949, passed a resolution in which it declared that Libya should become "an independent and sovereign State . . . as soon as possible and not later than January 1, 1952, and that a constitution for Libya, including the form of the government, be determined by representatives of the inhabitants of Cyrenaica, Tripolitania, and the Fezzan, meeting and consulting together in a national assembly." In accordance with another provision of the resolution, an interim administration was set up, consisting of a provisional native Cabinet supervised by a United Nations Commissioner—he is Adrian Pelt, of Holland, formerly an Assistant Secretary-General of the United Nations—who is "guided by the advice" of a United Nations Council for Libya. Sitting on this council are representatives of Egypt, France, Italy, Britain, Pakistan, and the United States, and four native members, representing, severally, Cyrenaica, Tripolitania, the Fezzan, and Libyan minority groups. In Tripoli, I have heard critics of the General Assembly's plan for granting Libya independence express the belief that, though noble in concept, it was formulated in such haste and with so little regard for the realities of the situation that it is potentially as dangerous as a delayed-action bomb, and they doubt whether many of the delegates who voted on this nation's future had any precise idea of the issues involved. However that may be, Libya was singled out to be a test case. Of the two other former Italian colonies, Somaliland was placed under a ten-year Italian trusteeship, and in the case of Eritrea decision was deferred.

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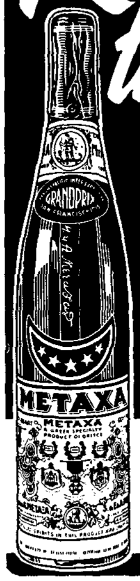

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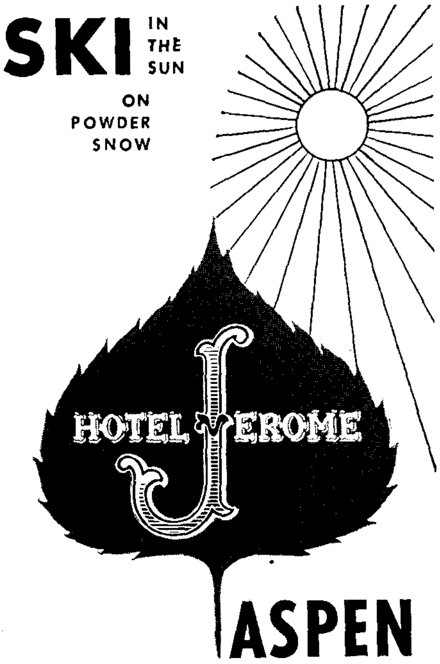

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Arab population of one million eighty-five thousand (all minority groups combined represent only an additional sixty-five thousand), and of that number, only sixteen—yes, sixteen—have had a college education. These sixteen are expected to rise high in the future administration; several, in fact, are already members of the interim government. Perhaps a quarter of a million Libyans can write their own names, but it is believed that not more than sixty thousand of those are sufficiently literate to go beyond that. More than three-quarters of a million Libyans, if faced with a document to sign, use their thumbprints. Of all the backward countries of North Africa, Libya is the most backward. There are no native doctors, nurses, engineers, surveyors, or technicians, and there are hardly a score of qualified native teachers. The top daily wage for skilled laborers is a dollar, for unskilled fifty cents. The national average per-capita income is thirty-five dollars a year. In all Libya, there are two hundred and forty-two miles of railroad tracks—just about enough for a single-track line between New York and Washington. The country's rolling stock consists of one steam engine, two diesel engines, and a few dilapidated freight cars. There are no facilities for communicating by telephone, telegraph, or radio between Tripoli, Libya's largest city, and the whole of the Fezzan, to the southwest. To get from one to the other takes five days of hard driving by jeep, unless the traveller manages to get hold of a plane small enough to land on a short dirt airstrip. Not long ago, when the members of the provisional Libyan Cabinet, assembled in Tripoli, wanted to make an official visit to the Cyrenaican city of Bengasi, four hundred miles to the east, they had to borrow a C-47 from the United Nations to do it. Libya produces no oil, minerals, or coal, and has almost no industry. Last year, twenty-five thousand tons of esparto grass, used in making fine paper, represented ten per cent of the country's total exports. The government's revenue from taxes is insufficient to meet its expenses. There is a different currency in each of the territories: Egyptian pounds in Cyrenaica, Algerian francs in the Fezzan, and the military-authority lire, or MAL—currency issued by the British Army—in Tripolitania. No one seems to know precisely how the future State of Libya's currency is to be established, but there seems to be a likelihood that the British will back a substantial percentage of it with sterling.

Libya's lack of educational facilities

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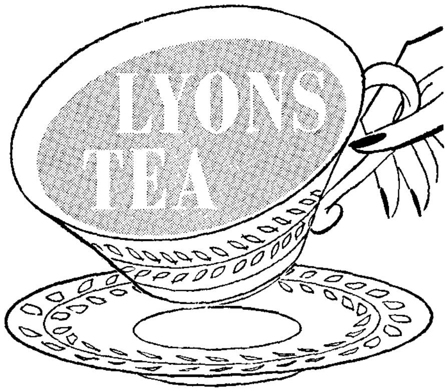

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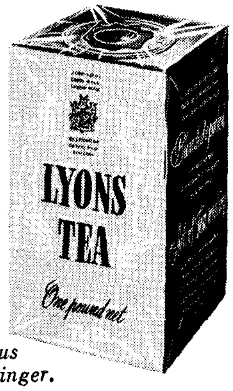

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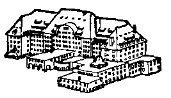

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is nothing new. Until 1912, the country was under the rule of the Sultan of Turkey, who had no interest in schools. Then came the Italians. Unlike the British, who might be said to have colonized for the benefit of their own rich traders, the Italians might be said to have colonized for the benefit of Italy's poor emigrants. Italy set up enough schools in Libya to accommodate the children of the Italians who moved there—even today the Italian government pays for all the Italian secondary schools in Tripolitania—but next to nothing was done for the Arabs, who account for over ninety per cent of the population.

Most of the Arabs, deprived of the opportunity of going to school, live in complete ignorance. They know little about political independence or what it means, and they care less. They have never heard the name of Truman or Stalin. As for the small number of half-educated Arabs, they are vague but emotionally optimistic about the issue of independence. They have no idea how they are going to run their country, but claim they will manage by one means or another. They talk proudly of new hospitals, new irrigation systems, and new roads, but they don't know where the money for them will come from. They point out that the State of Israel got over the childhood diseases of independence in less than two years, ignoring the pertinent fact that Israel had an abundance of its own technicians and other educated citizens to help work out its future.

The United Nations decision to grant Libya its independence has already created violent repercussions throughout French North Africa—Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco—where the French have for many years been assuring the Arabs that they are not yet ready for independence. The Tunisians, Algerians, and Moroccans retort, with accuracy, that they are far more advanced politically, economically, and intellectually than the Libyans. As a matter of fact, France didn't join in the United Nations' happy chorus of "Liberty for Libya." The French have consistently taken a more hardheaded view of this solution than have the Anglo-Saxons. They are convinced that it will be up to them to preserve law and order in the Fezzan even after they relinquish their authority over it.

AS a preliminary step toward setting up a provisional National Assembly, the United Nations Commissioner, on July 25, 1950, invited twenty-one

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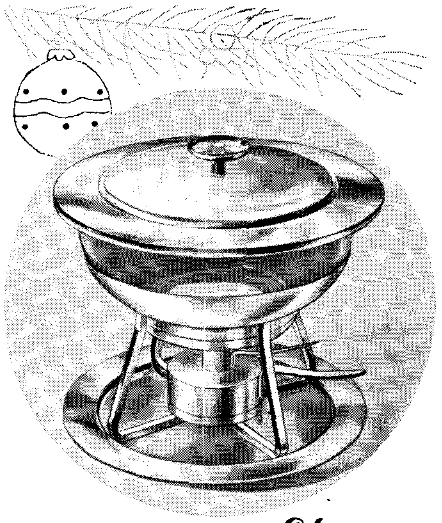

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prominent Arabs—seven each from Cyrenaica and the Fezzan, six from Tripolitania, and one representing the nation's minorities, most of them concentrated in Tripolitania—to form a committee, which was to discuss the composition of the Assembly and methods of selecting its members. The committee decided that the Assembly should consist of twenty members from each of the three territories, to be appointed by the chiefs of the territories. Once duly established, the Assembly began drafting a constitution and making plans for a general election. Last December, the Assembly passed a resolution proposing that the future State of Libya be a federal monarchy, under the crown of Sayid Mohammed Idris el Mahdi el Senussi, Emir of Cyrenaica, the spiritual and political leader of three million Senussi tribesmen, and the country's most powerful personality.

The fact is, however, that although the provisional Libyan government is set up more or less along federal lines and has gone on record as favoring the federal idea for a permanent government, the question of whether Libya should become a federal or a unitary state is far from settled. The decision rests, as specified by the United Nations, with the Libyan National Assembly, but outside pressures must be reckoned with. Within the United Nations Council for Libya, which has its offices in the austere Grand Hotel in Tripoli, there is a serious difference of opinion over this issue. The Egyptian and Pakistan members of the Council favor a unitary state. They claim that the creation of a federal State of Libya would cut the country, "like a cake," into three slices for the benefit of "the big colonial powers," and they want to know why the sparsely settled Fezzan should have the same representation in a Libyan government as populous Tripolitania. The American, British, and French members contend that a unitary Libyan state is a hopeless concept because, they believe, the Fezzan and Cyrenaica would refuse to join it. They favor a federal state that would first be given "semi-independence" and would then move gradually toward complete independence as more and more natives become experienced enough to take over administrative tasks. As might be expected, the Libyans themselves—those few, that is, who worry about such matters at all—are divided as to what form their future government should take. Cyrenaica and the Fezzan, afraid that under a unitary setup the Tripolitanians might be able to meddle in their local affairs, are for a federal

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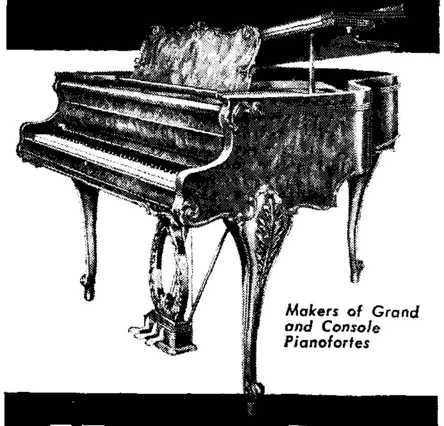

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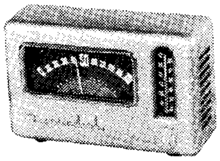

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structure; in Tripolitania the majority of politically minded Arabs are opposed to the federal idea.

The designated future King of Libya is a dignified, wise old man whose only ambition seems to be to help his people along the difficult road to independence, and the Americans and British here hope he will be able to rally his subjects around him and instill in them a sense of national responsibility. The Emir has a wide religious following but also many political foes, who criticize him for sitting out the last war in Egypt and for advocating that the French and British troops in Libya stay on. Those troops today consist of a few Foreign Legion detachments, in the Fezzan, and of the 1st British Infantry Division, in Tripolitania and Cyrenaica. The Emir's relations with the neighboring Egyptians are not particularly cordial, and the fact that he is in his sixties and has no male heirs may also lead to dissension sooner or later.

Mahmoud Bey Muntasser, who was elected Prime Minister of the provisional Libyan government by the National Assembly last March, is a suave, Italian-educated businessman who is pro-Italian (which now helps him) and during the war was pro-German (which doesn't). He belongs to no political party and claims to know nothing about party lines. When I saw him in his office, preparations were being made there for a Cabinet meeting. Attendants brought in carafes of water and ranged glasses around them, and bureaucrats bustled in and out with heaps of documents. The bureaucrats seemed more at ease than the Prime Minister, who evidently doesn't fool himself about the magnitude of his task. He has no doubts that the country's future administration will have to depend for some time—people speak of five years—upon the assistance of Western "advisers." The present expectation is that a nucleus of the British administrators now in Libya will stay on after January 1st, probably on a five-year contract. (The hope is that while some of the British may prefer to go back home rather than take orders from Libyans of superior rank but with little or no administrative experience, others will feel that this drawback is more than compensated for both by the interesting nature of the work and by the comforts of official cars, big houses, servants, and eight-cent shots of Scotch, in contrast to the bleakness they would return to at home.) Instead of getting their salaries from the British Exchequer, the British advisers would get them from the Libyan Finance Min-

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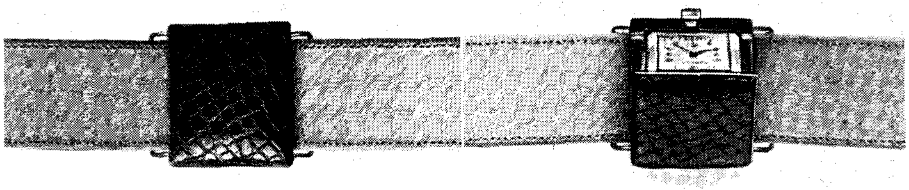

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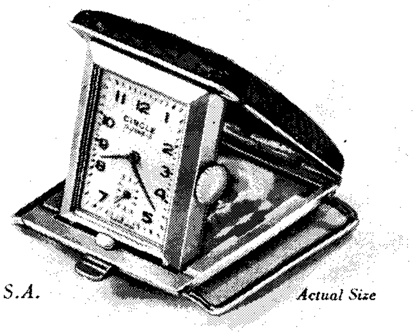

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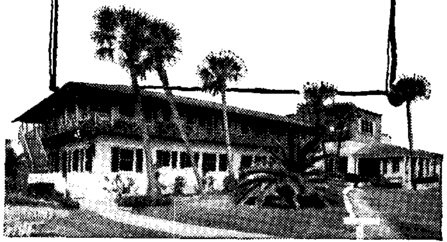
ister, who would get part of *his* funds from the British Exchequer. It is also expected that the United Nations will provide not only technical assistance but financial aid for its adopted child.

TRIPOLI is a beautiful city, with its white minarets, mosques, villas, promenades, and arcades, and a fine harbor that was a shambles at the end of the war but has been pretty much rebuilt by the British. Tripoli's history goes back to the days of the Phoenicians, who called the place Oea. Later, the Numidians, Romans, Vandals, and Arabs all moved in at one time or another. In 1530, Tripoli came under a twenty-one-year rule by the Knights of Saint John. In the next few centuries, it was a pirate stronghold. In the harbor of Tripoli, on August 3, 1804, Stephen Decatur commanded American gunboats in an attack on a Tripolitan pirate flotilla, and took two vessels after some furious hand-to-hand fighting. During the Second World War, Montgomery captured the city, and thereafter it served as his main supply base.

Even in the metropolis of Tripoli, the extent of public ignorance is appalling. The city has a population of a hundred and forty thousand, but fewer than seven thousand of them read a daily newspaper—four and a half thousand read the Italian-language *Corriere di Tripoli* and something over two thousand the Arab-language *Tarabulus el Gharb*. (Both papers are owned and operated by a British publishing firm, which uses the profits from the Italian paper to make up for its losses on the Arab one.) It seems almost impossible to educate the people to act in their own best interests. Since the war, a good many Arabs have been killed or maimed because, in spite of repeated warnings, printed and oral, they have persisted in collecting live shells left lying around all over the countryside by Rommel's Afrika Korps and Montgomery's Eighth Army. The natives build fires under the shells to make them explode, and after the explosion, if they are still alive, they sell the casings in the scrap-iron market.

Few of the Arabs appear to have any understanding of the meaning of responsibility or of coöperative effort. An educated native told me that there could never be such a thing as a successful industrial corporation run by Arabs, because everybody would want to be its president and no one would accept even the title of vice-president. The Arabs take little interest in economic prog-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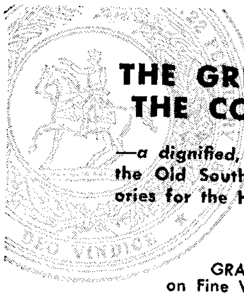
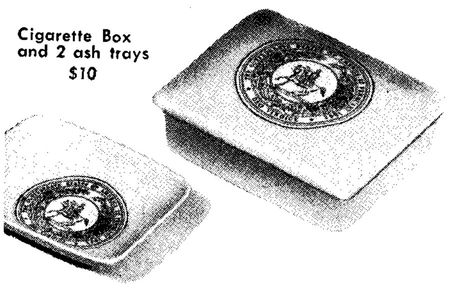
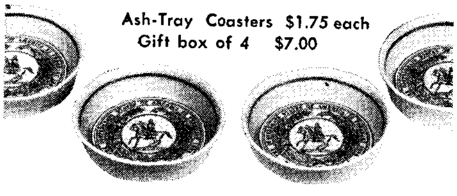
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ress—Libya's or their own. By and large, they aren't interested in the fact that if they worked longer hours, they would earn more money and thus raise their standard of living. The typical shop stays open just long enough for the shopkeeper to make what he considers sufficient to get by on. Then he closes up, and goes to sit under a tree and sip a glass of tea. If it is suggested that he keep his shop open longer, he says, "Allah doesn't want me to work too much." Allah, it seems, also doesn't want Libyan farmers to improve the breed of their sheep, although they could make a much better living if they did. All of which—from one point of view, at least—makes the Arab's life in Libya idyllic.

THERE are only forty-five thousand Italians in Libya (all, or nearly all, of them in Tripolitania), which, of course, means that they are a minority group, but they operate almost all the better farms in the country, as well as much of its business. Most of these Italians have been here since the twenties and, despite all the changes since the war, haven't quite got used to the idea that they are no longer running the country. They act much as if they still were. The Fascist salute is given and returned with disarming candor, perhaps more out of habit than conviction. In the Italian schools, the children are still confronted with maps of the Italian Empire, showing "Mare Nostrum," and in the middle of the city one can still find a plaque that reads, "TO BENITO MUSSOLINI, PACIFIER OF LIBYA, WITH THE DEVOTION AND LOYALTY OF HIS PEOPLE." At the once famous automobile race track in Tripoli, three fasces and the notation "ANNO XII" still decorate what was once the private box of the Duce. It is only a short walk from the race track to the luxurious villa Mussolini maintained for Clara Petacci. The villa is now owned by a brewer, a refugee from Central Europe. The Emir has promised that come Independence Day the rights of the Italians in Libya (and of all other minority groups) will be protected, but what their political status will be has not been made clear.

Some twenty-five hundred Americans are living in Libya today—engineers and construction workers, Air Force personnel, State Department people, and a few businessmen. Their number does not come near representing the weight of American interests in this part of the world. The Second World War

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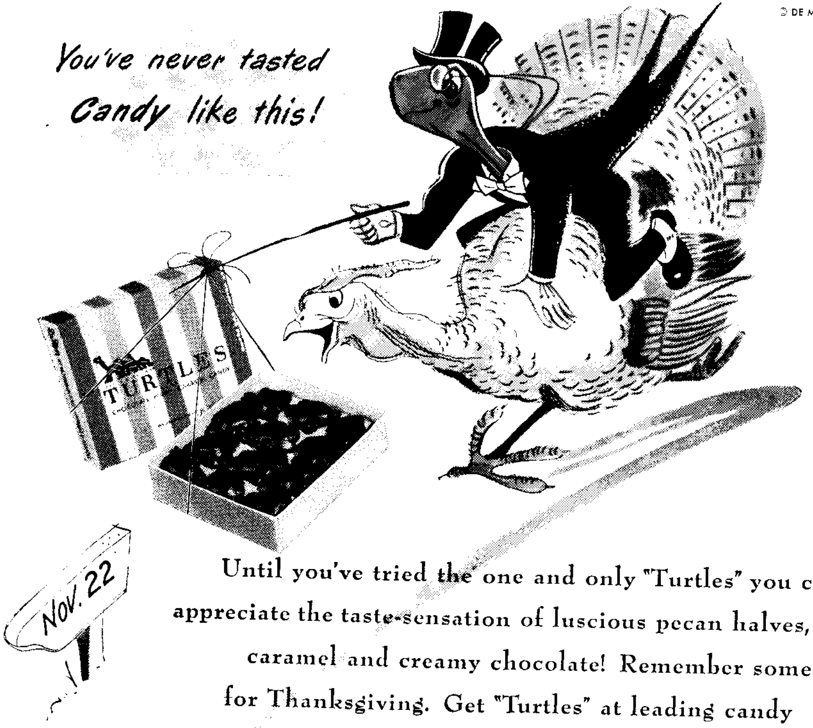
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dramatically pointed up the strategic importance of North Africa in the defense of Western and Southern Europe. Libya, a United Nations trouble spot, is situated halfway between Morocco, a French trouble spot, and Egypt, a British trouble spot. It is perhaps not altogether an accident that Wheelus Field, near Tripoli, which was declared surplus by the United States Army Air Forces in May, 1947, was reactivated by the Americans early in 1948. Day and night, big transport planes operated by M.A.T.S. (Military Air Transport Service) come in from and take off for the United States, Germany, Greece, and Saudi Arabia. Wheelus Field has been leased by the United States government—part of it from the Libyan government and the rest from individual landholders—for a sum that, though undisclosed, is known to be very modest. It will undoubtedly cost us much more after Libya gets her independence, but people who should know feel it is worth whatever we will have to pay for it. Libya has become another of those strange, faraway places where Americans will probably have to stay on for a long, long time, whether they like it or not. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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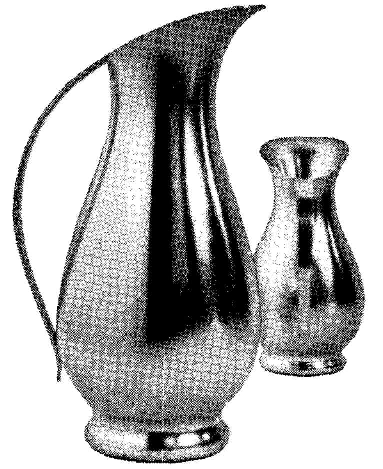

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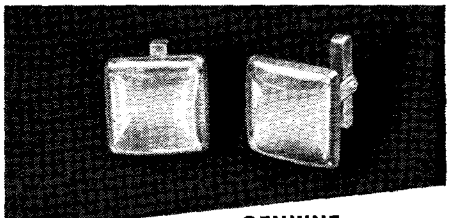

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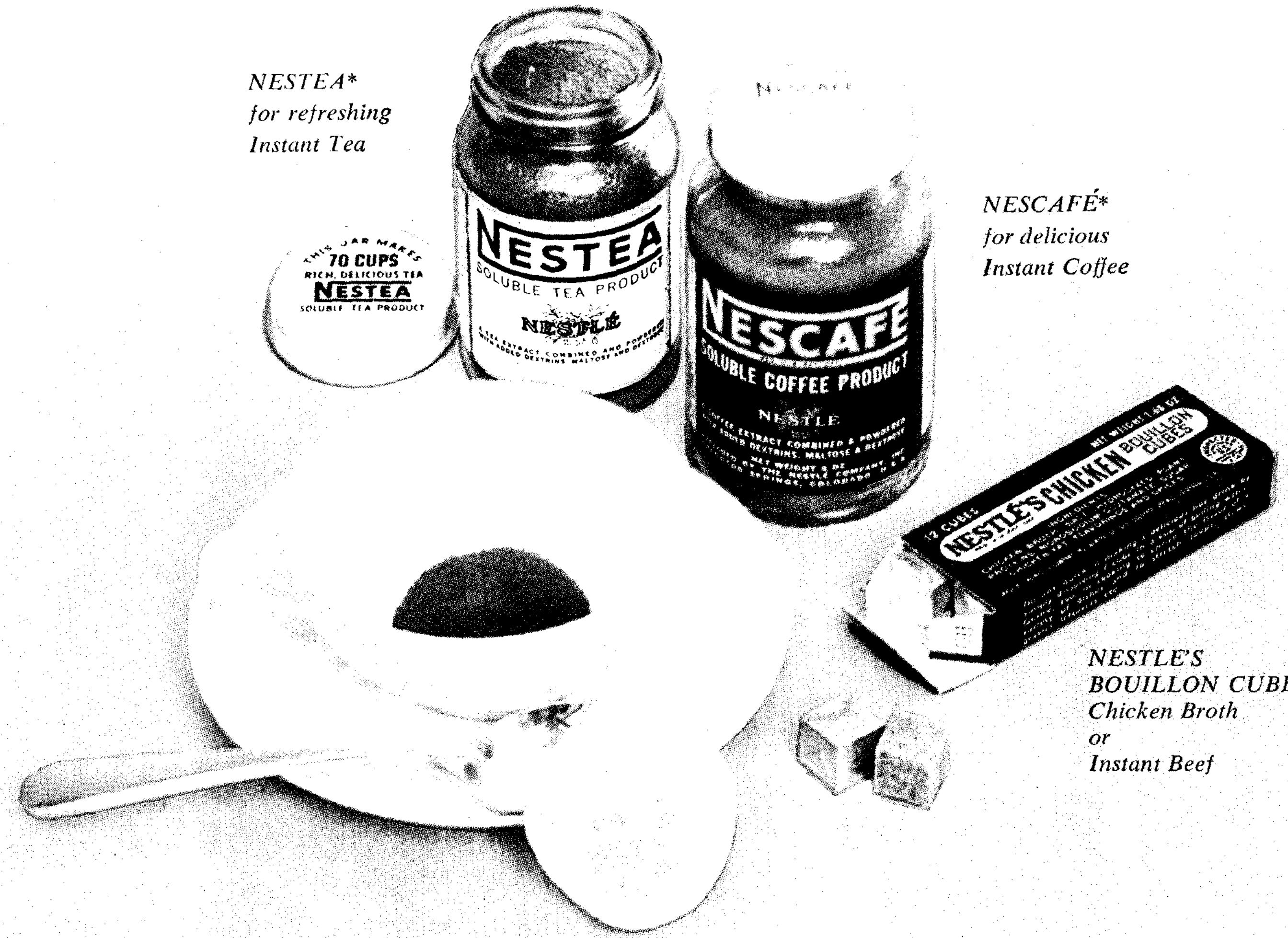
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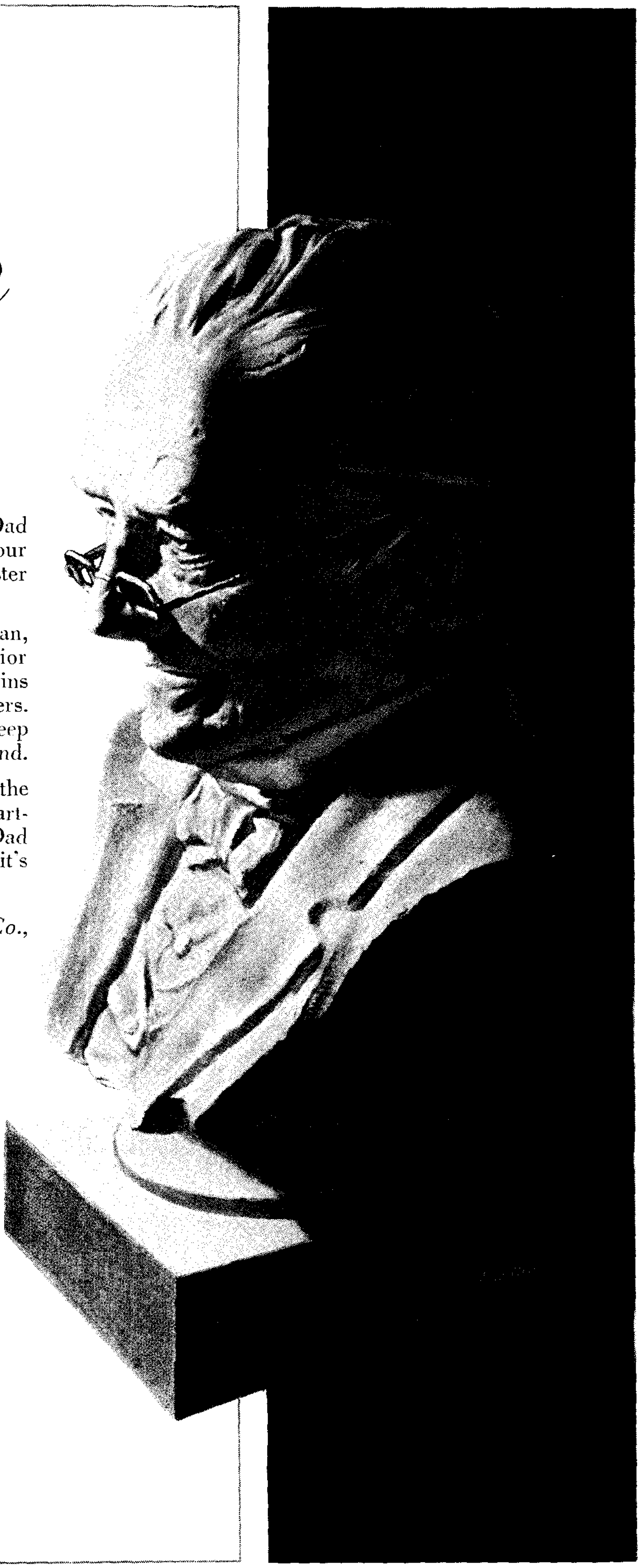

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

FOOTBALL

Stormy Weather

ON Friday of last week, it began to snow in Ithaca, and by Saturday it was snowing and raining in Princeton and New York, and just raining in a lot of other places. Cornell, which had looked forward to a comfortable afternoon at home in Ithaca against Columbia after an appalling afternoon the Saturday before in Princeton, managed to lose a very tight game, 21–20. Princeton, which had expected Brown to be a perfectly safe toy for the sophomores to fool around with, had to keep Kazmaier and the rest of the varsity in harness most of the game and even so won by a score of only 12–0. Pennsylvania, which had considered its match with William and Mary a lively but not insuperable assignment, lost out, 20–12, after a long, stern chase. Yale, which had been reasonably sure of knocking off Dartmouth, ended by losing another exasperating game, 14–10, after having built up a nice little lead. Even Southern California, visiting the East and the Yankee Stadium for the first time, went through a disturbing first quarter (Army 6, visitors 0) before getting under way and trouncing the enemy, 28–6. The one festival that was run off according to specifications involved Notre Dame and Navy, down in Baltimore. Notre Dame, never breathing terribly hard, won that one, 19–0.

WHEN Army booked Southern California, it wasn't expecting that most of its own varsity would be shipped home because of examination trouble, and all it could hope for on Saturday was rain or snow to slow down its guests' operations. It got both, but not enough of them. Southern California, which can never be accused of sending a boy to do a man's job, showed up with what must have been the largest assortment of giants ever seen outside the collected works of the brothers Grimm. It looked as if it could handle any professional team in any sort of weather, and it probably will, as soon as it has gone through the motions of graduating. At that, what with the weather and Reich's fine kicking, Southern California was kept from the Army goal until the second quarter. After Reich was removed with an injured arm, though, it was only a ques-

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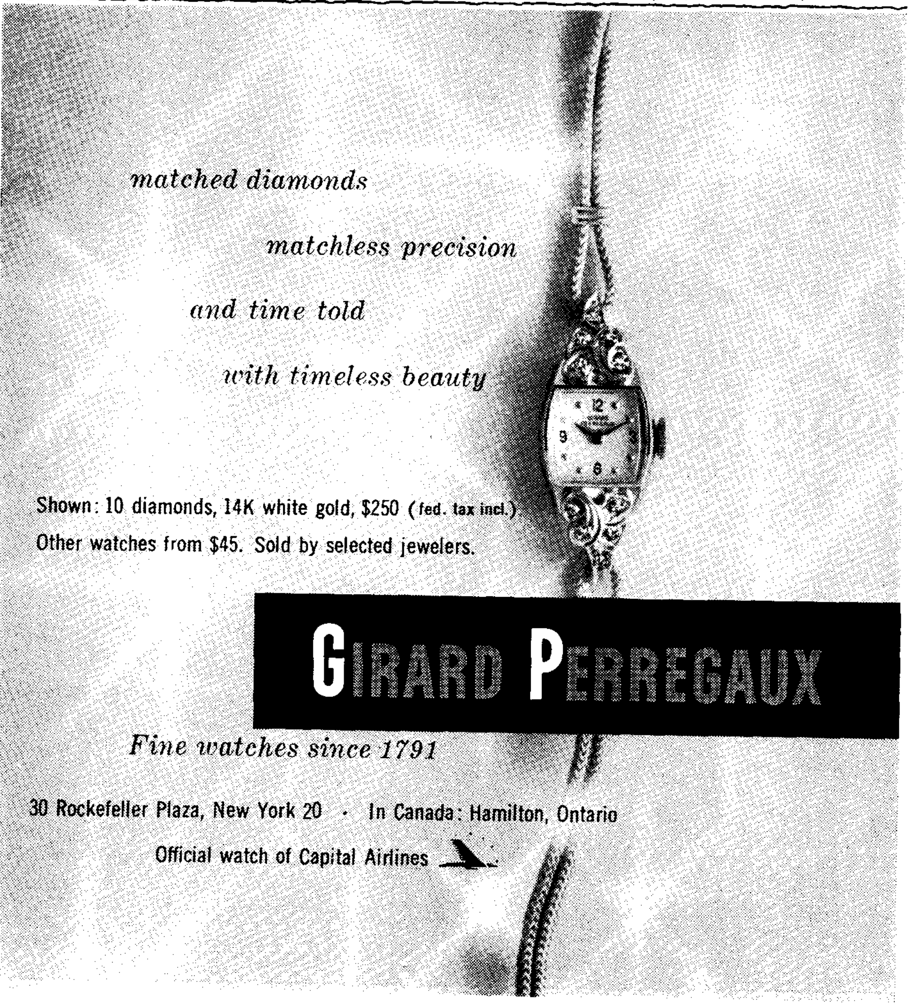

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tion of time. Gifford, who is Southern California's pet back, is a very handy performer indeed, and I am sorry he couldn't be seen on a clearer day and on firmer turf. It would be interesting, too, to see him maneuver behind a human-size line instead of the solid wall of redwood that was erected to protect him against Army.

William and Mary, one of our very oldest institutions of learning, had troubles of its own earlier this year about its scholars and what passed for scholars. People who had been wondering how a small school like William and Mary kept turning out such prancy football teams got quite a surprise when an investigation by the college's governing board explained everything. After the tumult and the shouting had died and the captains (including the president of the college and the football coach) had departed, it was assumed that William and Mary would have a bad season, an assumption that has enjoyed a certain amount of substantiation. Saturday was its day, though, and Pennsylvania, which started off this fall with the greatest of expectations, sustained its third defeat.

Columbia and Cornell have been making a habit of meeting in bad weather, and Cornell should be used to it. The team had been outplayed and outthought by Princeton the week before, and had had difficulties with the Yale line the week before that, but Cornell has two sharpshooting passers and an excellent group of running backs—maybe the best, right now, in this part of the world—and Columbia has no more than one of anything, except bruised elbows and aching legs. Snow or no snow, the honors this week go, I think, to Columbia and its practically lifetime coach, Lou Little.—J. W. L.

•

WHAT BIOGRAPHY OF H. L. MENCKEN D'YA READ?

The host greeted Mencken gruffly, "I'm Jim Cruze and I've never read a God-damned thing you ever wrote." To which Mencken replied, "Well, I never saw one of your God-damned pictures—that makes us both Elks."—*From "The Irreverent Mr. Mencken," by Edgar Kemler.*

Joe [Hergesheimer] had become increasingly popular since his first day in town when, greeted by a boorish actor who announced, "I have never read any of your damned books," he had replied, "And I have never seen any of your damned pictures—that makes us both Elks."—*From "Disturber of the Peace; the Life of H. L. Mencken," by William Manchester.*

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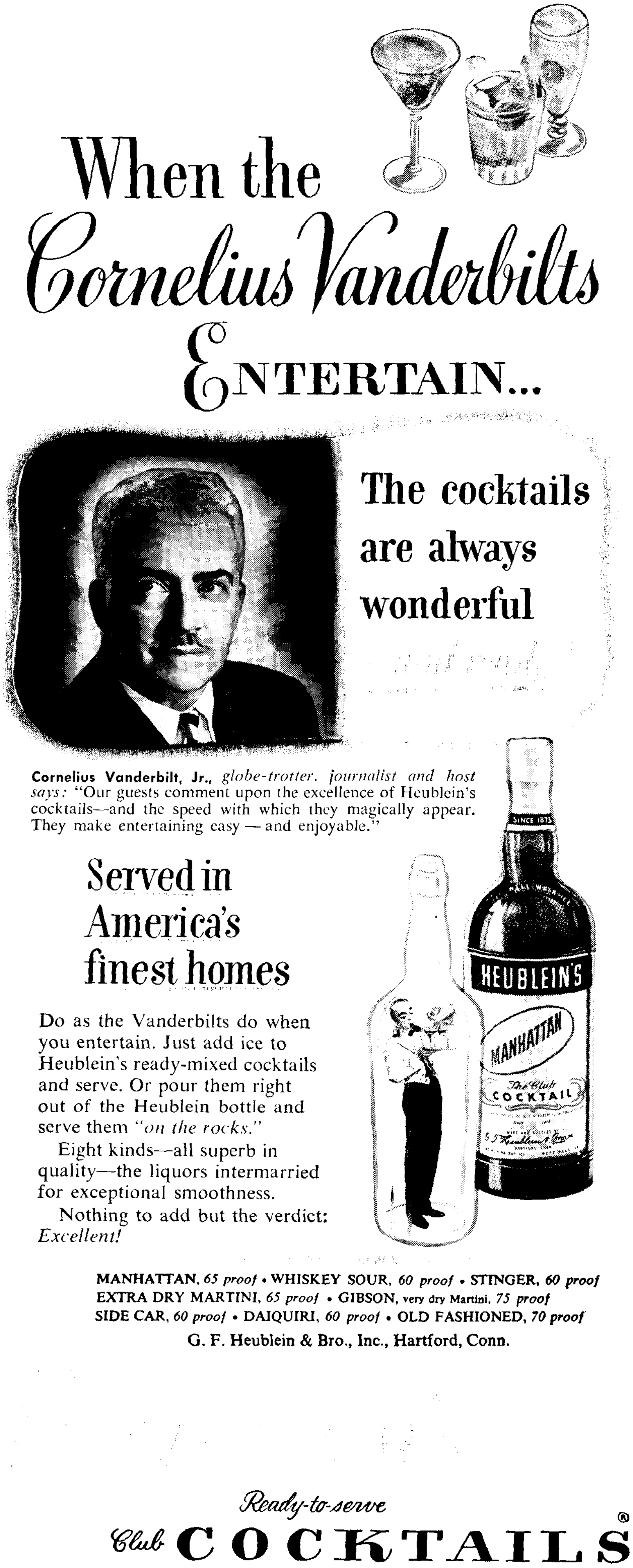
TABLES FOR TWO

Mostly Song and Dance

EVERY evening at nine-thirty, an amiable hour-long musical comedy entitled "All About Love" goes on at the Versailles; shortly after midnight, a less satisfactory hour-long sequel, employing the same cast, takes the platform. (On Friday and Saturday nights, there are three performances, the first show being repeated at around 2 A.M.) The final fifteen minutes of each show are given over to the stimulating singing of a young woman named Carmen Torres, who is likely to make what has gone before seem hazy and unimportant, but since the previous forty-five minutes are spent in song, dance, and dialogue by a dozen other performers, perhaps we'd better look into what goes on then, too. The superiority of the nine-thirty show derives from the fact that its subject matter, courtship, somehow or other leads to brighter songs and brighter talk than the subject matter of the supper show, marital discord. If it's all right with you, we'll talk about the first show from now on.

Breeziness, rather than wit, characterizes "All About Love." Indeed, the nearest approach to humor in "All About Love" is in a rowdy song explaining the disadvantages of being a chorus girl in the back row. Never mind how that fits into the story—the song is engagingly presented by a comedienne called Beverlee Dennis. An energetic singing quintet, Bill Norvas and the Upstarts, opens the show, introduces the boy (Arthur Maxwell) and the girl (Connie Towers), and returns every now and then to comment upon their behavior. And a trio of supple dancers—two young men and a young woman—come on once or twice to illustrate, in the cabalistic language of modern dance, the muddier urges of the two principals. Maxwell and Miss Towers, by the way, are ingratiating in their somewhat foolish roles, and sing nicely together. Then, there is a disturbingly attractive young lady named Gena Rowlands, who drifts on just before the climax of the story to make a few sly observations about the affair. When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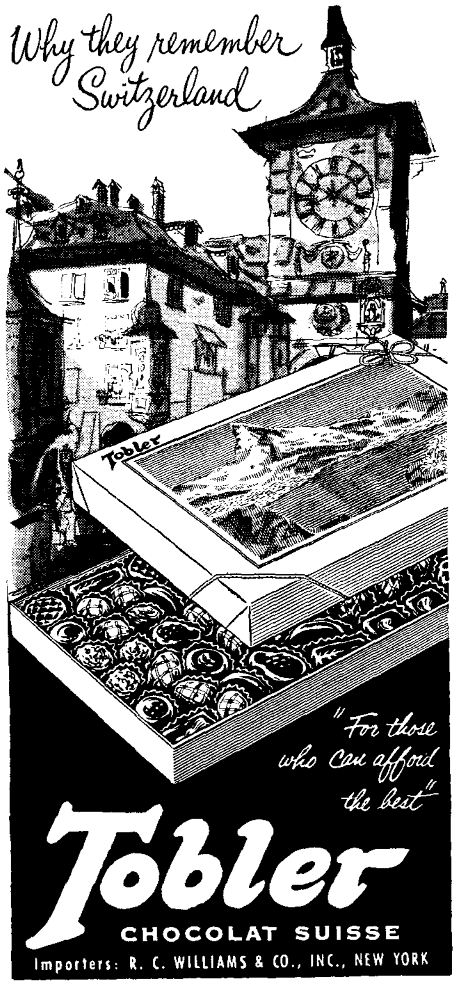
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Miss Torres finally arrives, the story goes out the window. A buxom, black-haired woman who has a lyric-soprano voice of operatic calibre and sings in French and Spanish, she easily dominates the entertainment. The songs themselves, which were written for her by Raymond Bastida, have rich melodic lines and wide vocal range, and are extremely pleasant to listen to. Miss Torres' style is grand and authoritative, and her voice, swelling or contracting exquisitely on long-drawn-out high notes, is remarkably flexible.

I think you might find some mild amusement in the early part of the Versailles show, and I'm sure you'll be taken with the manner in which Miss Torres wraps it up. The house orchestra, conducted by Emile Petti, plays the special arrangements effectively. The musical-comedy numbers, undistinguished but tuneful, are the work of Irvin Graham, and the book was written by George Axelrod and Max Wilk. George Hale's staging is brisk, and the costumes, designed by Billy Livingstone, are first-rate.

A COUPLE of veteran night-club performers are belying their ages these nights in two of our hotel dining rooms. Carl Brisson, a former European "cruiserweight," which is equivalent to a light-heavy over here, sings and radiates good feeling in the Persian Room. Tony De Marco, who would have to go under the ropes as a fly-weight, if he went at all, dances in the Cotillion Room. He is still, despite his years, the best male ballroom dancer in the business, and his wife, Sally, who dances with him, is marvellously graceful. Coming on the floor after a girl singer of fairly mean ability has had the simple pleasure of hearing her voice reverberate throughout the enormous room, the De Marcos uncork their cornucopia of dancing tricks (waltz, soft-shoe, tango, mambo, and a couple of others). They are enchanting. Brisson, who has been around for a long time, was a new experience for me—or, rather, he was an old experience in a new guise. Continental charm is his racket, and he makes a fairly good thing of it. He hasn't much of a voice, but he sings so ardently, looks so romantic (he uses more fancy lighting than Hildegarde does), and makes such expansive gestures that you haven't the heart to admit to yourself that what you are hearing is only a very rough approximation of singing; especially when, at the end of each song, his face lights up with a cheeky, muscular grin as he peers

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out at his audience. He moves about a lot, a portable microphone in his hand. Standing on a chair and wearing his top hat, he is quite an impressive sight, even if he *can't* sing very well. At other times, he may sit on the piano or balance himself on the back of a chair while he grins at and sings to the occupants of a ringside table. He moves easily, and although he is clearly proud of the handsome figure he cuts—as well he might be—there is no arrogance in his manner. A kind of naïveté puts his act across. He gives an outrageous song like "A Pink Cocktail for a Blue Lady" as much conviction as he does Grieg's "I Love You," which he sings in Norwegian, and, little by little, he gets your guard down. Federico Rey and Pilar Gomez, a pair of light-footed but not very enthusiastic Spanish dancers, cut some capers before Brisson strolls on.

UP at Le Ruban Bleu, Ronny Graham, an astonishingly alert young comedian who provides his own piano accompaniments, gets off, among other things, an amusing burlesque of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas—"The Medium," "The Telephone," and "The Consul." Graham heads a generally bright and entertaining show. . . .At the Maisonette, Margaret Phelan, a pretty girl, hews to the line set down by her female predecessors in the St. Regis basement by offering somewhat suggestive song lyrics in a ladylike manner. On one or two occasions, when she chooses to sing works of considerable musical interest, such as "Malagueña," she exhibits a good-size lyric-soprano voice. . . . Stan Freeman, an exceptionally adroit pianist, does an occasionally brilliant job satirizing popular composers in the current bill at the Blue Angel. Kaye Ballard, a singing comedienne with a nice voice and loads of energy, is on hand, too. —D. W.

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(EDITORS: MATS AND PRINTS TO ILLUSTRATE THE FOLLOWING STORY WERE MAILED TO NEW ENGLAND STATE MAT AND NEWSPHOTO SUBSCRIBERS LAST NIGHT, TUESDAY NIGHT, FROM BOSTON.)

(ADVANCE FOR PMS OF THURSDAY, OCT. 18)

BY JOHN BARRY
OF THE NASHUA TELEGRAPH
(WRITTEN FOR THE ASSOCIATED PRESS)

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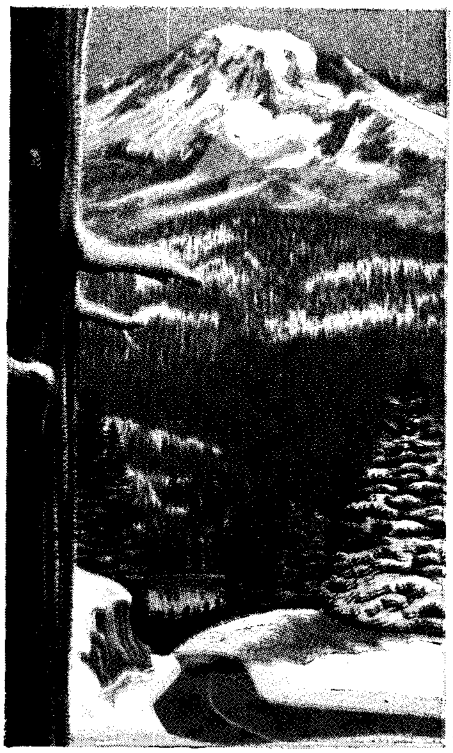

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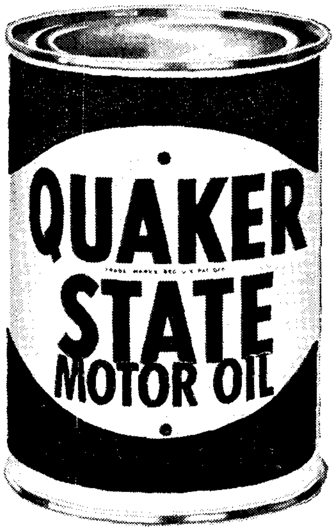

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dreamy Lad and Weepy Lass

"THE HISTORY OF MR. POLLY," an English film, has the considerable virtue of avoiding all false heroics in describing the life and times of a mild little soul whose long dreams of romance are always being frustrated until, ultimately, he finds some sort of contentment in an irregular arrangement with a widow who owns an inn. Faithfully following the H. G. Wells novel, the picture comes up with quite a few sardonic glimpses of the English lower middle class, and succeeds in provoking a smile or two from such unlikely situations as a funeral and an attempt at arson.

It is the plight of the hero of "Mr. Polly" to be constantly misunderstood by those about him. His neighbors annoy him, a girl to whom he proposes laughs at him, and the woman he does marry is enough to give a chap the shudders. It is only when, in full revolt against a world he never made, he tries to burn up his shop and do himself in that things ironically take a turn for the better—namely, the widow. Obviously, there aren't any big, throbbing moments in a film like this, but there are plenty of pleasant interludes, and Anthony Pelissier, who wrote the screen play and directed it as well, deserves the felicitations of anyone interested in amiable period pictures. The atmosphere, as you may remember, is Edwardian, and John Mills, Betty Ann Davies, Megs Jenkins, Finlay Currie, and the others in the cast go about their chores with a nice regard for the moods and manners of the day.

ABOUT four years ago, I encountered a French film called "The Blue Veil," which had to do with a lady who lost a child and then made a gloomy life work out of taking care of other people's small fry. It was, Lord knows, a soggy bit of business. Now Hollywood has come along with *its* version of the thing and made it still damper. This time, the script of "The Blue Veil" was put together by Norman Corwin, the Walt Whitman of the air waves, who never wailed louder even in the days when his cries were encircling the

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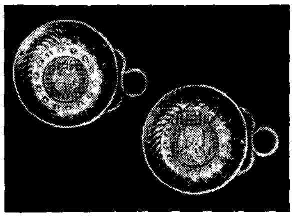

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globe. As played by Jane Wyman, the heroine of this picture starts out a morose but attractive woman; she winds up more lachrymose than Stella Dallas and about as homely a harridan as you ever laid your eyes on. Her difficulty, Mr. Anthony, lies in the fact that every time she gets set to look after a little one, somebody comes along and forces her into an emotional crisis. On her first job, for instance, she's doing fine with the child of a corset king (Charles Laughton) when the old boy decides she'd make a dandy substitute for his late wife. Although Miss Wyman feels warmly toward him, she can't see sharing his bed as well as his board, and when he hooks up with his secretary, she feels she must drift along. Her next assignment throws her in with a darling little fellow, but just when she has the lad crazy about her, a handsome tutor (Richard Carlson) who happens to be around suggests that she run off to Syria with him. She agrees, but along about train time, the tutor starts mumbling that maybe they've been a trifle hasty, and so the whole deal is called off. This sort of thing, with variations, goes on and on and on, until presently poor Miss Wyman is reduced to being a charlady in a New Jersey grammar school. She looks so shot by this time that one of the pupils takes a peek at her, screams, and heads down Route 1 as fast as his tiny little legs can carry him. Miss Wyman shouldn't be blamed, I guess, for becoming somewhat monotonous in "The Blue Veil;" even Sarah Bernhardt might have trouble keeping Mr. Corwin's epic going.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Q.—"Why is New York City called Gotham?"—B. L. L., Fond du Lac, Wis.

A.—Gotham means lack of horse sense, and denoted a village in England.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Next question.

•

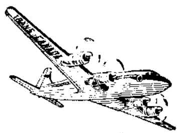
Senator Moody, Democrat, of Michigan told housing officials here last night that all Federal programs should be judged on the basis of whether they "are good for the people of America."—*Washington Star.*

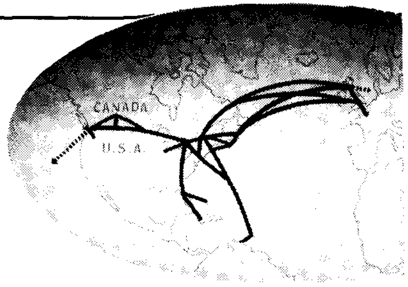
He's a keen one, ain't he?

•

VANCOUVER—(AP)—Miss Audrey Piggott, who will occupy the first cello position with the Vancouver symphony this winter, is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, and so is her instrument. But Miss Piggott is a lot slimmer than the cello.—*Duluth (Minn.) Herald.*

That's she, slightly to the left.





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BOOKS

Saint's Progress

THE opening pages of Graham Greene's new novel, "The End of the Affair" (Viking), are electrifying. They have a quality that, although it is hard to define with any precision, is immediately recognizable, the quality one becomes aware of as one reads the first few sentences of Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady" or hears the first few words of one of the plays of Ibsen's maturity. It informs one that what is to follow is to be an exhibition of an artist's complete control of content and technique. There is no falling off in the later pages of Greene's newest novel; it remains from first to last an almost faultless display of craftsmanship and a wonderfully assured statement of ideas. Greene has achieved artistic maturity, at once discovering exactly what he wants to say and the best possible way of saying it.

This arrival at a serene command of his medium and manner is unusually pleasant, since although Greene has always shown that he has had the powers of a major writer, his work has until now been torn apart by unresolved conflicts; his manner has warred with his material and his intentions seem to have been at outs with the implications of the actions he has described. The split was obvious from the beginning. In his first published work, a volume of poems that has become, as they say in the book collectors' catalogues, excessively rare, he describes himself playing Russian roulette with a loaded revolver. The action is appropriate to the stuffy indoor world of Dowson, and smacks of its pallid *fin-de-siècle* sensationalism, but it takes place outdoors—on Berkhamsted Common, a brisk, gorsy, suburban place infested with fox terriers and healthy children. The inner divisions are even more obvious in Greene's early novels, which are simultaneously loving tributes to Stevenson and Henry James and outrages against their ideas of what is permissible in the novel. Although Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and James "What Maisie Knew," they united in putting off-limits signs at the entry to wide areas of human experience. When Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" came out, James wrote an agonized letter to Stevenson complaining of Tess's animality and of the vileness of her world's sights and sounds, and the letter was sympathetically received. Greene seems to have made himself a master of their literary approach to life for the sole purpose of tackling what they most shrank from in it. It is as if he had set himself the task of finding out the sort of book "What Maisie Knew" would have become had James dared involve Maisie's innocence not only in awareness of the intellectual, non-physical tensions of her mother's relationships but also in the raw, tangible, and visible world in which those relationships were sexually consummated. For Greene, there were none of James's self-questioning aesthetic hesitations on the fringes of the problems of evil and pain; he plunged right into the murky half-world dominated by the ugliness evil and pain create. He seemed to be doing for life what a certain kind of guide does for Paris, leading one away from its beauty and dignity to "the real Paris," a network of little alleys lined with curious places of entertainment. His researches into the nature of weakness and cruelty began to look, in "England Made Me" and "This Gun for Hire," not unlike a sadistic attack on the reader's sensibilities.

The religious element that first appeared in his work after his conversion to the Roman Church only heightened its sinister quality. Though "Brighton Rock," "The Power and the Glory," and "The Heart of the Matter" were ostensibly Catholic novels, as Mauriac's novels are Catholic novels, it was hard to deduce from them that the principal feature of the religion behind them was a universe dominated by love and existing for it, or that a good part of its observance was a joyful celebration of the discovery of God's love for man. One gathered that God's love was an uneasy blessing that could be properly understood only by those farthest from grace, and that it was not possible to know good unless one was on cozy terms with evil. These three novels are redolent not so much of orthodox conceptions as of the addled Catholicism of Huysmans, who professed belief in order to add thrilling ideas of sin and eternal punishment to the inadequate qualms supplied by his sense of guilt. In all three books the religious element can be taken as simply so much décor pinned to questions of sexual guilt. The actual pivot of "Brighton Rock," despite all the whoop-de-doo, is a comic and not a tragic one: Everything turns on the reluctance of its somewhat improbable hero-villain, the teen-age leader of an adult mob, to lose his virginity. Doom falls upon him when destiny has forced him to accept

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the love of a woman and to lead her to the marriage bed. "The Power and the Glory" is so much more convincing as a story and so much larger in subject—resistance to intellectual tyranny—that it is easy to miss its basic similarity to "Brighton Rock." In it, too, the hero is undone by contact with female flesh; he is destroyed morally and physically because he has known a woman and she has borne him a child. It is impossible not to suspect that he had been made a priest in a church that requires its priests to be celibate merely so that his insane inability to come to terms with his physical and instinctive being will appear sane. The same issue is essential to "The Heart of the Matter," in which a case of post-coital remorse is blown up until it achieves monstrous proportions. Once the hero of the book touches the body of the girl he loves, the whole fabric of his life disintegrates. Although he has been an incorruptible government servant all his life, just as soon as the taint of the flesh is on him, he begins to lie, falls into shady associations, is unable to refuse bribes, and slides down into corruption until he arrives at a point of wretchedness at which suicide seems a natural course.

Paying ardent lip service to the Church, the three novels bring remarkable creative power to inventing situations in which the Church is powerless to help and bound to condemn, in which its only function can be to define sin and to overwhelm the sinners with the knowledge that damnation is what they have chosen. Brushing aside the joyful declarations of the faith about the hidden manna that can fill the whole of life with sweetness, and its clear teaching about the possibilities of human happiness, these novels exploit with refined sadism the doctrine that the ultimate happiness is not attainable in the flesh, and announce that misery is inescapable. The clearer the vision of God, they seem to say, the greater the misery, because the more one becomes aware of God, the more obvious becomes the rottenness of man, and the wider the gulf dividing him from the divine. In Greene, as in Mauriac, it is possible to detect at the core of the declared belief a primitive fear rather than a creative faith. So far, his stories have all described the fall and never the redemption; in them, Eve gives the apple to Adam again and again, and he loses everything when he eats it. It is this fear of life and creativity aking the form of a fear of woman, so often found in religious writing, that makes religion repulsive to so many peole, and a religious writer who expresses

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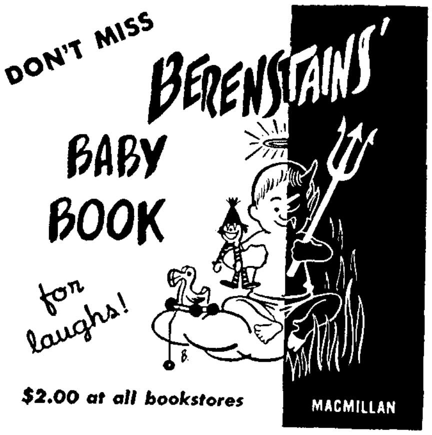

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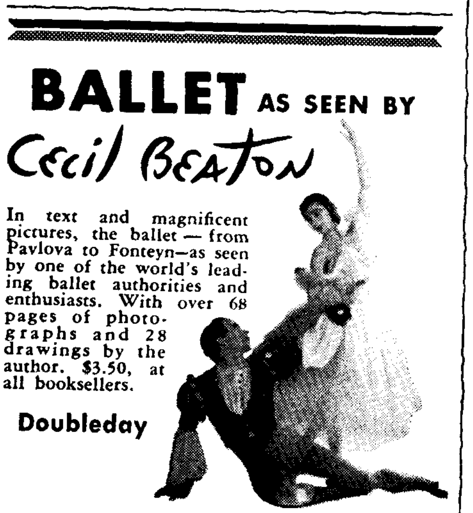

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it does his cause doubtful service. In fact, until now Greene has allowed one to see behind his work only a faith that is an instrument of torture calculated to make any relationship between men and women, and life in the flesh, intolerable.

"The End of the Affair" shows another, happier face. The negative aspects of belief have gone into the discard, and with them the idea that weakness is the supreme power committing men to inevitable failure. At the beginning of the story, a writer named Maurice Bendrix, who is its narrator, meets the husband of a woman with whom he has had a meagre and disappointing affair. The husband arouses in Bendrix a fit of wild jealousy, because in a confidential moment of acute unhappiness he says that he has come to doubt his wife and is thinking of hiring a detective to watch her but cannot quite bring himself to do it. Bendrix, humiliated by the idea that she has found a more satisfactory lover, and wanting to hurt her and her husband with his knowledge, hires a detective himself and sets out to track her down. The four characters are the most fully conceived that Greene has yet invented, and their reality, and the reality of their situation, is astonishing. As the story develops, the bleakness and emptiness that surround them are slowly enlivened by a great wealth of feeling. The detective uncovers the poverty of the relationships that brought them together, but as he does so, the reader also becomes conscious of the extraordinary enrichment that has taken place. The woman has escaped from the mean and dingy world of self-seeking and has discovered the enormous realm of happiness that lies beyond it. The nature of the realm, as well as the difficult route to it, is described with brilliant certainty, and the effect of her experience on those around her is no less powerfully handled.

The narrator sets out, inspired by hatred and dislike, to discover a petty sexual wrong, and finds himself faced with a saint and a saint's knowledge of love. Saints have been crowding onto the literary scene lately, talking their heads off in the work of Mr. Eliot and mumbling dim intimations of an awareness of a greater something in Mr. Faulkner's, but none of them has done much to bring home the reality of mystical experience or the power that goes with it. Greene's saint does that, and the closing section of the book, which deals boldly with the miraculous, is one of the most convincing things that he, and perhaps any other modern writer, has written in attacking this problem. Where it

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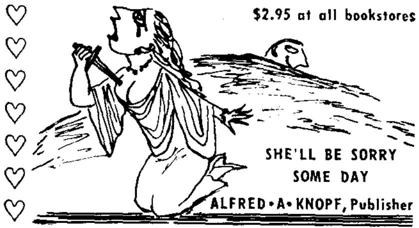
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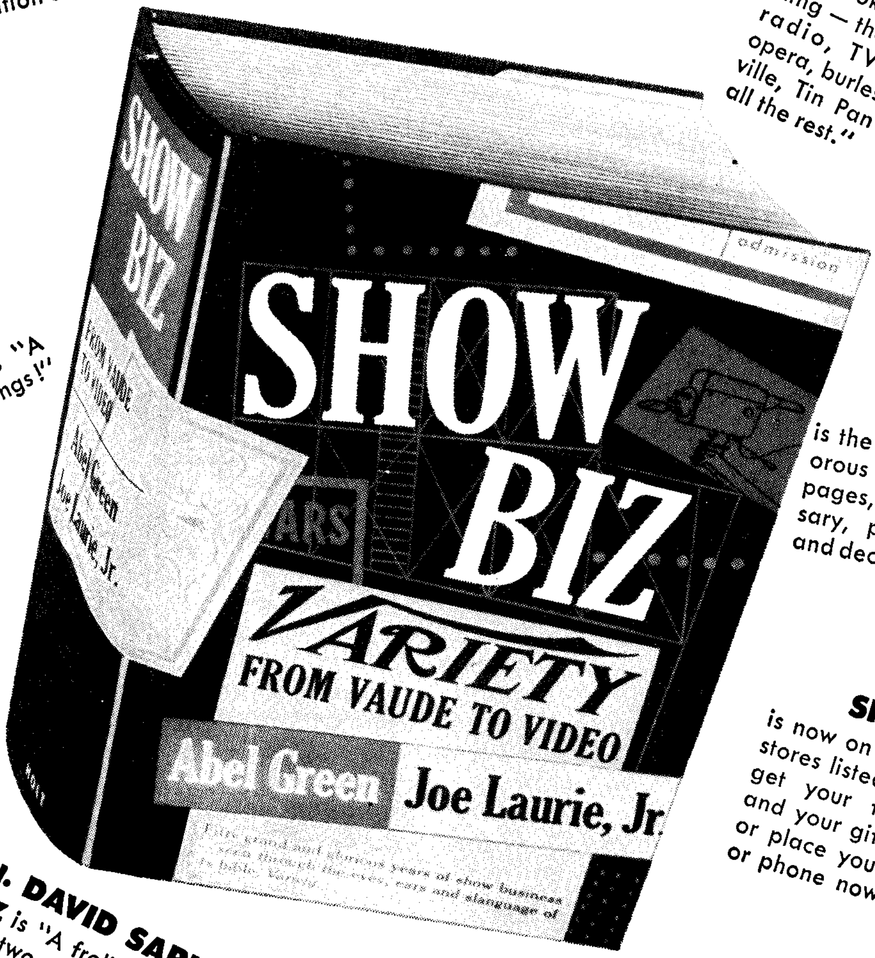

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approaches the effect, in particular, of discovering what she was and what she knew, upon the narrator himself, it is deeply moving. The book is undeniably a major work of art, and even those who cannot agree that the search for truth can be pursued in the neighborhood of the miraculous and the supernatural will find in it rich aesthetic satisfactions.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MASTERS, by C. P. Snow (Macmillan). Lewis Eliot, a Cambridge Fellow, tells about the election of a new Master of his college, and uses the rivalry and jealousy attendant on the election to illuminate the lives and hearts of the candidates and their friends and enemies. The book begins with notice of the impending death of the old Master, Vernon Royce, continues at a leisurely rate as Royce waits to die and finally dies, and ends with the election of the new Master. Mr. Snow's writing is slow, sure, and shrewd, and powerful enough to draw the reader entirely into his closed, almost airtight world of scholars and their families. The struggle of which he writes is inexorably masculine, but he throws enough light on the various marriages concerned to add a distinct, though minor, tone of love and warmth to what would otherwise be an engrossing but rather chilly story about members of an institution.

THE WANDERER, by Mika Waltari (Putnam). A big and wooden book about the adventuring of a sixteenth-century Finn, a limp young man who finds most of his enjoyment in witnessing the pains and loves of others. As a slave attached to the court of Suleiman the Magnificent, he claims to have taken several good long looks into the women's quarters and other secret places of the palace, but his peeping does us no good, for he is no raconteur.

AN UNFOUND DOOR, by Al Hine (Little, Brown). Mr. Hine, who knows all his characters inside out and betrays them so completely that they come to life full-size, does an especially good job on his heroine, a bright, pretty, self-centered young woman named Ginny McLaughlin, who discovers at thirty-four that her life has been all anticlimax and that she is doomed to a sort of soporific unhappiness for the rest of her days. Ginny blames her unhappiness

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(which looks and sounds like plain discontent) on her mother. The narrator, a young man named Fred Boyce, blames it on the social structure, which doesn't give girls like Ginny a chance. The reader might timidly observe that Ginny is a cold-eyed young woman who merely has never fallen in love. At any rate, it's a very readable book, hardy enough to survive Mr. Hine's careless, straggling way of writing, and so crammed with frantic detail that one cannot help suspecting that Fred Boyce spent most of his life not just taking notes but writing everything down in full the minute it happened.

THE SERPENT-WREATHED STAFF, by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Bobbs-Merrill). A long novel about doctors and doctors' wives, parents, and children (particularly fathers and daughters), race prejudice, socialized medicine, the dangers of prolonged separation in marriage, and assorted forms of hysteria, resentment, selfishness, and unselfishness in married women. The most important people in the story are two brothers, both doctors, practicing in a Midwestern city, one of them warmhearted and humanitarian, the other anxious for power and money. Mrs. Hobart has a central theme in the conflict between these two men, but her story is shapeless and heavy, wandering into innumerable discussions of various personal and public problems. Her writing is serene, industrious, and commonplace.

CHILDREN OF THE ARCHBISHOP, by Norman Collins (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). An orphanage novel in which an illegitimate girl called Sweetie plays the principal part. We follow Sweetie (and other members of the institution, which is crowded) as far as her eighteenth year, when she marries and does very well for herself, romantically if not financially. Her mother, a foolish creature and far more deserving than Sweetie, because of her years and troubles if for no other reason, ends up in a poor way. Mr. Collins tells about all this in a confidentially humorous tone, and sometimes succeeds in being funny, but the pleasure one might derive from his book is tempered by the tiresomeness of the author's morbid preoccupation with self-sacrifice, which he apparently regards not simply as a virtue but as the crowning virtue of them all.

TRACY'S TIGER, by William Saroyan (Doubleday). A short fable about

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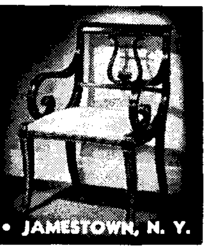

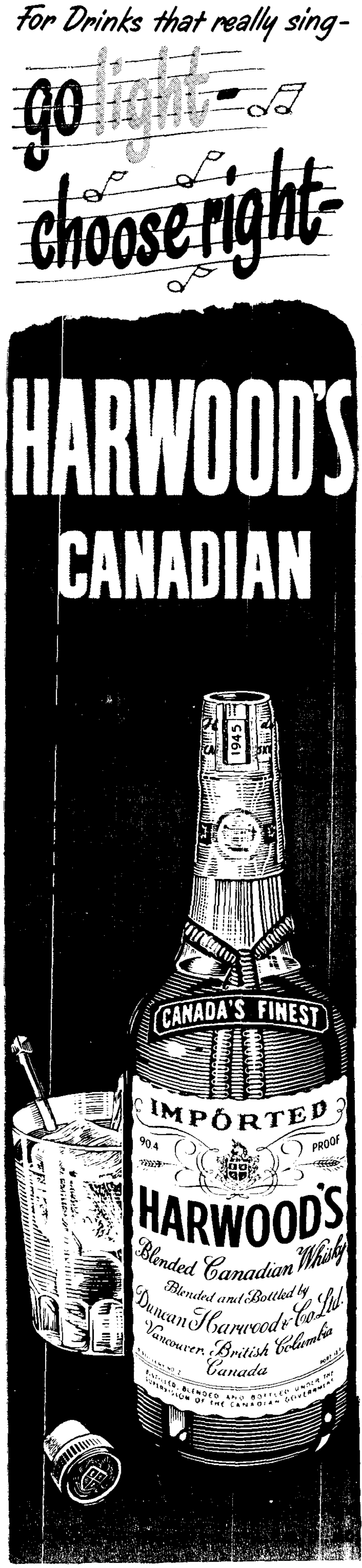

love, with a whimsical and inconsistent tiger for a hero and two ingenuous young people, Thomas Tracy and Laura Luthy, for the lovers.

GENERAL

THE VOICE OF ASIA, by James A. Michener (Random House). The author of "Tales of the South Pacific" reports on his recent travels in the Far East. Mr. Michener, whose previous writing about Asia has been more atmospheric than reportorial, is serious, though not sobersided, in this book. What happens in Asia in the near future can very well determine the fate of the United States, he says, and adds that if our dealings with other Asiatics are as inept as our dealings with the Chinese were between 1940 and 1950, we'll have to "scuttle back to America and await the hurricanes." He makes it clear, too, that if our lack of skill and foresight permits the Chinese Communists to have their way in Asia, we won't be able to survive the hurricanes. In this distillation of hundreds of interviews with Japanese, Formosans, Koreans, Burmese, Indians, Siamese, and others, one paradoxical message is dominant: The white man is washed up in the Far East, but if he abandons Asia to its own devices, he does so at his peril.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Grant C. Knight (Chapel Hill). A lively history of the decisive battle between the realists and the romanticists, which reached its peak during the last decade of the nineteenth century and in the course of which the American novel lost its innocence. The standard-bearers of the realistic school, in Mr. Knight's view, were Stephen Crane, Ambrose Bierce, Frank Norris, Hamlin Garland, Harold Frederic, and H. H. Boyesen, with William Dean Howells cheering sedately from the sidelines. (Mark Twain, though sympathetic to their cause, refused, for unknown reasons, to take up arms, and Henry James had removed himself from the scene.) Aligned against them was the full phalanx of the When Knighthood Was in Flower school—F. Marion Crawford, Charles Major, Paul Leicester Ford, and the rest—and *their* cheering section was the American public. In the end, though, realism won, preparing the way for such writers as Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, Ernest Hemingway, and John Dos Passos. Mr. Knight's discussion of

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the how and why of this victory goes into political, social, and economic factors, and the result is an informed and stimulating work.

TIME OUT, by John A. Vietor (Richard R. Smith). An account of what life was like in Stalag Luft I, a German prison camp for Allied airmen, near the shores of the Baltic Sea. The author, who was piloting a B-24 when he was shot down over Regensburg, Germany, spent a year and a half in the camp and became a staff officer of the prisoners' secret command, which dealt with such matters as intelligence activities, discipline, camp security (what to do, for example, in case the Germans decided to massacre the prisoners), escape plans, and so on. In that capacity, Captain Vietor was privy to the undercover work of the Kriegies, as the prisoners called themselves, and was a member of the welcoming committee that greeted the Russians when they finally liberated Stalag Luft I, with machine guns and vodka. The book is modestly written and has an engaging humor; it is illustrated with drawings made by fellow-inmates, German propaganda cartoons, and photographs taken by the prisoners under the noses of their guards.

THE AMIABLE BALTIMOREANS, by Francis F. Beirne (Dutton). A heavy-handed addition to a series of volumes issued under the general heading "Society in America"—a series that started off very propitiously with "The Proper Bostonians." Mr. Beirne, unfortunately, seems to have the idea that in writing about a city it's not chivalrous to ruffle the sensibilities of *anybody* who lives there. As a consequence, he hasn't really produced a commentary on Baltimore but has merely written a reverent and thoroughgoing treatise on its history, its topography, its social and economic structure, its monuments (which are many), and its oddities (which are relatively few). Baltimore, he tells us, is a city that has reached middle age, and that, for the most part, likes to go to bed around 10 P.M. Anyone, in or out of Baltimore, who is given to retiring at that hour will undoubtedly find this book to his taste.

UNDER WHATEVER SKY, by Irwin Edman (Viking). New proof that the art of the essay, which is mourned every once in a while as dead, is still very much alive and in good hands. Professor Edman's essays are brief interior monologues on an almost in-

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THE
Minneapolis Star *and* Tribune
COLUMN
by CEDRIC ADAMS
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

WATCH THE SUN on your television set if you have one of those magnifiers in front of the screen. Sun rays at the proper angle through the glass can start a fire . . . Have an ugh-y item: A scientist investigating food flavors for an eastern company comes up with the conclusion that your taste buds get tired toward the end of a meal. To pep them up, he suggests, use a little mustard with your dessert . . . How like an elephant we are. The elephant usually shows signs of old age around 50 . . . Don't forget that ripe olives blend well with duck. Dice the olives and add them to your duck gravy . . . Happy little note: The Federal Reserve board consumer finance survey indicates that fewer people in the $3,000 a year, and under, income levels spent more than they made last year. For the population as a whole, 61 per cent made more than they spent, three per cent broke even and 32 per cent were dissavers.

★

DIFFERENCE IN TECHNIQUE: In fiction writing, for every 100 verbs used, writers toss in 35 adjectives, but in advertising copy, the ratio is 78 adjectives for every 100 verbs . . . A dime's worth of old-fashioned modeling clay, dear, will help you anchor that fine display of fall flowers in that flat bowl . . . The traditional shaving brush, disappearing rapidly the last few years, now gets another boot toward oblivion. In a new kind of shaving outfit, the brush is replaced by a pad of foam rubber . . . Simple backache bothering you? Take time off six or seven times a day to stretch and really give it the business. May relieve you completely. You'll feel better after the stretch, anyway . . . Peanut flavored ice cream will be next . . . When the girls start back into defense work in a big way, you'll see a lot of them carrying their lunch boxes in the form of shoulder strap bags . . . Revised definition: Psychiatrist—The last man you talk to before you talk to yourself.

★

NOW I KNOW what the word "ubiquitous" means. George Grim, the Tribune's globe-trotting columnist, is filling an eight-week speaking schedule that calls for 8,000 miles of travel and 60 talks in 48 Upper Midwest communities. George is giving 50,000 folks a first-hand account of the news picture as he saw it on a recent trip to Korea and the Far East. The neighborly visits of staff members to cities and towns throughout this 225-county region comprise one more reason why the best-liked, best-read newspapers in the area are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: now more than 485,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 615,000).

★

MOST OF US "bump" hundreds and hundreds of miles off our cars annually. A testing device called a "bumpometer" has been used to test the results of driving a passenger car fast over railroad tracks. The gadget actually measures the amount of damage caused by going over bumpy railroad crossings. Motorists will do well to be on the constant lookout for rough crossings and take it easy over the bumps. One rough one will take more out of a car than several hundred miles of ordinary driving . . . New note in costume jewelry for the teen-age set is a miniature cup with a slot in the side into which a small snapshot of your latest heart-throb can be inserted. Appropriately, perhaps, they're tagged "drool cups" . . . Here's a tip on your glassware either on the back bar, in your activities room, or in your cupboard: Always keep it right side up. Soap fumes may be retained otherwise and can easily ruin the flavor of a beverage . . . Ah, those thoughtful greeting card people. In the card racks is one for a woman who has had her alimony upped.

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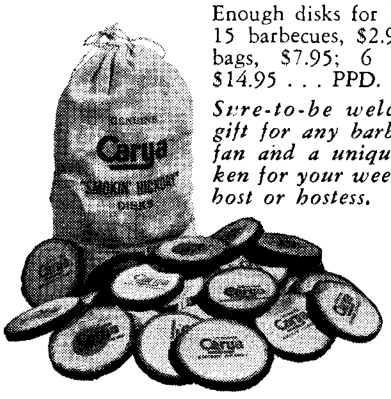

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finite variety of things, from sin to clichés, with a rueful plaint about the encroachment of middle age running throughout the book as leitmotiv. The whole constitutes a nice little conducted tour of a civilized and witty mind.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF TRAVEL, edited by Helen Barber Morrison (Twayne). An innovation in travel books, and an extremely pleasant one, too. The editor has chosen, from the letters, journals, and other writings of some eighty eminent travellers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, excerpts that convey not only the flavor of the spots they sojourned in while on the Grand Tour but also a good deal of the personality of the authors themselves. For example, Carlyle, a tetchy traveller at best, reports on his reactions to such spots as Ghent, Bath, Mentone, Paris, Berlin, and Marburg, none of which suited him especially well; Washington Irving sets down the "rambling fancies" he indulged in during an afternoon at the British Museum; Oliver Goldsmith, studying medicine at Leyden, describes the "dull, though very various" pleasures of that city; and Goethe rhapsodizes about Rome, while William Dean Howells finds it almost unendurable. The book is divided into ten sections, representative of ten European countries, and subdivided into cities, and makes admirable browsing even for one who isn't planning to set foot outside his own door.

NOTE: John Bainbridge's Profile of Toots Shor, which appeared in this magazine a year ago, has been published in book form by Houghton Mifflin, under the title "The Wonderful World of Toots Shor." Illustrated by Alan Dunn. . . . A collection of Ogden Nash's verse, entitled "Parents Keep Out," has been published by Little, Brown, with illustrations by Barbara Corrigan. Many of the poems were first printed in *The New Yorker.*

•

Rev. Armand Morrisette O.M.I. of Lowell was guest of honor at a going away reception held in his honor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seaburg, 17 Hardy Avenue recently. Father Armand is the only United States citizen to hold the rating of Captaincy in the French Navy. He will leave by plane on Oct. 9th for Paris to visit the French Navy Bases and will have an audience with the King of France.—*Watertown (Mass.) Herald.*

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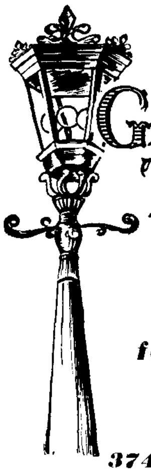

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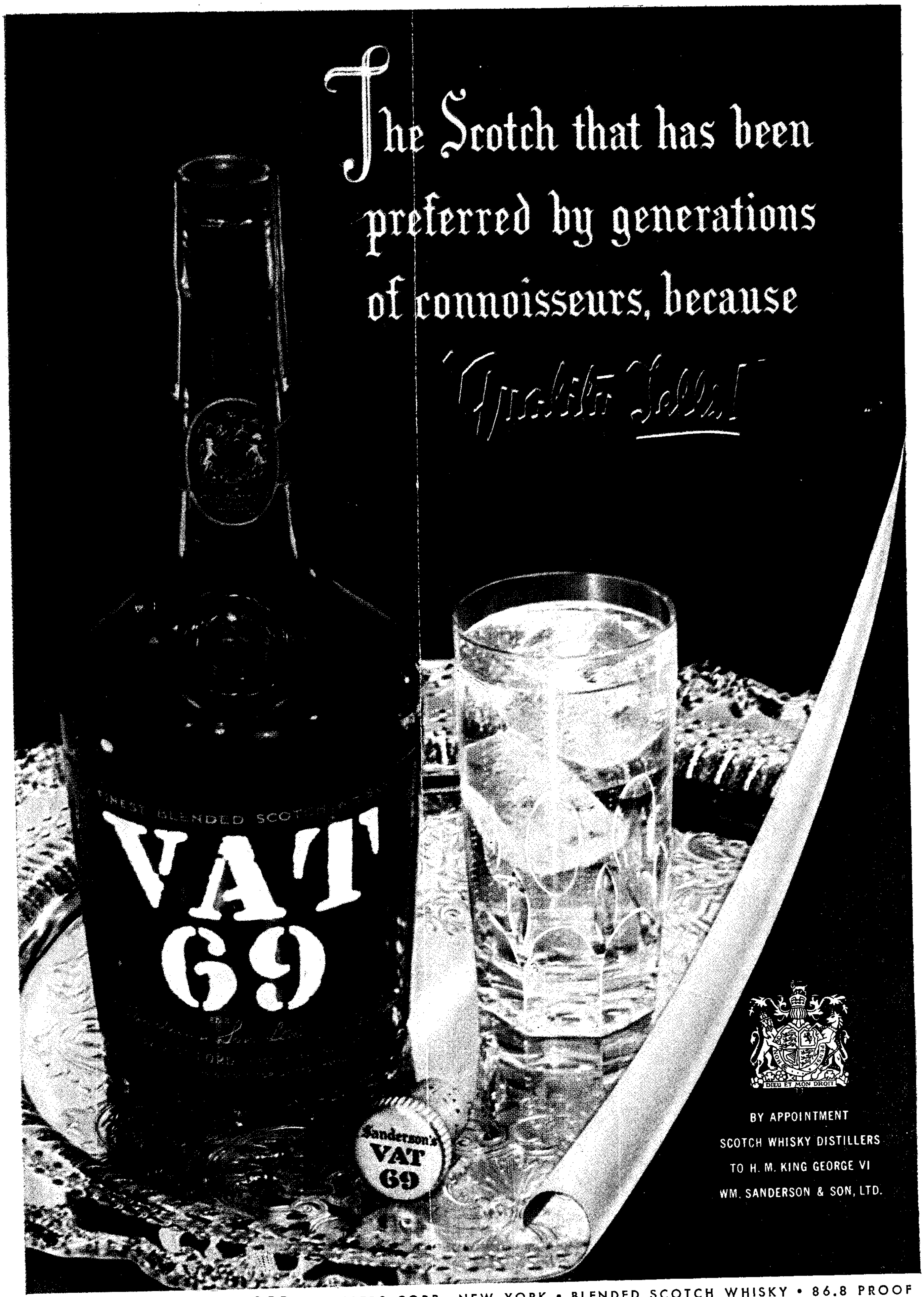

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